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SWAMI RAM TIRTHA

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Swami Ram Tirtha, M. A.,

HIS LIFE AND TEACHINGS

VOL I

Third Edition

MADRAS

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

This edition has been enlarged by the inclusion of a long and characteristic address of the Swami delivered in America and entitled *An appeal to Americans* in which he pleads nobly and eloquently for the help of Americans on behalf of suffering India. The publishers have also issued a second volume of the Swami's writings and speeches, to which the Swami's many admirers will, it is hoped, extend the same sympathy and welcome as they have accorded to the first.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The rapid sale of the first Edition of the Life and Teachings of the late Swami Ram Tirath has enabled the publishers to bring out a second edition of the same. The New Edition contains some of his most characteristic writings not found in the previous Edition. The new Edition has been carefully revised and considerably enlarged.

Publishers' Note

WE have great pleasure in introducing to the public, Swami Ram Tirath, M.A., of the Punjab, the erudite scholar and eloquent *sanyasin*, who lectured in America, Egypt and Japan and the well-known humanitarian, who sacrificed his life on the altar of his country's service at the early age of thirty-three.

We offer our sincere thanks to Professor Puransinghjee, to whom we are indebted for the sympathetic sketch of the Swami, with which this book opens, and to Narayan Prasad Arora, B.A., who has helped us in making the collection of the speeches and writings, which form the bulk of this volume.

Swami Ram Tirath was a direct descendant of Tulasi Das, the famous author of the *Hindi Ramayana*. He took his Master of Arts Degree in Mathematics and was for some years Professor of Higher Mathematics in the Forman Christian College. He then resigned the post and renouncing his caste devoted himself for several years to independent research and to the study of religion and philosophy. He was a profound scholar, and master of a pithy homely and forcible style full of picturesque description and close reasoning, rich with sublime thought and pure emotion. A stern ascetic, a fervent poet he was one of the greatest modern apostles of the Vedanta; he stood up for perfect morality, for total

abstinence in the truest sense of the term, for righteous conduct and prescribed psychic rules for the guidance of human life. He sincerely believed that in the world and not out of it lay the true *sanyasin's* work and here not elsewhere was the material for his reforming energy. He intended to visit every hamlet in India and to carry the torch of light from end to end of this mighty continent, when the cruel hand of Death removed him from the scene of his labours.

Of his remarkable essays, Criticism and Universal Love, The Problem of India, The Secret of Success, The Spirit of Yajna, and some of the Forest Talks are specially noteworthy as they show Swami's up-to-date knowledge of modern European and ancient Indian literatures as well as his wealth of imagery, his richness of quotation and illustration, his Carlylean strokes of expression and his catholicity of views.

His message to the world was "not self-mortification, not intentional prolonged self-slaughter, not utter severance from the world, not unchecked indiscriminate multiplication, not contentment in ignorance and slavery, not unthinking enervating adoration of the past and negligence of the present and the future, but the casting aside of the old heavy garments and flinging of superstition."

His message to India was "Do inherit the wisdom of ancient Upanishads but on the material plane. It is only the absorbing and assimilating of the practical methods of Japan and America that will make you fit to survive."

WANTED

Reformers,

Not of others,

but of themselves

Who have won

Not University distinctions,

But victory over the local self ;

Age : the youth of divine joy

Salary : Godhead.

Apply sharp

with no begging solicitations

but commanding decision to

the Director of the Universe

Your own Self.

Om ! Om ! Om ! Om !

SAYINGS OF RAMA

1. Blessed are those who do not read newspapers for they shall see Nature and through Nature, God. *Rama.*

2. Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you, for so did their fathers to the false prophets. *Rama.*

3. My system is not for promulgation, it is to serve me "to live by." *Rama.*

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99 ; (3) He has an axe to grind ; (4) Life is not for
waste ; (5) God is everywhere ; (6) God is grateful and
pays his debts with interest.**



BKC.

Raj. 1932.

SWAMI RAM TIRTHA

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HIS LIFE AND TEACHINGS



PARMAHANSA SWAMI RAMA TIRATH

"I cannot die, though for ever death
Weave back and fro in the warp of me
I was never born, yet my births of breath
Are as many as waves on the sleepless Sea."

"The body dissolved is cast to winds
Well doth Infinity me enshrine
All ears my ears, all eyes my eyes,
All hands my hands, all minds my minds
I swallowed up death, all difference I drank up."

SWAMI Rama, previously known as Gosain Tirath Rama, M.A., was born in 1873 on the day following the Deewali, at Murolivala, a village in the district of Gujranwala, Punjab. Born in the family of Gosain Brahmans, he was the direct descendant of Gosain Tulsidas, the famous author of the Hindi *Ramayana*. His mother passed away when he was but a few days old, and he was brought up by his elder brother Gosain Guru Dass. Quite an uncommon child, it was predicted by astrologers that he

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was the coming genius of his race. He was very attentive in listening to the recitation from *Puranas*, *Mahabharata* and *Bhagwata*. He ruminated over the stories he had heard with a precocious mind, put questions and offered appropriate explanations. His village people bear testimony to his unusual intelligence, his contemplative nature and his love of solitude. As a student he was very bright. From the Matriculation upward, he always took a very high place in the University examinations. He topped the list in B. A., being exceptionally bright in Mathematics, in which subject he took his M. A., with a very high percentage of marks. He was appointed Professor of the same subject in the Lahore Forman Christian College, where he served for about two years. He also acted as Reader for a short time in the Lahore Oriental College. He was the idol of all his teachers who were always very kind to him. Mr. W. Bell, then Principal of the Government College, thought very highly of his exceptional parts and wished him to go up for the competitive examination of the Provincial Civil Service. But Gosain Tirath Rama's own desire was to teach Mathematics which he had acquired with an infinite amount of labour. He thought in those days of taking the State scholarship, as it was his right that year, and going to Cambridge for the Blue Ribbon. But he was destined to be a greater man in another line than a mere Senior Wrangler, and the scholarship was given to a young Mahomedan. Ram Tirath, however, went to the forests

LIFE SKETCH

at the end of 1899, and within a year became a *san yasi*.

In Swami Rama, India has lost one of the brightest jewels of her genius. His character shone with the gold of all her past and suggested the rare glory of her future. To see him was to begin one's life anew. All meanness and smallness of spirit vanished in his sight and human consciousness was at once lifted up to the ethereal heights of the Divine. New thoughts would dawn on you, and new feelings would stir within your heart. You would see your sympathies enlarged. Your mind would feel a fresh breeze blowing towards it, bringing with it a placid calm, a heavenly beatitude, and an ineffable peace and bliss which would make all your doubts and arguments against the Divinity of man sleep, a sleep from which they could rise only as stern convictions and robust unshakable beliefs in the transcendental reality of the *Atma* or the 'oversoul' that the Swami taught.

He was always cheerful. A cheerfulness that nothing could mar was his. "His smiles are irresistible," said the Manager of the Great Pacific Rail Road Co., America, while offering him the Pullman Car. At the large gathering of the religious league at St. Louis' Exhibition, the local newspapers remarked that the only bright spot in the gathering was Swami Rama. He would laugh and laugh for minutes together in his informal talks, in reply to some questions and doubts laid before him as if

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saying indirectly that his charming personality and his beautiful consciousness were enough replies to all queries about man and God. His smiles played like lightning. He would thrill people. He was called Rama Badshah (Emperor Rama). because he, by his cheerful life, had actually made the pomp of earthly kings ridiculous. Once he wrote ; " I am Emperor Rama, whose throne is your own hearts. When I preached in the *Vedas*, when I taught at Kurukshetra, Jerusalem, and Mecca, I was misunderstood. I raise my voice again. My voice is your voice *Tattavam asi*. Thou art all thou seest. No power can prevent it, no kings, devils or Gods can withstand it. Inevitable is Truth's order. Faint not. My head is your head, cut it if you please, but a thousand others will grow in its place."

He was all love. He was extremely polite even to the lowest. He addressed even his books, pens, pencils and knives and saws as living beings, and many a time I saw him bestowing his affections on them and talking to them so lovingly. His speech and thoughts exalted everything. To him there was no low, no high, no animate nor inanimate; it was something more than it seems. It was God. He would throw his heart and soul at "Onement " with any that he met and realise his complete identity with his own self, and thus having first won his heart, he would next through indirect suggestions, appeal to his head in the name of Truth. He would repeat some of his favourite verses in Urdu and Persian in

solemn accents of his deep and transparent sincerity with his eyes closed, and drops of ecstasy rolling down his orange-coloured cheeks. He would feel them so intensely that every one present saw Rama dropping himself wholly in them, nay Rama lost in them for hours together. He would lose himself in middle of his public lectures, repeating his sacred syllable "Om!" "Om!!" so much so that the American friends of Rama remarked that he seldom lived in the body-centre. He lived always in the Divine. Some psychologists of America predicted some years ago, that one so wholly given up to such exalted spiritual thought as of Swamiji's, and living so constantly in them day and night, quite oblivious of the fact if he ever had a body, could not live long in the limitations of a physical frame. He had really forgotten himself, or, perhaps, he very faintly remembered it. His body to him, as Rama said of Christ's body, was a mere vehicle of the higher life. "Life is but the fluttering of the eagle's wings engaged in this body," said Rama in America. No words can paint the charm of his person. His sight drew out all your inner love towards him. His touch roused even in dry hearts the emotions of a poet and clothed the soul of man in fragrant verdures of Divine joy, a fact about the life of all prophets, so well put by the mythologists in a poetic description, that the dry gardens, on some one's advent, put forth new buds and leaves, the vineyards become green, and the dry fountains leap up with crystal waters as if in joy.

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While on sea his American fellow passengers took him to be an American. The Japanese loved him as if he was their own countrymen. When he had flitted across their land to America, many Japanese, whom he had visited, said they still saw his electric smiles in their rooms. The purity sparkling on his forehead they still remembered as the snowy summit of their beloved *Fujiyama*. His orange-robed figure which lectured to them seemed to the Japanese artist as a column of fire that was throwing out to the audience not words but sparks of life. In California he was hailed as the torch of the Divine knowledge, a wise man from the Himalayas, before whose realisation the old order of civilisation was to be reversed. He travelled all over the States and delivered as many lectures as the number of days he sojourned in Columbia. "I come to fulfil and not to destroy," said he. He lectured in Christian churches, and his lectures were as original as the titles he gave them: "Every day a New Year's day and every night a 'Xmas night," was his subject at Dener on 'Xmas eve. His other lectures are summarised by an American under the following headings :—

(1) What are you? (2) History and Home of Happiness. (3) Diagnosis, Cause and cure of Sin. (4) Illumination. (5) Expansion of Self. (6) The Light of Lights. (7) Realism and Idealism Reconciled. (8) Realisation of God through love. (9) Practical Vedanta. (10) India.

And he summed up his teaching in America as follows:—

(1) Divinity of Man. (2) The world is bound to co-work with one who feels himself one with the whole world. (3) Keeping the body in active struggle, and the mind in rest and love, means salvation from sin and sorrow right here in this life. (4) Active realisation of At-one-ment with the All allows us a life of balanced recklessness. (5) The sacred Scriptures of all the world should be taken in the same spirit as we study Chemistry, holding our own experience for ultimate authority.

I cannot detail here the impressions he made on the Americans he came in contact with or the work he accomplished within less than two years there. But I cannot omit the following poem which some Americans sang at the farewell meeting held on his departure to India :—

Like Golden Oriole 'neath the pines
Rama chants to us his blessed lines.
Rich freighted with the Orient's lore
He spreads it on our Western shore.
A bird of passage on the wing.
He brings a message from the King
And this his clear resounding call—
All, all for God, and God for all !
His message given the flits afar
Like swiftly coursing meteor.
But leaves of Heavenly fire a trace.
A new-born love for all his race
Adieu, Sweet Rama, thy radiant smile
A soul in Hades would beguile.

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And though we may not meet again
Upon this changing earthly plane
We know to thee all Good must be
For thou art in God, and God in thee.

In Egypt he was accorded a hearty welcome by the Mahomedans. He delivered a lecture for them in Persian in their mosque. The papers next day described Swami Rama, a Hindu genius, to meet whom was one of the greatest privileges. Professor Taka Kutsu, of the Sanskrit College of the Tokyo Imperial University, remarked that he was the only true Indian philosopher that he had ever seen. Such was his love. On his return to India, at Muthra, he was asked by some admirers of his to form a new society, which Rama refused point-blank to do saying that all societies working in India were his own societies and that he would work through them. Here he shut his eyes in ecstasy, spread his arms in token of a loving embrace, and with streaming tears he said the following words, which throw such a flood of light on his great Universal Love and his greater silence of Soul; "Christians, Hindus, Parsis, Arya Samajists, Sikhs, Mahomedans and all those whose muscles, bones, blood and brain are made by eating the grain and salt of my beloved *Isht Dev* the Bharat Bhumi are my brothers, nay, my very self. Tell them I am theirs! I embrace all. I exclude none. I am love. Love like light robes everything and all with splendours of light. Verily, verily, I am nothing but flood and glory of love. I love all equally.

" I shall shower oceans of love
And bathe the world in joy !
If any dare oppose, welcome ! come
For I shall shower oceans of love.
All societies are mine ! mine welcome ! come !
For I shall pour out floods of love
Every force is mine, small or great, welcome ! come
O ! I shall shower floods of love
Peace ! Peace !"

A wonderful man, who wanted to dissolve himself heart and soul into the Universal consciousness of the present and future humanity ! The wonderful consciousness which finds some expression in his poetry in English is the greatest work of the short span of his earthly sojourn. He toiled day and night for attaining to the full self-realisation. Wherever his eyes fell it was all God to him. He was an enlightened mystic. In him were combined the highest cultures of intellect and spirit. On the banks of the river Ravi he spent many a night in spiritual exercises of concentration or *Yoga*. Many a night he wept so much that his bedsheet was all wet in the morning. It is said, while lecturing in his early days as an orthodox Brahmin in *Sanatan Dharma Sabhas*, on *Bhakti* or *Krishna*, in the fullness of the dear associations of his tender heart, all the words that dropped from his lips were quite wet with tears. At this stage of his spiritual development he used to say that many a time he beheld the cloud coloured *Krishna* with a bamboo flute on his lips and dancing on the head of a cobra face to face, with his eyes open and his senses all about himself. " This marked a particular stage of the Mind-Concentration,

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and it was nothing but the materialisation of my own imagination, the precipitation of my own mind," said he afterwards.

He was a born ascetic. Even as a student his life was spent in rigid and austere penances of extreme poverty and extremely hard labours and silent sufferings, so much so that at times he had no meals for days together. With scanty nourishment he would work till midnight, and not unoften he busied himself so much over his problems of mathematics that he felt not the slipping of hours till it was early morn. It seems he was quite consciously preparing himself for the sort of life he was to lead later on. Before he was a professor he had already developed a great will, some deep convictions, a robust faith, an infinite self-reliance which he afterwards called *balanced recklessness*, and a mathematical mind exact in recording the data of observed facts, accurate in its analysis and reasoning, and perfectly clear and decisive in its conclusions. He loved science, and was an amateur chemist and botanist. His special study in the philosophy of science was *Evolution*. He had gone through, in his own thorough way, all philosophy both Eastern and Western. He had mastered *Shanker, Kanad, Kapila, Gautama, Patanjli, Faimini, Vyas, Krishna*, side by side with Kant, Hegel, Goethe, Fichte, Spinoza, Comte, Spencer, Darwin, Hæckel, Tyndal, Huxley, Star, Jordon, and Professor James. He was perfectly at home in Persian, English, *Hîndî, Urdu, and Sanskrit* literatures. He studied the four

Vedas, in 1906, and was a master pundit of every *mantra*, whose every word he analysed with the acute accuracy of a philologist. Thus he made himself quite a prodigy of learning. It seems every minute of his thirty-three years was so well utilised. He was very hard-working till his last moments. While in America he went through, in two years, in spite of his strenuous public labours, almost the whole range of American literature.

He was in a strange humour all his own when he judged all the world's authors, prophets, poets and mystics. There was no pedantry and not the slightest shadow of affected pride or anything unreal when he acted like an impartial Judge in his own way. In his talks, from *Vedas* down to the latest original line, an idea or sentiment that struck him, contributed each its mite to the support of his thoughts and were made to show the same truth which he had realised. He was a scholar, scientist and spiritualist of a very high order in one. Simultaneous with his intellectual culture, he had brought his spiritual development to a very high pitch. Crowded Lahore could no more satisfy the amplitudes of his soul. Whatever time he could get he would spend in the Himalayan hills and jungles, meditating on the *Upanishads* and the secrets of the ancient Aryan *Brahmavidya*.

It was in the forests of Brahmapuri, near Rishikesh, that Swami Rama realised his object,—the *Atman*, the self. It was there that he attained to that fearless, blissful *one-ness* state of mind where

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there is no more delusion or repentance. Here he collected the facts for the enunciation of his great law that the whole universe serves one as his body, when he feels the Universal Soul as his very Self. Not only a spiritualist and a veritable prince of all Oriental dreamers and *yogis*, he was a great champion of physical exercise.

He was a universe in himself. His cities were made of light. In his lanes, Buddha still walked with his begging bowl and Christ till preached the truth. No great man could die in the atmosphere of Rama's mind. It was such a perennial *Prana* that even the dead who came there enjoyed resurrection. Clear in the horizon of this luminous mind was the revelation of truth. Any man who pretended greatness and power and genius under the flashes of his light got nothing but his real value. *Srutis* and *Smritis*, verses and songs, thoughts and things, questions of philosophy and religion, politics and society, all jostled together in his Divine light, and came out with refreshing beauty wearing garment of Rama consciousness. The atmosphere, environment, and the society have their due effects and even the face of man changes, the glow of his face shows marked differences when the climate tells. Any idea, any problem, any common thought having been touched by Rama used to appear in a new form, changed by the mysterious effects of his inner soul. When he spoke on *Brahmacharya*, the subject was preached to us in as new a light as that in which the mountain

shows itself when the new sun is behind it. See his essay on *Yagna*, on Love, on Religion, on Self-Realisation, on Expansion of Self, and we find he speaks as none other did speak nor any one could speak. Has he not edited Patriotism and its doctrines a new ! I will swear he never saw you, or him, or me, or it with the light of the sun or of the moon. In fact, he never saw the sun nor the moon with their light. He saw things by the light of his soul and to him, therefore, there was nothing outside him. The red rays of the sun, he declared in open, were his muscles. When anything came across his eyes he robed it in God and then saw that there was nothing else but God. He had cultivated a mysterious relation with Nature. If he would smile it would be sunshine in rainy seasons, and if he wept it would be rain in mid-summer noon. He carried over his head a cloud and needed no umbrella. He lived in the densest forests and walked out into pathless ravines in the dead of night and he glided there in the very heart of things as easily as birds fly in air.

He was a poet of poets. To him the song of the mountain stream was society enough. To him the birds talked the secrets of nature under the shade of trees. To him was audible the music of the cosmos and the latter was his beloved Krishna incarnate in cosmic dance and trance. Beauty Universal he saw in the dancing waves of sea, in waving of the forests, in the wilderness and the wild. To be one with the soul of nature was his idea of real character. Put a man in this centre and leave him

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alone. The best interests of man and morality are safe with him. Men can be made from there and not in the mills of learning and scholarship. Just let the man see his Reality there, and be sure he will stand on the rock of his being unshakable and invincible! "There is no outside rock to injure me." Realisation is Religion. Realisation of the Power that informs the Universe and is the mysterious Power of every muscle of the animate and the inanimate as his soul puts an ordinary man of the street on the royal road to the greatest victories that man can achieve. This is the secret of all his success. None but the votaries of the Temple of practical Brahma Vidya can have clean hearts, bright faces, and cheerful temper, my Brahma Vidya is no dogma nor doctrine, but the conclusions drawn by the wisest of man from the eternal experiences of Life.

He had read the best of human poetry in nature, and nothing could allay the fire of his soul but the cool snows and the amplitudes of the mountain scenery. He was not well when he was under any roof. He was at his best when he walked in the Himalayan forests with his eyes half-closed looking askance at the mightiest potentate.

He was one of the greatest apostles of *Vedanta* of his time. He was the demonstration of all the Hindu scriptures. He was the representative glory of all the noble Hindu lives of *Cosmic Consciousness*. He was the great exponent of Buddha's *Dhamm—the Law*. He stood up for perfect morality, for total

abstinence, for righteous conduct, and prescribed psychology for the guidance of human conduct. High *Altruism* was a simple habit of his soul. He worked and laboured day and night without wasting even a second of his time to ameliorate the condition of the Hindu masses. He said : " There is but one remedy and one disease. Nations can be cured and made free by the Life of Law. Individuals can be made saints and higher than Gods by the same. Live in God, all is right ; make others live in God, and all shall be well. Believe this truth, you will be saved ; rebel against it, you will be troubled." He sought no reward for his labours. While coming back from America he threw the bundles of appreciative papers, noting the records of his work there, in the sea. Only a visit to America would reveal the details of his work there on behalf of his mother-country. In conclusion, it may be said that such leading geniuses come into this world only for a short time, not to finish their plan, but simply to suggest it to their survivors. Their work like the flash of lightning is only suggestive and never exhaustive. They throw some guiding hints to man and disappear. Every such genius is the centre of some constructive forces needed at the time when they are born. They draw out the love of the people in a peculiar way to themselves, and when the people begin to depend on them, they leave the people in great bewilderment to look up to themselves and stand on their own legs.

Swami Rama's principle of the *Oneness of the inner man* is surely a great reconciliation of all

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the warring creeds and religions of this little world known as India. *His Gospel of Love* is the remedy for preventing the useless waste of the national and the individual energy, thus increasing the output of activity and work. His character, as the synthesis of all the truth scattered in science and religion, is the model for the daily human conduct. His only thought of public work was the emancipation of the masses from ignorance and slavery. His personality was the beacon-light of Freedom and Liberty, for he sang :—

1	6
No, no one can tone me.	Advisers and Counsellors !
Say, who could have injured ?	Pray, waste not your breath,
And who could atone me ?	Yes, take up my orders,
No, no one can tone me.	Devour up, ye Death.
2	7
The world turns aside	Go, howl on, O Winds,
To make room for me ;	O my Dogs ! howl free,
I come, Blazing Light !	Beat, beat, storms !
And the shadows must flee.	O my Bugles ! blow free.
3	8
I come, O you ocean !	I ride on the Tempest's,
Divide up and part ;	Astride on the Gale,
Or parched up and scorched up,	My Gun is the Lightning,
Be dried up, depart.	My shots never fail.
4	9
O Mountain, Beware !	I chase as an huntsman,
Come not in my way ;	I eat as I seize
Your ribs will be shattered	The hearts of the mountains,
And tattered to-day.	The lands and the seas.
5	10
O Kings and Commanders !	I hitch to my chariot
My fanciful toys !	The Fate and the Gods
Here's a Deluge of Fire,	With thunder of cannons
Line clear ! My boys !	Proclaim it abroad.

Shake ! shake off Delusion,
Wake ! Wake up ! Be free.
Liberty ! Liberty !
Liberty ! Om

On his own philosophy his final declaration is as follows :

Pushing, marching labour and no stagnant Indolence ;
Enjoyment of work as against tedious drudgery ;
Peace of mind and no canker of Suspicion ;
Organisation and no disaggregation ;
Appropriate reform and no conservative custom ;
Solid real feeling as against flowery talk ;
The poetry of facts as against speculative fiction ;
The logic of events as against authority of departed authors ;
Living realisation and no mere dead quotations ;

CONSTITUTE PRACTICAL VEDANTA.

Meditation and concentration on the *Mahavakya* (great saying) *Aham brahmasmi* (I am *That*), and no diffusion and confusion on personalities and parties, naturally translates itself into force, freedom and loves. This infinite Godhood vibrating in every hair on the body, this muscular advaita-non-dualism, this dynamical *devotion*, this flaming light is what the *shastras* call the unerring *Brahma-shar*.

O ye wavering, fickle, dubious minds, no more of lukewarm orthodoxy and heterodoxy ! Scorch out all doubt and hesitations, all *doxies* are your creation. The sun might be shown to be a disc of quicksilver, the earth might be proved to be a concave sphere,

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the Vedas might be demonstrated as not inspired, but ye can be nothing, nothing but God. A single note issuing *from your Godhood* must be taken up by the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the particles of dust, the whiffs of wind, the drops of rain, by birds, beasts, Gods and men. It must be thundered over caves and forests, pealed over hamlets and huts ; it must reverberate over streets and towns, pass from cities to cities and fill and thrill the whole world ! O Freedom ! Liberty !

Fill the mountain-fountains of a river with immense treasures of golden glaciers and all its branches, streams, canals must flow full, feeding the fields to flourish free. Let the source of life, the Origin of love and Spring of delight and light, the infinite Power and Purity, Divinity, embrace and displace the little self, saturate the feelings, fill the mind, and necessarily must the hands, feet, eyes, nay, every fibre of the frame, even the environments *must* work a heaven of harmony and irradiate a flood of energy.

The King's very presence on his royal throne establishes order throughout the *darbar*, so doth man's resting on his God-head, native glory, establish order and life through the whole race.

O ye of little faith ! wake up ! wake up to your holy majesty ! and a single glance from your royal indifference, a side-wink from your divine recklessness is enough to convert the direst hells into charming heavens.

Come Home,
O wanderer Home ! Om ! Om

Blow O breezes, mingle O winds, with these
words whose purpose is the same as yours.

O laughter ! laughter !
Inextinguishable joy and laughter !

When asked in Japan, - what his religion was, he
replied in the words of Goethe :—

“ Let me tell you. what is man's supreme vocation
There was no world, 'tis my creation
It was I who raised the Sun from out the Sea
The Moon began its changeful course with me.

Has Rama then really died ? Rama that said just
a few minutes before the dissolution of his
body :—

“ O Death ! Take away this body ! I care not.
I have enough of bodies to use. I can wear those
divine silver threads, the beams of moon and live. I
can roam as divine minstrel putting on the guise of
hilly streams and mountain brooks. I can dance in
the waves of sea. I am the breeze that proudly
walks and I am the wind inebriated. My all these
shapes are wandering shapes of change. I came
down from yonder hills, raised the dead, awakened
the sleeping, unveiled the fair faces of some and
wiped the tears of a few weeping ones. The Bulbul
and the rose both I saw and I comforted them. I
touched this, I touched that, I doff my hat and off I
am. Here I go and there I go, none can find me. I
keep nothing with me.”

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but on that ground we need not refrain from eating the sweetmeats of his make. Not that which goes into a man defiles him, but that which comes out of him. What if Swami Vivekananda ate and drank certain things ? So long as from him come healthy teaching, we will never mind what is going into him. We have to take the teachings and advice of a man on its own merit, without regard to the personality of the teacher. What have the elements of Geometry to do with the personality of Euclid ? Shall we reject a beautiful picture because the painter was ugly ? Shall we cast aside Inductive Logic because Sir Francis Bacon took bribes ? In this twentieth century, it is high time for us to wake up to a sense of discrimination (*viveka*), and not mix up personalities with preachings. Shall we reject a beautiful lotus because it grows in a dirty pond ?

The greatest cause of India's poverty is discarding the rubbish, dreading to touch the bones of dead animals, and developing a kind of nose hygiene, sneering at all kinds of what they call debris. And it is the utilizing of these very so-called low things that make Europe and other civilized countries great. Are not beautiful flower-gardens raised out of dirty manure ? The most dingy smoke and dirty coal well utilized, makes a wonderful power in steel plants and other manufactures in America and Europe.

The greatness of Rama lay in his turning the menial monkeys into a marvellous army. Who cannot live at peace with the pure and pious ? But a

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great soul is he whose broad sympathies and a mother-like heart embrace in a wide sweep, even the sinners and the low.

Let us not waste away our life in trying to eclipse the Sun of True Self in the dust-storm of petty little kitchen superstitions, working thereby the spiritual, as well as physical, degradation. Sad, indeed, is the kitchen-religion which allows the Infinite, Immortal Soul to be sullied by the foreigner's soup. Pray, do look below the tattered, and torn caste-clothes. What are you? Infinite and immaculate, immortal Self of all, is your Self. It is the ignoring of this inner Equality in reality that creates all the apparent mischief in the world.

The misdirected, hysteric moralists in fighting against and denouncing the personal conduct of their neighbours, attempt only to remove the froth and foam on the surface of the stream, whereas, they do not approach at all the real cause, the unevenness at the bottom.

Who are you who go about to save them that are lost? Are you saved, yourself?

Do you know that who would save his own life must lose it? Are you, then one of the lost? Could you or would you be one of the lost? Arise, then, and become a saviour.

Buddha was a frequent guest in the house of a courtesan. The author of "Who will cast the first stone?" was not ashamed of the company of Mary

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Magdalene, by no means "respectable." O, disres-
pectable Respectability! There can be ~~noun~~ on and
love in a country, so long as we keep emphasizing
each other's faults. The secret of the successful art
of living lies in developing the mother's heart to
whom all her children are lovely, whether big or
babies. True education means to learn to look at
the universe through the eyes of God.

Everybody must pass through every state, and
just as physically every one has to pass through baby-
hood, childhood, etc., so, on the moral and spiritual
plane babyhood, childhood, is an essential, nay in-
dispensable, step. The so-called sinners are my
moral babies, and has not a baby a beauty of its
own? Those that you miscall "fallen" have "not
risen" yet. They are the Freshmen of the University
just as you also were at one time.

Some make so much fuss about universal love
and yet keep the eyes riveted on the ugly points in
the character of their proteges, hiding the inconsis-
tency under the expression "You may hate the sin
and *love the sinner*."

O, dear people! you can never love anything
so long as you perceive ugliness there. Love means
perception of beauty.

Fighting with darkness will never remove it.
In a dark room, if we are throwing stones in all
directions, striking with the cudgel right and left,
breaking down the panes, knocking over the table,

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upsetting the inkstand, and cursing and denouncing all the time, will it remove the darkness? Bring the light in, and darkness never was. So the negative, criticising, chilling, discouraging process will not mend matters. All that is necessary is the positive, cheerful, hopeful, loving, encouraging attitude. If all the mud in the sewers is exposed in the streets, will it bring about any uplifting results? Never. So will not emphasising the faults of others do any good. Let the flowing current of fresh water of peace and good will run over the sewer and all the dirt will be washed off. It is said Akbar drew a line and asked his wiseman Birbal to shorten the line without cutting or erasing it from any side. The latter drew a longer line parallel to it and Akbar's line was shortened. So it is. Wisdom is to draw the longer line. Best criticism is to make people feel from within what you wish to make them realise from without just as Birbal convinced Akbar from within that his line was shortened. All grumbling is tantamount to, "Oh, why is the lily not an oak!" Let us observe the beauty in each. "Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good." From all life's grapes, I press sweet wine.

Critic dear, I love you, but I equally love and esteem the man you criticise.

STRUGGLE

What wins in the struggle for existence? Love.

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Those communities which can put their hearts together, their heads in harmony and their hands in loving service, though few in numbers come off victorious in struggle against teeming millions of divided energies.

Struggle is of three kinds: (1) with the unlike, (2) with the like, and (3) against nature.

Where, instead of wasting energy in *Struggle with the like* through jealousy, spirit of rivalry and party feeling, alliance with the like is secured, sure victory is achieved in the *struggle with the unlike*.

"All forms of tyranny have their beginning in kindness" is a saying too true.

And where love even for the unlike is entertained, victory and success in our struggle with nature is guaranteed and the conquering of the elements becomes an easy matter. And all struggle with nature is tantamount to realizing on the material plane the truth; "*I am the ruling spirit of all.*"

WHY IS THE SPIRIT OF CRITICISM SO COMMON IN THE WORLD ?

The spirit of criticism seems to be offensive, but mostly it is due to defensive self-preservation. In order that a habit or practice may be given up a sharp criticism, showing all the evil consequences, is necessary. When we see others afflicted by that habit, we naturally want to avoid their company, for fear

of contagious suggestion. The formation of a new habit and viewpoint accompanies the breaking of the old ; and so long as the world has any room for improvement, the spirit of criticism and comparison will last. It is not the criticising and comparing spirit that is undesirable or possible to eradicate, but the venom in it, which is but giving to the parties concerned a sense of personality. Let us fling aside the vulnerable little "I " which alone makes "*sin* " in ourselves and others ; and cured of all pain, we can look at all deeds and people around us with the scientific indifference and philosophic calm of a chemist or a botanist, examining everything most dispassionately, accurately, and minutely, with no fear of being entangled in the chemicals and plants under our inspection ; like the sun as a sakshi helping all and watching all, the briars and roses, the waste and gardens, men, women, animals, plants, ants and clouds.

To escape Plague the only way is to live up to the laws of hygiene. To be saved from foreign Politics the only remedy is to live the law of spiritual health—the law of love for your neighbour.

It is as easy to be prosperous as to be wretched if only we can make the proper renunciations. " Sacrifice averts evil " is a saying as true to-day as in those good old days, only it is not the vicarious sacrifice of innocent animals but the sacrifice (*havan*, *yajna*) of our party-spirit, caste-feelings, jealousies,

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etc., at the altar of love that brings heaven to us in this world.

TO THE PERSON CRITICISED

As an equilibrator comes criticism. It is the pruning process of Providence, helping us to grow more beautiful. When visited by the scissors of criticism, just retrospect what is passing within you. There must have been a tendency to drift down into lower feelings, and here is the warning. A man in a light skiff in a tortuous channel beset with rocks, borne by the flowing current toward an unknown sea, is kept alert by the dangers of the situation. As his boat bumps against the rocks, he must bestir himself. If this knock were not useful, he would not heed it. What we know as pain is the necessary danger-signal. Organic beings need such stimulus to veracity.

The painful criticism from friends or foes is a nightmare to wake you up to your true Self, God. When you are awakened, where is the nightmare? It never was. All loss changes into positive gain the moment we set ourselves right in regard to the law of love. Poor Cinderella lost her slipper; her innocence drew back the slipper and the king for lifelong companion to boot.

But when we are at one with the All, no cheat will dare come to us. Thieves crawl into a house only when the house is unlit. The man who is worthy of being a leader of men, will never complain

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of the stupidity of his helpers, of the faithlessness of his followers, of the ingratitude of mankind, nor of the non-appreciation of the public. These things are all a part of the great game of life, and to meet them and not go down before them in discouragement and defeat, is the final proof of power. The unnecessary friction, reckless wear and tear of mind, being saved, what in the world cannot be accomplished most satisfactorily ?

O Love, Sweet Love.

For ages and ages Thou gavest me the dor.
Now hiding behind the foes and friends,
Now disappearing in the criticisms and praise.
Now lost in pleasures and pride,
Concealed in troubles and pains,
Then out of sight in life's trials,
Forgotten in the midst of losses and gains.

O Love, sweet Love,

For ages and ages Thou gavest me the dor.
Percussions, Concussions of trials and joys, hard blows,
knocks, all smiles and sighs.
With a wondrous Chemistry, with a strange Electricity.
A purifying process, a disengaging analysis,
From loves and hatred, concerns, attachment clings, repulsions from the ore of passions,
Brought out of my heart, a Radium of Glory
O what a strange story !

O Love, sweet Love.

For ages and ages Thou gavest me the dor.
From My Radium of heart X Rays do start,
To the objects of all sorts Transparency impart
On all sides and parts
What a marvellous Art !

O Love sweet Love,

For ages and ages Thou gavest me the dor !

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Sarcasms so sharp,
All shakings and props :
Foes, friends and shops
Your hiding walls—
No more opaque.
Reveal you all.
O Jewel of Jewels !
My Self, radium. pure
Thou burnest as fuel
All caskets and purses
Valise, trunks and curses,
Doors, locks and boxes—
All possessions obnoxious,
O Truth, radium. pure !
O Self, omnivorous sure
O Love, sweet Love.
For ages and ages Thou gavest me the dor.

CLEAR SIGHT.

Children *Personify* everything. A cloud's roar is nothing else than the growls of an annoyed person over yonder. So do grown children give a sense of curdled personality to all those they come in contact with. When anything is apparently going wrong, to quarrel with the surrounding, instead of setting us right with the Law of Love, is like breaking the Telephone receiver for hearing the bad news from the friends at the invisible end.

The Australian blacks believe that rain is caused by themselves through mysterious incantations and similar other ways, the process being called "*Melka*". "When on our expedition," says a noted authority, "we were overtaken by violent tropical storms, my blacks always became enraged

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at the strangers (the other blacks who had caused the rain"). This same old, dark, ignorance like the primitive blacks, characterises those who fret and worry in any way over the faults of their neighbours. The rain falls and nothing but the impersonal Law of Nature is behind it. The flower blooms, and nothing but the same impersonal law is in manifestation. Just so Judas knows it not but in his betraying kiss, nothing but the Law of Love is operating in full force. Who would have remembered Chirst by this time, but for what immediately followed after that false kiss ?

The beautiful Joseph says to his apologising brothers. "It was not ye that threw me into the well. The Lord Love, in order to exalt me in Egypt, found no better lovers, than my own brothers."

Everything seems so changing, fleeting and melting in my fingers, I cannot give any sense of constancy and personality to any object, and so how can I criticise ? In the lightning flash, is seen a railway train at full speed or a passing cloud we think it to be at rest, stationary; but when we know more of it, we think otherwise. So do people see things only in the fleeting light of Maya, and on that, base their sense of constancy and personalities, possessions. This is called worldly wisdom. Look at things in the Day light of abiding Truth, the Infinity within, and you are one with Immortal Peace.

The debates and discussions of mankind always prove futile. All attempts to settle differences by

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argument, breed dissension, discontent and dissatisfaction, and why? The foundation is not properly laid before raising the superstructure. First win the heart; then appeal to reason. Love might hope where reason would despair. The wind could not take the coat from the traveller in the Fable, but the Heat did.

People are too anxious for agreement of thought and creed. They don't wait for union of souls. Understanding is under standing, or *standing under* the apparent forms and seeming moods. This is brought about by love. Unless you feel all, you *know* not *all*. You need not *think* so much as *sink*. If *Love* breaks *Law*, it is the fulfilment of law. If anything else breaks law, it is fanaticism and revolution. Love is the only Divine law. Other laws, are organized robbery. Love alone has the right to break law. Owning through love is divine, owning through law illegal.

Politicians of India, you have been trying the method of protesting criticism and heart burning complaint, but things have been taking the worse turn, every day. Let us try now the right way. If the other party did wrong, doing in return will only add another black to the previous black but will not make it white. An elderly gentleman was about to spank a boy for showing him disrespect, saying, "Fool! why did you misbehave?" The boy, replied, "Sir, I was naughty because, as you say, I was a "Fool. Now, you are so wise, behave as is worthy "of you."

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When an electrically charged body comes not in contact but only in proximity with another body, the result in the second body is what they call a charge by *induction*, i.e., to say quite the *opposite* kind of electricity is generated. It is the actual contact that brings about a kindred charge. So when you want to settle matters through reasoning and logic, while the glass-partitions of caste-feeling and race-feeling do not let the hearts unite, you come in dangerous proximity. The result produced is quite the opposite of what you desire to effect. You cannot know a man unless you first love him.

Love might hope where reason would despair.

The religions, creeds, denominations, are worn by people merely like amulets about the neck. All kinds of virtue and efficacy are ascribed to them, and yet after all, what little we achieve is utterly independent of those pet charms. Let us redeem our manhood and rise above those favourite superstitions. How long will you cling to those toys of names and forms ?

Yes, you must give up one after another, all your pet prejudices, *possessions*, clings, attachments. Your possessions possess and obsess you. You cannot fence out anybody without first fencing in yourself. Hidden in this painful stripping robbery, lies the treasure of blissful success. The dearest name of God to Rama is *Hari* which literally means the *Robber*. O Sweet Hari ? Some might object, Oh ! if I love and yield to the foe, he will eat me up.

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Rama says, O you deluded cheat ! did you ever really try the experiment ?

In all the doors of life is written "pull," but you misread and begin to "push." How will the door open in such a case ? Pushing is arguing ; pulling is drawing within your own self through love. "Heart" is the entrance to the Jubilee Hall of Inspiration ; "head" is the exit Love inspires ; head expounds. Feelings always precede thinking, as the body precedes the clothes. Change the feeling in an individual, and his whole method of thinking will be revolutionized.

What is life? A series of interruptions. Yes, it is so to the people who live on the surface of life, but not to one who lives as life (or love). It is true that there is nothing so poisonous as the company of gossips, believers in appearances, shameless slaves of shameful "respectability," but where the Lord Love encamps, no impertinent tramps can loaf around. We have no need to shun their company. Law is no Law, and nature no more than a stubble, if the intruders dare encroach on you, except when their services are just needed.

Ganimat of Punjab in his Nairang-i-Ishq, tells us of Aziz, the schoolmaster, poor schoolmaster ! madly in love with one of his pupils, Shahid. While correcting the calligraphy exercises of his students, the senseless teacher guides himself by the blurred and slurred, scribble work of his pupil-master, who was just a beginner in school. Well done ! How

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true! Defects are visible only where our eyes are jaundiced with lack of love. When Lord Love pitches a tent in our heart, day is, as it were, added to day, as if another Sun had adorned the heavens.

VERACITY.

There be some who in the name of purity, take up arms against Lord Love, as if purity could breathe a moment's life without love. Some die of love ; others die of hatred. But it is for worse deadly a crime to harbour hatred accompanied by Pharisaic purity, than love unpopular, but truthful. The world has enough of slaves of impurity, but, perhaps, more dangerous are the slaves of purity, concealing their weakness under the name morality. Be genuine, true to yourself. Live your own experience. There is no master more masterly than your own experience. No man was ever pure at heart except through his own experience. Attaching undue importance to the merest trifle of outward purity, nay sex-hatred, keeps you off from the only true purity—realization of Self. Extravagant regard for sexlessness and practical impotency is wandering away along the tangent line aberrating from the true course or orbit.

If artificial morality-hawkers leave people alone the so-called physical and mental cleanliness will be learnt just as easily and naturally as one learns to wash his hands regularly, as a mere matter of hygiene as a simple law of health. To make much fuss against sensuality, is to create what divine human

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inspiring love and not weakening attachment or wishy-washy sentimentalism. True purity alone is true love and true love alone is genuine purity. Sometimes *moral weakness* passes by the name of purity just as attachment assumes the name love.

You can no longer enjoy a thing when you become attached to it. A disinterested nature-lover can enjoy a garden ; whereas to the so-called master of the garden, his flowering property is no more than a perpetual source of care and anxiety. This purity or love (cosmic consciousness) is all we need ; all other things are bound to be added unto us.

HOW IT COMES ?

By glorifying your present state whatever it be —exalting the now—Will God-Consciousness dawn spontaneously on you, and not by running after any self-realisation, as if it were somewhere away off. A child in being to his own childish plays and appetites does outgrow childhood and achieves maturity and not by aping the ways of grown-up boys.

WHAT IS BEAUTY ?

Renunciation ; giving up of egoistic life. Verily, verily, everlasting life lies in losing the congested life of personality. The absorbing, self-seeking imbibing tendency to accumulate all the colours in the rays of the Sun makes objects black, ugly and dark. The innocent, liberal, free giving in regard to the colours in the rays of light keeps objects bright and white.

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The light is continuously being shed and heat constantly given out all around by the Sun, the centre and focus of all attraction and gravitation.

Children are sweet because they are not shut up within a stagnated ego. Any party who gives us the impression of self-resignation, unselfish devotion irresistibly charms and fascinates. Everybody loves a lover. Off you go, theological debates and philosophical discussions; I know it. Beauty is love and love beauty. And both are renunciation. In the words of the *Sannyasin* of England (E. Carpenter) "There is no happiness unless you have clean dropped thinking about yourself; but you must not do it by halves. While even there is the least grain of little self left, it will spoil all. I do not say it is not hard; but I know there is no other solution.

O, living man, it is worth while to live as love yourself. Be not clouded by the imperfect examples of Buddhas, Christs, Swamis and other idols of the past. "History shrivels before the will of man, even if it be one man." Be not scared by time and causation, live as love, and all laws will be assimilated into you. Be in tune with the inner harmony and time will keep time with you.

O! the tiny hands of clock. With what iron hands they sway the world. Immortal man with a vengeance thrown as slave in the narrow jurisdiction of a dial range! Irony of fate! People are scared owing to non-belief in the solidarity of nature and the Law of Unity. O infidelity! to doubt, as if some

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one else lived in other bodies ! Rama keeps no watch or clock, and yet never was behind time. Time is bound to keep pace with love instincts. Let a windmill be properly set, and the four winds will spontaneously be in league with it. So will nature co-work with you of herself. When you are centered in love, all miracles become possible.

Gods laugh in their sleeves at our concessions and courtesies. O how ridiculous perjuries we commit in trying to be faithful to our distant neighbour, being faithless to the self, the nearest neighbour. A poor tramp begs bread from the lady of a rank. She, poor soul ! envies the freedom of the homeless wanderer. When the tramp is gone, she feigns before her husband, to have received a letter announcing the death of her mother. Thinking that the mother may have left some property for them, the husband allows her to leave that evening for the departed mother's home. The lady purchases a ticket, and gets off at the nearest station. Away she flies into the woods like a bird let loose from the cage, after long wearisome imprisonment relieving long wearisome burden by laughing a hearty laughter in the wood. Freely she roamed, bought her meals from the country peasants, and slept under a haystack when the Sun set over her head. Next morning, she resumes her happy wanderings and lo ! to her utter horror, what voice does she hear ? It is her own husband, wandering with the tramp of yesterday. He had been suffering from the distressing burden of ennui, just

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as much as she, and wanted a life of liberty and vacation for some time, but neither would disclose the anguish of the heart to the other, for fear of seeming faithless. Of this nature, are all our pains to please others. To your own self, be true, and just as night follows the day, to none could you be false. As in the case of Adam and Eve, so to-day, the parent of all other sins is the sense of hiding shame. To be oppressed by the presence of others is the greatest blasphemy against the only God that is the self supreme. In being true to one's higherself alone can one be a light to the world. The highest individualism is the highest altruism. In fact it is a misnomer to call it altruism. The cant of doing good to others throws our centre of gravity outside ourself. Newton surely was never thinking of others in his discovery of the law of gravitation whereby he proved one of the greatest benefactors of humanity. Let us dispense with all misnomers, "If a boy says he looked through *one* window while he did through the other, whip him," says Dr. Johnson.

LOVE OF LAW

Rama urges no law of theories, but the logic of events. Wherever you hear the statement : The law allows it, remember you, the fellow is up to mischief. Whoever lives in love lives above law as law. The only lawful law is love. To live in love is to live true to yourself. The real law is myself. To dictate law to me is to sever it from me. Should any laws be laid down for the child, commanding him to

breathe, to grow, or play and live ? Is not his very life law? Like a free bird, a child is seen singing, laughing and talking spontaneously. There come up the officious visitors soliciting him to sing, talk and laugh. Immediately the child stops. The playful expressions which were so natural for him turn unnatural the moment the consciousness of being alien to those expressions is brought home to the child. Whoever lives a free life, true to the self, a life of divine recklessness, all the laws of the world are true to him being identical with him. He abhors nothing. He curls up from nothing. He shrinks from nothing.

What is disease ? Contraction due to lack of love ; shuddering at the flutter of shadows ; crying at the day dreams of danger. In reality, there is nothing to be afraid of. All around, in *all future*, in all distances, there is but one Self Supreme existent, and that is my own Self. Of whom shall I be afraid ? Night is just as good as day. Storm is just as necessary as sunlight. Often whole nights pass away without a wink of sleep, yet Rama is as fresh in daytime as ever because weariness comes from worry for sleep and not so much from lack of sleep. How happy are the vigils when Lord Love keeps us awake ! When the system requires hearty meals, they are enjoyed ; but often, no inclination to eat being felt, fasting is enjoyed equally well. Rainstorms of tears bring floods of joy, because Love rides the storm. Streams of laughter flow free ; and the joy involved in them is neither less nor more than the joy

of tears. What shall I resist? What shall I escape from, when all, all is myself? Oh, what a recklessness supreme!

I fret not when fever would pay a visit. I receive it as a friend and spiritual truths flash which could never otherwise be disclosed. All is health, wakefulness is one kind of health, sleep is another form of it, gentle calmness is beautiful, but the storm of hot fever has a charm of its own. True Religion means faith in *Good* rather than faith in God. There was never yet such a storm but it was Æolian music to a healthy and innocent ear.

With rumble of Thunder let it be proclaimed. So long as any trace of external obligation and categorical imperative "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" is in play there can be no room for spiritual growth or true purity. The Imperative Mood, Second Person, keeps alive in us the limited personality, and wherever there is limitation there is no Bliss, nor any escape from attraction and repulsion no salvation from attachment and hatred, no freedom from vacillation and temptation. So long as there remains a limited body in space surrounded by other bodies, how could it give gravitation to the dor, throw dust in the eyes of the laws of attraction and repulsion, cheat nature and escape the outside influences. The man in regard to his single body lives in the consciousness of unity of self despite, the seeming difference in the functions of different organs—the same 'I' sees, hears, walks and so on, so in regard

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to the whole world the *Free-man* lives in the consciousness of unity of world-self and the differences take care of themselves even as the assimilation of food, growth of hair, etc., take care of themselves in a single body. It is through realisation of One's Infinity conquering all sense of difference, feeling our oneness with all, realising the stars, landscapes, river and all as my *own*, and through love *owning* all, that temptations lose their power over us.

When the great Sun is shining what light can the little glowworm cast? When all is beauty to me and I am that, what shall I run after? What is there in the whole range of world's possessions to attract a man just one with all objects of attraction

What mischief has not or will not the stingy thief commit who wants to hide the Light of lights behind the bushel of lie—the suicidal playing false to the Supreme Self—thinking oneself other than God.

No physical action good or evil
No mental action, virtuous or ill
No shame or fame, no praise or blame
Could taint me e'er no kind of game.
Nothing but the flood of Glory !
" To whom shall I give thanks,
To whom shall I turn and look up
When bliss absolute,
When Light immeasurable is manifest even in Me.

LABOR AND LOVE

Give the poor laborer food for the soul ; give him love, and he will work for you even without asking

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any food for the body. Love you the workman; the workman shall love your work. Labor actuated by love, can it be called *labor*? Nay, it is entertaining play.

What is *art*? Bringing out beauty in what we touch. And what on earth or in heaven is that which draws out (and unveils) beauty? Why, what else could it be but love!

Thus, spirit of love shining upon our labor makes industry artistic, and produces what are called Industrial Arts. Why is there no original designing, no æsthetic workmanship, no industrial *art* worth the name flourishing in India these days? Why because no love is lost upon laborers. The poor working classes, instead of being welcomed in the heart, are turned out from their own huts.

Where labor is despised, the result is stagnation, decay and death, and *art* becomes *laborious*. Where labor is loved, life and light abide and *labor becomes artistic*. Oh, Lord Love! Has it come to such a pass? Love is misunderstood to such a degree, that the very mention of the word "love" suggests to the dear people, the idea of cupidity and stupidity, instead of that *divine flame*! Sometimes they make big talk about divine Love-*Bhakti* and *Upasana*. But, practically, it amounts to muttering aloud some Sanskrit hymns and chanting certain mantrams, hardly understanding, not to say feeling, what they say. Vain bullets with no powder! Counterfeit imitation of Chaitanya's genuine burning heart!

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From temples, hymns in the vernacular are often heard, sung with the most perfect music known to them ; but, Oh ! dear me ! not a single sanctifying tear of love !

Blessed Hindustanis ! You cannot fool God, and win his love by calling yourselves *sinner*s and *slaves*. Just as you think, so are you bound to become. The inexorable Law of Karma works with a vengeance, and makes sinners and slaves of you when you pray that way. That is not *Bhakti*.

My own Poor Rich ! White, towering temples and stone Vishnus erected by you, will not allay the fever of your heart. I know you are suffering. Your pride may not acknowledge it. Worship the hungry Narayanas and the laboring Vishnus of the country. Send the poor Hindustani students to learn useful arts and industries in America, who, on their return to India, will save hundreds, nay, thousands, of starving people by helping them to help themselves.

A man, on reading Nizami's Leili and Majnoon, cut out the picture of Leili from the book was hugging it to his breast and kissing it ever so fondly. Why ? " I have fallen in love with Leili," he replied. Fool, it is not worth while to take away poor Majnoon's sweetheart ! You may have Majnoon's *burning love*, but as to a *lady love*, have a living one of your own.

Bhaktas of India ! You are all very ready to take up the sweetheart of Gopis and Chaitanya, but how many of you have the pure flaming passion of

CRITICISM AND UNIVERSAL LOVE

Gopikas and Gauranga ? You will be the darling dear of that sweet Cowherd when you see Him with divine love in the Chandala, in the thief, in the sinner, in the stranger and all and not confine him to mere stone images.

Bhakti (love) is no crying, begging, negative condition. It is an indescribable sense of equality, beaming sweetness and divine recklessness. It is the seeing of the All in all we see. It is seeing your own self in where your eyes fall. It is to realise that All is Beauty, and I am that. *Tat-tvam asi* or That Thou Art.

Oh, thief ! Oh, slanderer ! Rebber dear !

Come, welcome, quick ! Oh, don't you fear !

Myself is thine, thine is mine.

Yes if you, never mind, please take away these things you think are mine.

Yes, if you think it fit.

Kill this body at one blow, or slay it bit by bit.

Take off the body, and what you may !

Be off with name and frame. Away !

Take off ! away !

Yet, if you look, just turning round,

"Tis I, alone, am safe and sound.

Good day ! Oh, dear ! Good day !

Mohamedans ! You may slay me. But my heart burns with love of you. Christians ! You may misunderstand me, I love you. Pariahs ! Sweepers ! if no one will enter your filthy, diseased wigwams, Rama you will find there with you.

SWAMI RAM TIRATH

Feigned love, false feelings and assumed sentimentalism is an insult to God. A genuine flame is needed, even if it be accompanied with the smoke or lower passion.

Conventionality, customs, conformity, slavery to shame, name and fame, act like a heap of chaff and charcoal, cheking down the spark of truthful feeling which may be burning in the innermost heart of a youth, borne down by the dead weight of appearances. Welcome, Truth! Thou, alone, art my relative, friend, sweetheart, lord, liege, and myself.

Kings! Laws and communities! Bless your hearts, but you have no power to extract any compromise from Rama. Spare your threats, favours and frowns. My king, the tyrant Truth, is stronger than myriads of emperors, despots, autocrats, put together.

They say every tie in the Panama Railway cost a man his life. Whether this be true or not, there is not the least doubt that the march of tyrant Truth has gone on, on the road paved with human skulls. Happy are the heads that were blessed with the tread of Truth's lordly footsteps.

There can be no love where there is no truthfulness. Lord Love is the vice-regent of the Tyrant Truth. It may be *vice versa*. Perhaps both are the same.

" But God said,
" " I will have a purer gift,"
" There is smoke in the flame."

CRITICISM AND UNIVERSAL LOVE

Deep, deep are loving eyes,
Flowed with naphtha fiery sweet ;
And the point is paradise
Where their glances meet
Their reach shall yet be more profound
And a vision without bound :
The axis of those eyes sunbeams,
Be the axis of the sphere."—*Emerson*.

Roar, ye torrents from the mountains! Roar, oh sea! Rave under the pale stars, O gulf of death! yawn blackening beneath. But Oh! great Heart! over the forests, the mountains and the seas, o'er the black chasm of death, in spectral haste, I know Thou ridest, my Lord Love, and the hungry winds and waves are but thy hounds, Oh tyrant Truth! Thou, the eternal huntsman.

In the twilight of Galilee, He saw *them* (the Disciples) toiling and moiling, tugging and towing, hurriedly rowing, for the wind was contrary unto them. But there was no toiling and rowing for the Master. Why should not such a man sleep in the midst of the storm, knowing He would walk upon the waters. Oh! joy! My Love rides the wind and waves.

In Japan, three hundred year-old cedars and pines are kept as dwarfed as an onion plant, by stunting their outward growth. No, but by cutting their inner rootlets, not being allowed to strike their roots deep into the ground, they naturally cannot shoot high into the air. So is the natural growth of and women-stifled by the unnatural educators.

SWAMI RAM TIRATH

Foolish moralists! Religious fiends! Hands off! You have no right to dictate to the young folks. The only right anybody has is to serve. Nature, if allowed to have her free course, will never err. The Law or God that worked up the evolution of man from the tiniest amœba to the human form divine, can well be trusted.

Why are cattle and other animals more regularly cleaner and better behaved in the control of what human jealousy has styled animal passion? The plain reason is that the former are not pestered by Thou shalt and Thou shalt not. Service and love, and not mandates and compulsion, is the atmosphere for growth.

How can we make the flowers grow? By loving them. A woman raised beautiful flowers in a climate the most uncongenial for their growth. How did you manage it? I loved them, and the means were suggested of themselves. The genial heat of love is the only *incubator*. It makes industries artistic, and brings about beauty in our work.

Confound not love with attachment. Your wife and children, instead of being the circumscribing hedges of your affections, ought to be the centre of radiation of love to the whole world. Says Jean Paul Richter, "I love my family more than myself; my country more than my family; and the whole world more than my country."

CRITICISM AND UNIVERSAL LOVE

How noble are the words of Lovelace (slightly altered) to Lucaster on going to the wars :—"I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not the nation more."

True love, like the Sun, expands the self. Attachment (Moha), like the frost, congeals and contracts the soul.

The first law of Moses means, "Thou shalt have no other God but love." This jealous Lord Love will not allow any idols of cupidity and attachment to usurp His majestic throne.

A woman complained about the loss of her only child. Rama asked, "Could you adopt a negro baby and caress it, as your own? Are you ready for it?" She says, "No." "Then that is why you lost your child." Inclusive love and not exclusive attachment is the unfoldment of Heaven.

People complain about the ingratitude of others. Shylockes, trying to exact usury on what little good they happen to do. Peace! Peace! little grumblers! God has not only one hand. All hands are His. All eyes are God's eyes, and all minds His mind. In your dealings with anybody, did you ever care whether the person pays you back by the same hand as he used in the act of receiving? He may employ the other hand. What of that? Your customer is not the hands but the wielder of the hands.

So, your business really is with God (Law), and not with the mere forms that seem friends and foes. God never is remiss in the discharge of His dues.

SWAMI RAM TIRATH

Any unselfish act lays God under debt. He may not pay you by the hand which he employed in receiving, but through some other hand (person), you will be paid with interest.

Why fret and worry, you restless infidel? None, none but your own sweet Self (Law divine), has an exclusive rule over the Universe.

What is *idolatry*?

To give the forms of foes and friends a sense of personality, individuality and reality to such an extent, as to miss the impersonated (masked) *individual* (indivisible) Real Self or Law.

Why is it that the sight of woods, landscapes, rivers, lakes and green hills inspires, uplifts, charms and breeds ecstasy? Why, because it relieves us of the sense of limited personality, it takes off the put-on locks which weigh us down in the crowded streets. The blessed trees and dear water in their impersonal gentleness, nay sweetness, no more force on us any sense of smallness.

Happy he who turns the whole world into a Heavenly Garden by seeing the same impersonal breath of Life in the throngs of men and women as inspires in the rose gardens and oak groves.

BURNING REST.

MILLIONS of minerals, plants, animals seem to be suffered to waste every day by spendthrift Nature. Well, let it be. Nature and Rama can well afford to squander millions of lives, treasures, every hour. Where will the thing be lost? Wherever it goes it is in me. The immense wealth of ancient India was in my left hand pocket while in India: it is in my right hand pocket now that it is drained to England. I am the ocean. The ebb and the flow both are mine. Not by nursing antipathy and retaliation will any good accrue, but by doing your part—love. It is no rash cant that love conquers all. Owning is not to be encompassed by grubbing accumulation. You cannot keep even a little piece of camphor bidding: “Camphor, camphor, stay here I possess you.” But through love you can feel the whole world to be “My own, my very *own*.” Through love alone the legitimate owning can be accomplished. All other possession is theft, robbery, violating the divine laws, even though the selfish tendencies of man call it legal.

That tyrant, Tamerlane, who had celebrated his conquest of Persia by a tower of ninety thousand human heads, ordered Hafiz to be brought before him because of the following line in his famous ode:

Agar an Turk-i-Shirazi, etc.

SWAMI RAM TIRATH

“ If that Turk of Shiraz plunder away my heart.”
“ For the black mole on face of that Sweet Tyrant
I would give away the cities of Samarkand and
Bukara.”

“ Art thou the man,” Timur cried “ who has been
bold enough to offer my two greatest cities for thy
mistress”? “ Yes sir,” replied the undaunted poet.
“ And by such acts of generosity have I lost every-
thing.”

The poet did not tell the truth. The fact ought
to have been put in this form : Giving all to love has
brought me wealth enough that I can well afford to
give away both the worlds, whereas you Oh, tyrant,
in your fever for possession, have lost the leg, have
lost the temper, but have not yet land enough to bury
you. “ A man is rich in proportion to the things he
can afford to let alone.”

The source of inspiration of all the prophets,
poets, discoverers and inventors in art and science,
and dreamers in philosophy, has been love, only in
some cases it was more apparent than in others.
Krishna, Chaitanya, Tulsidas, Shakespeare, Jesus,
and Ramakrishna, were inspired inasmuch as they
were lovelorn. Love divested of all carnality is spiri-
tual illumination. Dear me! The cowards or prop-
hets had not always the courage or light enough to
disclose to the people the true secret of their inspira-
tion—love or *Tat tvam asi* wherever the eyes fall
that thou art.

People, like planetary bodies, proceed toward the Sun with a desperate zeal. In this manifestation of love they are inspired prophets. But after a while, the centrifugal force, or spiritual inertia, makes them go round and round, keeping them away from the Sun, turning them into fanatists, tied to the orbits of different creeds. Some move in an orbit very far away from the central truth; others have their orbits nearer and nearer. Rama enjoys this religious Solar system. But who would care to play the role of a moth nearing (*up*) and nearing the light in such a way as surely (*in*. to lose (*shad*) all sense of meum and teum, mine and thine, possession and property, burning the little self (*or life*) in the Light of lights—Upanishad (*Tat tvam asi*) that Thou Art.

Upstarts of civilization! we accommodate your sciences and arts, but pray push them not forward too much! Lord Love is the Sun around which the sciences of the world should revolve like planets and satellites. ¶

Geology treat of minerals and stones, so far removed from man. Botany treats of a subject a little higher than minerals. Astronomy treat of stars so far away. Physiology treats of the bones of man, the exterior skeleton. Psychology treats of the different *functions* only of mind. But love treats of the realest Reality in man, as well as in nature. It is an art as well as a science. Scientific discoveries are only sparks and scintillations from the grand Sun, Fire of Love, or Oneness-feeling.

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While the young Franklin is flying the kite, his father Benjamin is watching the magnetic needle crossing the twine. Watch him how motionless, breathless. his body is ! Does he seem to have any separate existence from the earth on which his body rests ? Is he not just one with all around him ? A mere piece of a rock so to say His bosom is beating with Nature's heaving breast, and thus Nature's secrets become his secrets. The lightning in heaven proves itself to be identical with the electric spark on earth. The light without shows itself to be one with the light within.

Love, or oneness feeling, when brought into play between two persons dispels the illusion of division. The feelings of one party become those of the other. What passes in one breast is revealed in the other and clairvoyance becomes an established fact, and a clear demonstration is afforded.

"By me, verily, is all this pervaded, as by the same string are threaded various beads."

- 1. Whatever Thou lovest, man
- Thou too become that must ;
- 2. ' God, if thou lovest God,'
- 3. Dust, if thou lovest dust.

Oh what a blessed food, a delicious food, happy food, to eat our own heart ! Nothing tastes so sweet. In the case of Rama milk sometimes serves as a fine seasoning to that food.

The moon is up ; they see the moon.

I drink, Thine eyebrows' light. Big fair they hold, full crowded soon.

BURNING REST

I watch and watch Thee, source of light.
Nay, call no surgeons, doctors, none,
For me my pain is all delight.
Adieu ye citizens, cities, good bye !
Oh welcome, dizzy, ethereal heights !
O fashion and custom, virtue and vice,
O laws, convention, peace and fight,
O friends and foes, relations, ties.
Possession, passion, wrong, and right
Good bye, O Time and Space, good bye ;
Good bye, O World, Day and Night.
My love is flowers, music, light,
My love is day, my love is night.
Dissolved in me all dark and bright.
Oh what a peace and joy !
Oh leave me alone, my love and I
Good bye, good bye, good bye.
When blushing bride by Love doth stand,
Says " Yes " with eyes and gives her hand,
Adieu father, mother !
Adieu sisters, brother !
The hair do stand at end,
The throat is choked, Oh friend.
Welcome you are to world so bright,
Welcome to us is God's fair sight !
But remember well
This is the last we tell
The hair do stand at end
The throat is choked, Oh friend.

The different objects, big, small, fair, foul, ugly and charming, all, all are but strange hieroglyphs to the living Lover all indicating the same Love; beautiful characters, all meaning my own Self; fine pictures, all representing the beloved Lord; different garbs of beauty, all clothing the same sweet-heart-Self.

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Oh, what an ocean of beauty ! What an ocean of love . The dark tresses of the beloved are just as fascinating to the lover as the bright face . So night is just as welcome to Rama as day ; death as sweet as life ; fever just as welcome as health ; the foes as dear as friends .

How blessed is he whose property is stolen away ! Thrice blessed is he whose wife runs away provided by such means he is brought in direct touch with the all Love . Abraham at one time says the Mohamedan tradition, desired to take a sea voyage . Khizra, or Neptune, offered his services as a humble captain of the boat . Abraham at first gave his foolish consent ; but on reconsideration, he begged the pardon of Khizra, saying ; My most gracious brother, excuse me please . I would prefer to have my boat without a captain, ferried directly by the hand of love . If you, the Lord of the Seas, take the oar, it is safe riding ; but, ah me ! it is too safe ! It will make me rely on you, and bar me from direct dependence on God . Please do not stay between me and God . There is more joy to me in resting directly on God's bosom than even the bosom of my brother Khizra .

Says the desperate and forlorn lover : Pray, flash on, Oh lightning ! roar on, Oh thunder ! rage on, Oh storm ! howl on, Oh winds ! I thank thee, I thank thee, I thank thee . Oh blessed Thunder, you frighten delicate Love to cling to me for a moment . How infinitely sweet are the bitters of life ! when

out of its grapes we can press the sweet wine of delicious pangs of God-Love.

Take my life and let it be,
Consecrated, Lord to thee,
Take my heart and let it be
Full saturated, Love. with Thee.
Take my eyes and let them be
Intoxicated, God, with Thee.
Take my hands and let them be,
Engaged in sweating, Truth, for Thee.

Dear blessed Reader ! did you ever have the privilege of being lost nay *risen* in love, unselfish love, giving all to love ? Then you must be in a position to appreciate sentiments like the following :

“ Soft skin of Taif for thy sandals take,
And of our heart-strings fitting latchets make,
And tread on lips which yearn to touch those feet.”

Prabhujī ! main oharnor Kdasi

“ O My blessed Lord, accept me as the most humble slave
of feet.

What office is there that love cannot bless and beautify ?

There is no great and no small ; no low and no high, where Love is. Any, the hardest, work becomes heavenly when the spirit of love prompts us to it. Selfishness will make the highest position most wearisome and tedious. Whatever your station of life, love makes it sweet. All troubles, storms, pangs and anguish spring simply from the spirit of possession in us. Where is the plain of hell when I love it ? All our troubles and turmoils are, so to say, a teasing on the part of Love to wake us up to her embraces.

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These jerks, shaking and pats are from no other than
sweet Love. God, sweet Hari, wakes you pouring
forth his love.

Then rise, awake.

Dost hear the palm trees sighing ?
It is my heart that sighs,
To hear thy lips replying,
And Gaze into thine eyes,
Then wake, awake !
Sweet love ! See here, I bend to thee awake, awake !
My loved one ! unfold thy heart to me. Wake, awake !
Dost see the Himalayan snows,
That grow and never tire ?
They cannot cool my burning love
Or quench my soul's desire
Then wake, awake !
Dost hear the Ganges river,
Its sacred waters roll ?
But deeper flows forever,
The passion of my soul,
Then wake ! awake !

LUDICROUS FRIGHT

They say it was a penniless lad
And nothing, nothing to lose he had.
He heard that thieves were at him still
They must pursue, go where he will,
Thus haunted, worried he for escape
Ran up hill, down ditch, into the cape.
He hurried and flurried in fear and fright,
Wore out his body and mind in fright,
Yet nothing, nothing to lose he had,

BURNING REST

They say it was a penniless lad !
O worldly man ! such is thy plight,
Thy arrant ignorance and fright.
O scared fellow, just know thyself
Away with dread of thieves and the t.
Up, up awake, see what you are,
There is nothing to lose or fear for,
No harm to thee can e'er accrue,
Thy thought alone doth pursue.

PRACTICAL WISDOM OR BALANCED RECKLESSNESS

“WHOEVER walks a furlong without sympathy, walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud.”

WISDOM and learning are not identical. They are not always on speaking terms. Learning looks backward to the past. Wisdom looks forward to the future.

WISDOM has been defined as KNOWING WHAT ONE OUGHT *To Do Next*. VIRTUE is doing it.

WISDOM—without virtue is a weariness of the flesh. But as volition passes out into action, and science into art, knowledge into power, so does wisdom into virtue. And where thought does not go over into action and precept into practice there results mental dyspepsia or spiritual constipation.

Says an American humorous writer .—

“ I ve thought and thought on men and things,
As my unole used to say,
If the folks don’t work as they pray, by links,
Why, there ain’t no use to pray.
If you want something and just dead set,
A pleading for it with both eyes wet,
And tears won’t bring it ; why, you try, sweat,
As my unole used to say.”

PRACTICAL WISDOM

The power of safe and accurate response to external conditions is the essential feature of sanity. The inability to adopt action to need is a character of insanity. "Change or Perish" is the grim watchword of Nature. Keep pace with the advancing times and you can survive in the struggle of life. (India, take note.)

The spirit of all practical wisdom is pointed out concisely in the simple and saving advice of Krishna. "Thy business is with the action only ; never with the reward or merit accruing from it ; let not the fruit of action entangle thee ; nor be thou the slave of inaction."

" And live inaction ! Labour ! Make thine acts ?
Thy piety, casting all self aside,
Condemning again and merit ; equable
In good or evil ; equability
Is yoga, is piety !"

Be in the struggle ; That is your duty. A true hero loves engagement (Action) as never a lover wooed his sweetheart. In case of death in the field, you bring glory to heaven or Truth, *i.e.*, advance the cause of Evolution and Cosmic Progress by letting the Fittest Survive, and in case of victory also you let the real power, Truth (Sat), shine through you. In reality, you are the Truth that conquers and not this body or that which is consumed in the strife. You are ever victorious. As truth's self-shine, shine forth as energy of Life.

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“ Either—being killed—
Thou wilt win heaven’s safety, or—alive
And victor—thou wilt reign an earthly king.
Therefore, arise thou son of Truth ! brace
Thine arm for conflict, never the art to meet—
As things alike to thee—pleasure or pain
Profit or ruin, victory or defeat.
So minded gird thee to the fight, for so
Thou shalt not str.”

The true gauge of success being spiritual growth, and not outward gain or loss, defeat is as glorious as victory.

“ Shah swar-ip, khush ba maidan amadigoye bizan.”

O happy knight, you happen to be on the play ground (world) hit on ! hit on !

A man’s strength of character bears a direct proportion to the extent of trials he has undergone.

“ Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth’s smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids not sit no stand, but go !
Be our joys three parts pain !
Strive and hold cheap the strain,
Learn ; nor account the pang ; dare never grudge the throe
For thence a paradox
Which comforts, while it mocks.
Small life succeed in that it seems to fail.”

VIRTUOUS SPIRIT

Waiving all conventionality and superficial mode of talk, and appealing directly to the facts of innermost experience, we see that all wise Councils, rules of conduct, authoritative obligations, categorical

imperatives, "Thou Shall not" and "Thou Shalt" are only vain efforts to infuse life into one who is not firmly rooted in his own God head, whether consciously or unconsciously and these are outside electric charges, which can at best, but move this muscle or that of the dead carcass, being never capable of inspiring more than a sham life.

"That which is forced is never forcible." Unless Love build the house, they labor in vain who build it.

It is true that "miracles of genius" were always "miracles of labour", but what seems painful labour from the standpoint of others, was always a most enjoyable place in the eyes of genius itself. That lifeless, insipid work which "I with personal ego" have to labour out, I better leave alone. If the work does not do itself through you as an efflux of the soul, your strained exertion furnishes but a poor excuse for it. Such dull prosaic work, dragged along by the credit-hunting small illusory self (egoistic consciousness), is described by Sankar as the turn of bondage (slavery).

A boy was merrily whistling in the street, a policeman objected; the boy replies :—

Do I whistle? No, Sir, it whistles itself.

Let a nightingale or dove be perched on the top of a stately cypress, and full, delicious *notes begin instantaneously* to flow from the bird. Let the little self be flung into Infinity. May you wake up

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to your oneness with Life, Light and Love (Sat-Chit-Anand) and immediately the central bliss will commence springing forth from you in the shape of happy heroic work and both wisdom and virtue. This is inspired life, this is your birth-right.

“From himself he flies
Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze
Views all creation ; and he *loves* it all
And blesses it, and calls it very good.”

“It is *difficult* to find happiness in oneself,” says Schopenhauer, “but it is *impossible* to find it anywhere else.”

All great work is done *impersonally*, in spite of the prudent little self and not by it.

The Sun simply shines in His native glory as a disinterested witness. Light, (Sakshi) and lo! the rivers are unlocked from their snowy cradles, the breezes begin to dance with glee, all Nature is set in activity, animals wake up, plants grow on, violets and roses blow on, and even the sparkling flowers of men, women and children's eyes open up at the mere presence of the Sun's glorious majesty.

You have simply to shine as the soul of All, as the source of Light, as the spring of Delight, O Blessed one, and energy, Life, activity will naturally begin to radiate from you. The flower blooms and lo! fragrance begins to emanate of itself.

If anybody not knowing the art of swimming perchance fall in a lake, he will naturally be buoyed up by the water, but the losing of calm and his

desperate struggling with the hands and feet makes him sink helplessly. So, the care and anxiety-worn struggling ego is the drowning sink for man. Says Jalal-i-Rumi:

" Heavenly manna was showered daily
To the Israelites in the forest, but
Some graceless scoffers out of Moses' host
Dared to demand the onions,
And manna was lost."

What aches the head, bends the back or chokes the chest? It is walking on the head instead of on the feet. Let your feet be on the earth and your head in air (filled with heavenly joy); invert not the divine ordinance, put not the earth on your heads and call it sane living, take not the appearance more seriously than the divine (real) self.

They say a man threading the forest in search of mushrooms, tramples down oak trees under his feet. Beloved, why should your attention be dead set on petty gains and losses so as to miss the Infinite Bliss (Atman)? Is it the responsibility ridden, duty-stricken, honour-laden (false) ego that really effects any deed. A flea on the flanks of a horse might just as well claim that it makes the horse run and drives the carriage.

Obtrude not the little I (ahankara) in the way of the effulgent outburst of ecstatic Truth. Trust, trust that power. The true Self whose presence caused the poor little amæba unconsciously to evolve up to

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your human form divine that Self Supreme, that divine law is still present ; and that God being neither asleep nor dead there is no fear of fall.

Like birds that slumber on the sea
Unconscious where the current runs
We rest on God's Infinity
Of bliss that circle stars and suns.

Trouble and pain is another name for feeling yourself a prisoner and slave of conditions and circumstances shake off all atheistic delusions of isolation. If the ruling Self of outside Nature were different from your own inner Self, there were no other course left for you but to hang down the head and be damned. But as it is, Thou appearest on the one hand as garrisoned by environments and on the other hand thou appearest as those environments and conditions. The looking glass is in me (in my hand, and I am in the looking glass.

I heard a knock—a hard, hard, hard blow—
On my door and cried I ; “ Who is it ? Ho ! ”
I wondering waited entranced, and lo !
How soft and sweet Love whispered low.
‘ Tis thou that knockest do, you not know ? ”

According to the true interpretation of Musalman Scriptures, even the Archangel was hurled into perdition by refusing to recognise the Supreme (God) in Man (*cf.* Alastu Qalubala, etc.) and even the rank-est sinner inherit Heaven through realising God (Ahd) in man (Ahmad).

This practical, living perception of “ my Self as the Self of all others ” is the true saving Islam

(Shraddha, Faith). To call it mere belief is doing no justice to it. It is the "*Ultimate Science*" (or *Vedant Gnanam*); It is the Art of arts. It is the Law of laws.

What is the final test of truth? We can trust our life to it. And yes, you can safely trust your life and all to the fact underlaying all phenomena 'I and my Father are one,' "That thou art." (*Tat-tvam asi*).

The Law of gravity might even deceive your trust in it, but the Law of Spiritual Unity never deceives. Just feel this unity and you find all creation behaving as your own body. Gold and silver cannot *insure* your life, O deluded immortal; Thou it is that lends life to Prana, lustre to gold and silver and light to the Sun and Stars.

People do not make rapid progress because the load of outside opinions, conventionality and things sitting like the mighty Himalayas on their back (nay breast) does hardly let a single step be advanced. Free yourself of unhealthy superstition or limitation. In your mind must be a liquid which will dissolve the world whenever it is dropt in it. The universal solvent of Gnanam (self knowledge) will hold the universe in solution and yet be as translucent as ever. Provided you think aright, the heavens falling or the earth gaping will be music to you to march by. No foe can ever see you or you him. You cannot so much as ever *think* of him.

In music the different notes may succeed and precede each other in regular sequence (as cause and effect) : the symphony is not understood by examination and comparison of the notes alone but by experience of their relation to the deepest feeling which inspired the piece, which sustains the piece, which is the origin of the piece and the result of its performance, the alpha and omega.

So is not Nature explained by dwelling on its surface—laws and superficial causation but by “its becoming the body of man.” Unless you *feel* all, you know not all. Diving into the reality, sounding below the names and forms, passing free, free into woods and fields, mountains and rivers, into day and night, clouds and stars, passing free, free into men and women, animals and angels, as the self of each and all—this, this is life, this is self-knowledge, this is practical wisdom.

The whole world is bound to co-work with one who feels himself one with the whole world

Gnana (Fundamental Truth, “That thou art”) being realised on the *causal* plane or penetrating the core of the heart becomes overwhelming love, universal oneness, feeling and living ecstasy which, like the effulgent sun although it asks nothing, begs no reward, seeks no fruit (being perfect renunciation in the *mental* plane (yet must spontaneously pour itself out as wonderful energy and powerful action on the *physical* plane.

Hence, realisation—Renunciation in action
through Love !

Within the temple of my heart
The light of love its glory sheds
Despite the seeming prickly thorns
Perennial springs of bubbling joy
The flower of love free fragrance spreads
With radiant sparkling splendour flow.
Intoxicating melodies
On wings of heavenly zephyrs blow.
Yea ! Peace and bliss and harmony—
Bliss, oh how divine !
A flood of rolling symphony
Supreme is mine.
Free birds of golden plumage sing
Blithe songs of joy and praise.
Sweet children of the blushing spring
Deep notes of Welcome raise.
The roseate hues of nascent moon
The meadows, lakes and hills adorn
The nimbus of perpetual grace
Cool showers of nectar softly rains
The rainbow arch of charming color
With smiles the vast horizon paints
The tiny pearls of dewdrops bright
Lo ! in their hearts the sun contain
O joy ! the sun of love and light,
The never-setting sun of life
Am I, am I
That darling dear
Came near and near
Smiling, glancing,
Singing and dancing.
I bowed with sigh
He didn't reply
I prayed and knelt.
He went and left.

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"Why out me so ?

Pray stay, don't go."

He answered slow :

"No, no,"

I entreated hard

"Pray sit by me, Lord."

He answered :

"Wouldst thou sit by me ?

Then do please sit by thee."

I :—"Do unto me speak

He :—"Enter the inner silence deep."

I :—"I would clasp thee and kiss,

Dear, grant me but this."

He :—"Wilt thou clasp thy self and kiss,

I am one with thee, why miss ?"

My form divine

Is an image of thine

Why seek the form

O Source of charm !

With thee I lie

You outward fly.

Don't slight me so

Nor outward go.

I have no scruple of change, nor fear of death

Nor was I ever born

Nor had I parents

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,

Bliss Absolute.

I am that, I am that.

I cause no misery, nor am I miserable.

I have no enemy, nor am I enemy.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,

Bliss Absolute.

I am that, I am that.

I am without form, without limit.

Beyond space, beyond time,

I am in everything, everything is in me,

PRACTICAL WISDOM

**I am the bliss of the universe,
Everywhere am I.**

**I am Existence, Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute.**

I am that. I am that.

**I am without body or changes of the body,
I am neither senses, nor object of the senses.**

**I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute.**

I am that, I am that.

**I am neither sin nor worship,
Nor temple, nor virtue,
Nor pilgrimage, nor books.**

**I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absol
Bliss Absolute.**

I am that, I am that.

THE SPIRIT OF YAJNA

WHILE living at Brahma's great Yagya Bhumi Pushkar, Rama received a letter asking his opinion about the desirability of reviving the old Yajna ceremonies as a means of bringing about national union ; that letter called forth the following : —

The highest virtue has no name,
The greatest pureness seems but shame,
True wisdom seems the least secure,
Inherent goodness seems most strange,
What most endures is changeless Change .
The loudest voice was never heard,
The biggest thing no form doth take.

If the sun should say to the mangoes of Bombay as I revealed my warmth and light to the birch and cedar trees of the Himalayas, I will not do so to you, you must grow and flourish on my revelations of goodness and power to those beautiful mountainous giants, the mangoes of Bombay would be no more. Neither could the lilies of the field live on the sun that shone upon the garden-apples, nor could Shakespeare, Newton or Spencer live upon a revelation made to Buddha, Christ or Muhammad. So have we to solve our own problems and to begin to see with our own eyes rather than to continue peeping through the eyes of our most venerable Seers and Sages of the Past gone by.

Every statute (Smriti) stands there to say "Yesterday we agreed so and so, but how feel you this article to-day". Every institution is a currency which we stamp with our own portrait; it soon becomes unrecognizable and in process of time must return to the mint. Nature exults in forming, dissolving and re-forming her crystals. Changeless change is the essential condition of life.

No one is to be pitied except such whose future lies behind and whose past is constantly in front. Every point in the following discourse could be supported by several quotations from Gita, Manu and Shruti, but that is purposely and studiously avoided for fear of being sidetracked (switched off) on side issues, namely, the meeting of counter-texts and chewing of the dry bones of words. Again that would involve the positive sin of encouraging the wrong method of education, that is, placing the study of books higher than the study of facts in themselves.

The great mistake of great Shankara was that he did hide his light beneath a bushel. Why waste his time in torturing the old texts to squeeze out the truth which was to him a matter of *personal realisation* than which there can be no higher authority. Others came, they took the same helpless words and forced out the meanings of their own from the very same texts, the march of truth being hindered rather than accelerated by this well-meant effort. To put it in plain words, the cause of Indian present troubles

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has been the inverting of the natural order, making the living self a slave to the ghosts of old books. The fair mother Shruti was reduced to the sad plight where one of her sons pulls her beautiful tresses in in one direction, the other in some other, the third gets strong hold of the locks and clutches in his particular direction and so on. Thus every one freely inculcates what he had to say passing it in the name of Shruti, tending to sully veracity of character. O Sages and Seers of ancient Ind ! Has it come to this that your sons shall have to settle the questions concerning their immediate wants and the present facts about themselves by the rules of grammar pertaining to a language no longer spoken ?

Dear ones ! Laws and Institutions are for man, man is not for Laws and Institutions. Some say "through Bhashya (commentary on religious scriptures), the future is knit firmly with the past." How beautifully put and what a plausible idea ! But have we not already had too many patches and stitches added on to the old garments ? Truth need not compromise. Let the whole world turn round the Sun, the Sun need not revolve round the world. Could the discoveries of Science be tacked on to the dogmas of the Christian Bible or other religious works as Bhashya or commentaries with the view of knitting well the past with the future ? The original Sacred Texts coming from God should be allowed to speak for themselves. God surely has the

gentlemanliness enough not to equivocate and to keep the world waiting thousands of years tossing and tumbling from one error to another before His meaning is revealed by a commentator or self-chosen apostle posing the impartiality of a Judge and practicing the sinister craft of a lawyer. Can authority establish Truth? Does the Sun require a little lamp to be made visible? Does a simple mathematical truth gain a whit more weight if Christ, Muhammad, Buddha, Zoroaster, Vedas and all come and bear testimony to it? Chemical truths we *know* them directly through experiments, it is sinful crushing of intellect to stuff the brain by *belief* in them. Confound not Truth which is defined as "the same yesterday, to-day and for ever," with a particular occurrence. Truth is to be known in itself, whereas an incident we may believe on authority. Does Vedanta stand in need even of proof and argumentation? Why? Mere enunciation of it in the proper form is proof uncontrovertible. Beauty requires no outside recommendations to prove attractive.

By singing, enchanting Siren-Songs, nay, sweet Lullabies to prolong lethargic sleep, by tickling the humour of the masses, or by flattering ignorance, it is no hard job to gain and gather a large innumerable following; but Truth is real and all the moving or unmoving forms are unreal, and woe unto him who sacrifices Truth for the mere seeming forms. Let the Truth burst forth as it pleases. The Sun of Truth knows best how to dawn. Let it go rumbling

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and thundering, shaking up and waking up the long long sleep by the music of bomb shells. I am the Truth, I will not suffer suicide for the sake of having *the form* (body) exalted.

Coming now to the question of Yajna, we shall discuss it independently and impartially from different standpoints.

Havan ceremony forms a most important and necessary feature of Yajna as ordinarily understood. The most common argument on the lips of some of its present-day votaries is :—"Havan purifies the air and it produces fragrant perfumes." That is very far-fetched. The perfumes, delicious to smell like all other stimulants or "white lies of physiology," exhilarate for the moment entailing a depression of spirits for re-action. Stimulants may help to borrow from our future store of energy, but they borrow always at compound interest and never repay the loan.

But fragrant perfumes is a very small product of Havan. By far the most significant product is carbon-dioxide, which is positively pernicious.

There was a time when India had more forests and less human population. In those days the burning of *Ghrit* and other hydrocarbonates might be a factor, though very insignificant, in helping the vegetation inasmuch as it generated carbon-dioxide, the aerial *food of plants*. But these days the matters are reversed, we have practically no forests and overcrowded teeming population, and consequently

too much of carbon-dioxide is in the air already. That makes the people lazy. India needs more *Oxygen* and *Ozone* these days and not carbon-dioxide.

Be it remembered that the *chemical results* of Havan affecting the air *are exactly the same as those of feeding people*. Now instead of wasting precious *ghee* into the mouth of artificial fire, why not offer even hard crusts of dry bread to the Gastric fire (Jathragni), which is eating up the flesh and bones of millions of starving but living Narayans? That Havan is more needful in India.

Again, what if we feed thousands of poor for one day, this indiscriminate charity simply helps in breeding *respectable paupers*. *Why all this misery in India through indiscriminate charity*. "Charity," says a French writer, "causes half the suffering she relieves, but she cannot relieve half the suffering she has caused." Charity is to be judged not by its motives but by its results. The *weak-minded Yatri* who pays a pittance to the persistent beggar-drone may compliment himself on having done something to save his soul in the next world. Be it as it may, there is not the least doubt that he has done something to ruin the nation here now.

The problem before us is to perform the right kind of Yajna—*i.e.*, serving and saving the poor—and to perform it in a way as the act may not defeat its own end. The highest gift you can confer on a man is to offer him *knowledge*. You may feed a man to-day, he will be just as hungry to-morrow, teach

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him an art, you enable him to earn his living all his life. And the knowledge must be of a kind which will really make the life worth living. It is more important to learn the art of shoe-making to-day.

Let every inhabitant of India feel towards all this juniors in rank, wealth, knowledge or power, as his own children to be helped by him, and without an eye on reward, reap the mother's supreme luxury of utilising the privilege to serve them with the *food of the soul*—encouragement, *knowledge and love*. This is grand *Neshkama Yajna*.

About the history of *Karma Kanda* in India, we hope on some future occasion to give a detailed account of it. In those good old days, when society was not so artificial and fashion and custom about food, clothing and shelter, demanded little attention from the people of India, when there was abundance of fruit trees growing wild as in some parts of Kashmir even now, when they could live without clothes as the American Indians still do, when the shady trees and caves or small wigwams could afford enough shelter ; the pent-up speculative and physical energy having no other outlet began to express itself in the dealings with Gods, *i.e.*, to say Yajnas of all varieties. All these Yajnas were originally no more than fair and square transactions with Gods they involved no cringing, sneaking, bowing, self-condemning and begging element. They were conducted on healthy terms of equality with the Powers of Nature as understood by the ancients. They might be called a

kind of "shop-keeping" with the personified Elements, but decidedly they did not have the present "Commercial spirit," although they did involve the principle of compensation and *the spirit of Commerce*, "give and take" bargain.

All these Yajnas turned round an "if," If you want rain, perform this Yajna ; *if* you want progeny, that Yajna ; *if* you need victory, some other ; *if* you require wealth, still other, etc.

Thus hinging round my own "ifs" of wants, they were only optional (like all duties) and not compulsory in the beginning. By and by, they became a matter of fashion and custom and hence of self-imposed obligation.

Later, in Indian History, we find them replaced by *Pauranic Karma Kanda*. We see material changes brought about by the Mahabharata Civil War ; the constitution of the nation entirely up-turned by religious and political revolutions ; the attitude towards the ancient Gods changed ; and physical needs enormously multiplied : people could no more spare months and years for one Yajna and hence is to be explained the introduction of Pauranic Karma Kanda to replace the old *Yajna* ceremonies. This furnishes a strong precedent to make the necessary change in our Karma Khanda with not the least damage to our Dharma.

Let Rama observe further that Smriti (or laws), customs, ritual, ceremonies, (Karma Kanda) have not only been changing with time, but been different

in different parts of the same country, and the health of a Society consists in continuous flux, growth, and appropriate change. "Change or perish" is the grim watchword of Nature.

"In our discussion of Social Evolution," says President Dr. David Starr Jordan, one of the great Evolutionists of the day," We must remember that the very perfection of Society must always appear as imperfection; for a highly developed Society is dynamic. A Static Society is in a condition of arrested development. The most highly developed organism shows the greatest imperfection." The most perfect adaptation to conditions needs re-adaptation as conditions themselves speedily change. The dream of a static millennium, when struggle and change shall be over, when all shall be secure and happy, finds no warrant in our knowledge of man and the world.

So let us adapt our *Karma Kanda* to our environments. Our wants to-day are different from those of the Vedic Rishis. The "ifs" round which the whole Karma Kanda hinges are *moved*. The question is not to-day; "If you want more cattle, offer oblation to the God Indra"; or "If you want more progeny, appease Prajapati," and so forth. The question of present Karma Kanda takes the following altered shape: "If you want to live in the present century of marching and advancing industries and arts, and not die by inches, of political consumption, do capture the *Matrishva* of Electri-

city, and enslave the *Varuna* of Steam, become familiar with the *Kuvera* of the Science of Agriculture." The Purohit, to introduce you to these Gods, is the scientist or artist who instructs these branches of knowledge.

Try not to convict Rama of using heretical language. Everything is subject to change here. The face of the country is almost entirely changed; Government changed, language changed, colours of the inhabitants changed; why should the gods of the Vedic days still remain swinging in their cradles away up and not grow with the years and come down to mix freely with us and become familiar subjects to man?

Dear blessed people of India! far be it from Rama to prevent you from seeing the "Ekam Sat," God, in the thunder, lightning, sun, moon, wind, fire, water and earth, as did those venerable sages. Do see God in Nature, as Nature; but something more, see Him also in the laboratory and the science room; let the chemist's table be as sacred to you as the Yajna fire. The old sacrificial fire and Yajna fire you cannot revive, but the old spirit of love, reverence and devotion you can and you must revive and bring to bear upon the present-day *karmas*, which the requirements of the day make obligatory for you. "Is not," as Agassiz says, "to study out Nature to think again the thoughts of God?" Let a spirit of holiness, sanctification, breathe over all your works. As I cannot lit the alter-fire, I will make the

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blacksmith's fire quite as sacred. Dear! it depends on your Rama-vision to convert the farmer's hoe into the chariot of Indra. The spirit of real Yajna is the development of this God-sight.

In not realising your present *national position*, you are entirely ignoring your after-life or after-self. Don't become such dreadful agnostics (Nastikas, non-believers). Your paramount duty in life is towards your after-self. So live that your after-self the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual. So live that your after-self, fifty years hence may not be ashamed of you. So live that after-self in the future child of India may not find itself hopelessly lost.

Orthodox Hindus, clear your conscience, you need not have two Karma Masters to serve; you need not add to the clothing which you actually require the *out of season* unsuitable suits left by your ancestors simply because they have left it as a relic for you, as a souvenir of the past world. The crime which bankrupts men and nations is that of turning aside from one's main purpose to serve a job off the line of your career. The man of purpose says "*No*" to all lesser calls.

Yajna implies offering to the *Devas*. Now, what does *Deva* mean in the Vedantic (and often in the Vedic) language? The light and life-giving power. Again, *Devatas* (in the the plural form) signifies the different manifestations of that Divine Power either as outward (objective) forces or as inward (subjec-

tive) faculties. Further *devata* often denotes a power considered cosmically as in the world *adhi-daivat* when contrasted with *adhi atmīc*. The *chakshu* or sight refers to the sight of an individual ; but the *devata* of the sense of sight is the power of sight in *all* beings, known as *Aditya*, which is only symbolized by the outward Sun or the World's Eye. The *Indriya* Hand means the power in the hands of one person ; but the *devata* of the hands means the power that makes *all* hands move. The name given to this power viewed cosmically is "Indra." So on, when we talk about the *devatas* of senses, the word if it has any meaning at all it had this significance alone.

Now, what would be the rational import of offering to the Devas in a Yajna (sacrifice) mean ? Offering or dedicating my individual faculties to the corresponding Cosmic Powers or identifying my little self with the self of all realizing my neighbours as myself, merging my will in God's will. Offering to *Aditya*, for instance, would mean *firm resolution* and decision to the effect that no eyes should be offended by unworthy conduct ; Love, smiles and blessings to be presented to whatsoever eyes may turn upon you. To recognise God in all eyes, this is the offering to *Aditya*.

The offering to *Indra* would mean working for the good of all hands in the land. Each is fed by its own proper food taken properly. Hand and arm

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muscles are fed, grow and develop on their exercise—work. Thus feeding of Indra would mean finding and giving employment to the millions of poor hands, seeking after work in the land. Yes, Indra being fed, the land must be blessed with plenty. All hands being employed where could poverty exist ! They raise practically no crops in England, and yet the country is rich. Why ? Because Indra, the God of hands, is fed although to the degree of indigestion on arts and industries. Putting our hands together for the common good is sacrifice to Indra. Putting our hands together for universal good is sacrifice to Brihaspati ; putting our hearts together is sacrifice to the Devata of hearts or *Chandra*. So on with other gods.

In short, sacrifice to the gods means offering my hands to all the Hands or the whole nation ; offering my eyes to all the eyes or entire community ; offering my mind to the All mind ; merging my interests in the interests of the country ; feeling all as if they were my own self ; in other words, realizing in practice *Tat-vam Asi*, "That Thou Art." This is Resurrection as the *All* after suffering crucifixion as the selfish "Flesh." *This is Vedanta.*

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my heart and let it be
Full saturated, Love, with Thee.

Take my eyes and let them be
Intoxicated, God, with Thee.

Take my hands and let them be
Forever sweating, Truth, for Thee.

THE SPIRIT OF YAJNA

(The word Lord in this poem does not mean the invisible Bugbear sitting in heaven, catching cold in the clouds ; "Lord " means the *All*, your fellow people.)

This Yajna everybody *must* perform. This must be the *Universal Religion*. Indra, have it or die, there is no other alternative.

Rama tells you, what your Scriptures say about the Gods becoming visible on the occasions of Yajna ceremonies is indeed literally true. But that simply proves the power of *Collective Concentration*. The latest researches of Psychology show that the effect of concentration increases as the square of the number of one-minded people present on the occasion. That is the virtue of *Sat Sang*. Now, if Rama alone can materialize any idea he pleases, how could the hundreds and thousands of people of one mind, chanting the same hymn, thinking the same Form, help materializing it ?

But what does it show? It shows that you, the real Self, the *All*, are the Parent and Creator of all Gods and *devas*. But these Gods and Devas, *your own ideas*, govern and direct the apparent, false, limited ego of yours. You are the makers of your own destiny. Remain an abject slave grovelling in dread and filth, or wear the crown of glory which is your birthright. Do as you please. Just suit yourself.

Again, Rama knows from the Psychological standpoint the marvellous effect of appropriate

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symbols and signs in carrying home an idea¹ or suggestion. A man absorbed in the concentrated determination of dedication, offering his hands, as it were, in marriage to the Cosmic Hands; if while his mind is filled with the devotion and his whole frame is being thrilled with the holy decision, he also outwardly pours the oblation into the Fire, symbolizing the pouring of his little self into Cosmic Energy, chanting Mantras expressing his inner resolve ending with a loud *Svaha*; what a solemn Seal is not stamped on the holy deed by symbology! But ah me! where there is all seal and no deed drawn up, what can be expected of that mockery? Where the idea or suggestion is absent and the meaningless form or symbol is forced upon us, that is like a body the life from which is departed, burn up immediately the carcase, nurse it no more: it is dangerous, destructive. Attend to new forms with life.

They say it is easier for the river to flow in its old channel, so attempts should be made to put new life into the old institutions. Rama says it is unnatural. Name me a single river that began to flow in the old channel having once abandoned it, or tell me a single instance where new life was put in the body deserted by old life. New wine in old bottle's won't do. The sugarcane, whose juice has been dried up, can never regain its sap in the same form. It must be burned. "The structures and objects change their forms and relations, and to the forms and relations once abandoned they never returned." Let us make an offering (Ahuti of

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sacrificial offerings (Ahuti) in the fire of Knowledge (Gnana-Agni). We shall have the spirit of true Yajna in the forms suited to the times. There are some for whom Patriotism means constant brooding over the vanished glories of the past. Snails carrying on their backs the weight of old home in the new surroundings! Bankrupted bankers pouring over the ledgers long out-dated and credit-books now useless! Waste no time in thinking : *India has been*. Call up all your energy, which is infinite, and feel, feel : *India shall be*.

History and personal observations prove that when people come together and eyes meet and meet also the hands, there often presents a splendid opportunity for the meeting of hearts, there takes place unconsciously or consciously a mutual exchange of feelings and ideas, and people tend to come to the common temperature of feeling, the same level of thought and an equal potential of spirituality. Thus is engendered mutual fellow-feeling and unity. Muhammad's wisdom lay in bringing together before God at least five times a day the illiterate fighting Arabs. Thus did he succeed in creating organized nationality out of mere chaos?

Yajnas, Tirthas, Melas, Mandir's, Law Courts, Inns, Marriage and Death occasions, Sabha, and Samaji, Anniversaries and lately Conferences and the Congress Meetings have been the opportunities in India to bring people together. Churches, Hotels, Exhibitions, Execution, Universities, Public

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Lectures, Clubs, Political gatherings usually bring people together in the West. But the great unifying power lies in those gatherings where we meet a gentle spiritual mood, there it is that the holy water (*Savit*) love ratifies and cements the union. Abiding union takes place only where the hearts meet. The mere meeting of skins involves no encouraging results, often breeding jealousy and the like. No need of attempting forced *surface union*. The friendships where hearts do not unite (combine) prove worse than detonating mixture resulting in loud disruption. Exertion of the legs cannot always bring two minds nearer to one another. Nor it is the friends and followers whose neighbourhood we really need or should care for, it is by nearness to the perennial Spring and Source of all life that we shall naturally find comrades around us. The willow stands near the water and sends out its roots in that direction. So let us issue from the Eternal Source of all life many kindred willows we shall find in our vicinity. You need, in the first instance, only to stand by the spring of Truth.

Again, the mirrors in a telescope can co-work harmoniously only when their focal lengths are adequately adjusted. The solar system is a harmonious unity inasmuch as the orbits of different bodies are at proportionate distances. We cannot work with certain friends if they are brought a little nearer in intimacy or removed a little further away. The keeping of proper proportions in spiritual distances

is necessary to secure an abiding loving unity in the solar system of friendship. Oftentimes people having suffered through their own mistake of drawing too near or receding too far begin to mistrust and suspect everybody. Love, Harmony and Union can be secured and kept by observing the proper diversity of distances from people.

The national Festivals ought to be improved in such a way as to afford opportunities to all classes of people to come together and by spiritual affinities to seek and flow towards their own, fashioning the distance of their relations according to the Natural Laws. The Winter National Festival might be held in the genial climate of Southern India. The Summer National Festival in the grand scenery of Northern Mountains. The Spring Festival in Bengal. In Autumn they might meet in Western India. These Festivals outgrowing the denominational and sectarian limits should become *national* directed by the representative committees of all classes. There let the exhibitions of art and industry, shops of all sorts, museums, libraries, laboratories, play grounds, lecture fields, social clubs, conference and congress tents, and last but not the least National Theatres bring together the people from different provinces, the people of different sects and religions. There let the convivial as well as serious sides of life have display. There let sisters walk and play with brothers, wives with husbands, as in Ancient India, there let the mothers be escorted by their children as is already

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the custom in Bombay Presidency. And there should also be one *common platform* open to the speakers of all classes, denominations and religions to exercise their eloquence of love.

To produce, improve and promote national literature, and to bring about a unity in the living vernacular languages is another step conducive to National Unity.

Om Mandras might be erected at different places where people from all religions are welcome to enter, read, meditate, silently pray, and cast at each other looks of sympathy, kindness, love but not to speak.

Young men could take open air exercise together on Rama's system turning each physical movement into a strong suggestive spiritual symbol serving the same part as the pouring of oblations could play in fixing the divine seal on the mental deed (as shown above.)

While bathing let us sing the suitable sanctifying hymns, but not in a language which we cannot understand.

Let the young folks dine together on the green swards on the banks of rivers under the shade of trees or beneath the canopy of heaven (as the weather may allow.) Let each morsel of food be accompanied by an inward as well as outward chant of Om! Om! National songs replete with "words that burn and thoughts that breathe" sung in chorus are a potent factor in unification.

Instead of lighting artificial fire for Havan, let the pious youth make use of the growing glory of the morning Sun or the setting Orb as the Altar-fire to offer his dwarfed limited ego (Ahankara.)

Disciple! up! Untiring hasten

To bathe thy breast in morning red.

Do thou dive into that sea of glory and come out of it as the flood of Light, thyself bathing the whole world in thy heavenly lustre. This is Havan.

An effective method of creating love and union among the masses and especially women and children (and hence the future generations) is *Nagar Kirthan* singing and dancing processions or pageant shows passing through streets fearlessly proclaiming the Truth.

A most effectual force of all to bring about a union in the country is the cruel persecution and martyr's death of a leader of the nation for the cause of Truth. But it is the living Death, nay, the *dying life* of unselfishness that eventually unifies not only one but all nations. Let one live in God, the whole nation can be united through him.

Courage, veracity of character, self-sacrificing spirit and virtue are fostered where the young folks are let pass through the baptism of blood and fire—the military education.

Neglecting the education of women, children and the labouring classes is like cutting down the very branch that is supporting us, nay, it is like striking

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death-blow at the very root of the whole tree of nationality.

Twentieth century descendants of Rishis! if you understand your Shruti teachings, you shall have to burst asunder the narrow squeezing shell of class and creed limitations imposed upon you by Smriti. But even if you don't recognise the true Atman and never mind the Shruti and want still in hot summer to cling to the clothes enjoyed for use in the long past winter; in the name of the wisdom of your ancestor do please try to realise your situation. The apparent man lives not only in time but in space as well. Longitudinally (or in time) you may belong to the hereditary line of Himalayan Sages, but latitudinally (*i. e.* in space) you cannot deny your relation of co-existence with the European and American matter-of-fact wielders of Art and Science. Do inherit the wisdom of ancient Upanishads do; but on the material plane it is only the absorbing and assimilating of the practical methods of Japan and America that will make you fit to survive. A tender oak-plant will soon die out if it keeps merely bragging of the virtue of its acorn and refuses to grasp and work into life the material from the surrounding soil, water, air and light. Far be from Rama to ask you to give up your national individuality, but certainly Rama demands of you to grow, grow by absorbing the present as well as the past; assimilate their science even as they are assimilating your ancient divine wisdom.

History and the Science of Political Economy show that the health of a nation like the health of a tree depends on the timely *pruning*—emigration. If we send the poor starving workless Indians to less thickly inhabited parts of the world to labour there and live, they will survive and India will be through them striking her roots into distant parts of the world. This will break the lethargy of old India which will have lighter burden to carry and less of fatiguing carbon-di-oxide produced to poison the atmosphere. If you do so willingly, you have, as it were, hitched the gods to your wagon. Else the relentless wheels of gods go on working without the least intermittance crushing whosoever falls in their sweeps: and bless your hearts as you don't save yourself from stagnation, take it as you may, God in His tender mercy must perform the pruning process through Famine and Plague. "If a man employs his consciousness to work with the law he survives and in him the conscious effort taking up the rôle of natural selection, freedom from struggle is secured." Such a man and such a man alone goes scot-free.

Now some say, "Why should the poor workless children of the soil be banished from home?" This question is based on the strait-jacket view of home. Why leave the four walls where the body was born?" Why come into the streets at all leaving the house behind? You are not a child of the soil and dust more than of Heaven. You are the

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child of Heaven, nay, Heaven itself. Everywhere your home is. Pin not yourself to one locality. Nor can India shut herself out of the world to-day and keep herself separate. There were days when India was a country by herself and Persia was another ; Egypt still another and so on ; but now-a-days time and space are annihilated through steam and electricity, the ocean has become a highway instead of remaining a barrier, the former cities are now turned into streets and the former "countries" are now turned into "cities" of the same one small land called the *World*." So it is high time to broaden your notion about "Home." All countries are equally yours, O child of Nature and God ; all mankind are your brothers and sisters. Go where you can live the best. as a useful worker, instead of multiplying the number of millions of beggars that are already attached as a "sink" (dead weight) to the Indu nation. Go ! In the name of God and humanity, go.

For some to alleviate the suffering of India might be a national problem, to Rama it is international. To some it might be a question of patriotism, to Rama it is a question of humanity. Let my children live although away from me *rather than* die before my eyes. With streaming tears of love in the eyes Rama bids you Good-bye ! Go.

Come back, if you become more than self-supporting in foreign lands. Come back and bless your old Home with the knowledge you have gained

abroad like the Japanese youths importing Western practical knowledge to their native home. But if you cannot more than support yourself in foreign lands, remain there. And if you are to be a workless creeping leech on the aching bosom of Mother India, jump into the Arabian Sea, and well share her Arabian hospitality rather than set foot again on India. Love of home and true Patriotism demands that of you.

Rama loves all animals and even stones as much as men ; and monkeys are as dear as Gods. But facts are facts and woe unto him who lies. The only way for the little relief that Ireland has gained under the monkey grip of John Bull was for the Poor Pat to begin to emigrate and flow and pour into America by thousands every year.

Nor does Rama want to overburden his dear America or other lands with the idle stuff of Ind. As a matter of fact, your going to foreign lands will be conducive to their health as well. The trees that grow thickly together are all weaklings, transplant one of them elsewhere away from the original grove, it will grow into a royal giant. When you go elsewhere, you will be an honour to the land where you go and grow. So it was with the present grand Americans, most of them were originally the poor emigrants of Europe. A study of the history of all nations demonstrates the coming of a happy change in the flowing moving emigrants.

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A few more words about Yajna : *Yajna* or sacrifice is sometimes interpreted to denote *renunciation*. Now that sublime word, renunciation, should not be identified with passive helplessness and resigning weakness ; nor should it be confounded with haughty asceticism. It is no renunciation to let the sacred temple of God, your body, be devoured up by cruel carnivorous wolves without resistance. What right have you to give up yourself to Injustice and Enormity ? It is no virtuous renunciation for a woman to give up the sacred tabernacle (her person) to a slave of impurity. The renunciation means delivering every thing to Truth. This body, this property is God's. Stand on your watch. Let not Injustice and Iniquity meddle with your Sacred Trust. To keep thyself as something different and separate from Truth and then begin to renounce in the name of religion implies appropriating what is not yours, it is embezzlement. To practise charity on what is not yours, is it not Sin ? Shine as the blazing Sun of Truth, become Truth. This is the only lawful Renunciation. Wait a second, could we call it renunciation ? Is it not divine majesty ? Yes, God-head and Renunciation are synonymous. Culture and character are its outward manifestations.

Any Karma Kanda rooted in the little ego even in the old Vedic days was not calculated to bring Final Emancipation (Mukti). (Salvation) results always from Gnana. So nor can the present-day Karma Kanda of a duty-ridden, hurrying, civilized

slave of selfishness save him from sin and sorrow. He may accumulate all the riches of the world but no peace can accrue, unless one knows Himself as the Self of all. There is but one purpose running through and underlying all changes and circumstances in the world, and that is Self Realisation. And, indeed, so long as a man's life can ground itself only on artificiality, superficiality or appearances, each new change and reform turn up only a new stratum of *dry rubbish*, bringing no soil to view. So long as perfect health is not realised in feeling yourself the *whole*, all your show of civilization is only a linen bandage hiding the swollen sore of painful body—consciousness. The Gnana or knowledge portion of the Vedas is the real Veda, that alone has been referred to as *Shruti* (Inspired Revelation) by the writers on the six orthodox systems of Hindu Philosophy as well the Jain and Buddhist writers. Keep to this Shruti, Hindus. Change the Smriti and Karma Kanda according to the needs of the day. Thus you cannot only retain your individuality as Hindus, but also expand and grow as Hindus, as real masters, teachers of the world. Thus you can cure yourself of exclusive stagnation, and breathe inclusive freshness. The man working without self-knowledge is like a person working in a dark room, knocking his head against the wall, breaking his knee against the table, tumbling over chair, receiving all sort of bumps and blows. The man working in the light has no struggle. The man without knowledge is travelling by catching hold of the tail

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of a horse being kicked all along. The man of knowledge rides with ease and positive joy, being mounted on the back of the horse. The work is no work to the man of self-knowledge. The most gigantic tasks to a self-poised man are as the lifting of a flower's fragrance by the summer breeze. Shankar says that the Man of Self-knowledge does not work at all. Yes, from his own standpoint ; because there is not work which can ever appear a task to him, all is fun, all is play, all is joy. There is no obligatory duty for him ; he is the master of his situation, he never worries, never hurries, all is finished for him, he frets not, regrets not, is ever fresh and firm, freed from the fever of "doing."

But can such an one be idle, or lazy ? You might as well call Nature indolent and the sun slothful. Look at the marvellous apostle of non-work, Shankar himself. Show me a single other instance in the whole range of history where so much work proceeded from a single individual in so short a time. Hundreds of works written, organizations formed, kings converted, splendid gatherings held throughout the length and breadth of India. Work flowed from him just as light radiates from a star and fragrance emanates from a flower.

Rama cannot close the subject without saying a few words on the great Brahma-Yajna which, in the words of Manu, brings the Atma-Yajni to *Swaraajya*, the native throne of inner glory. Offer up to the Fire of Jnanam (Divine Wisdom) all your sense

of possession : all your clings, designs ; all mine and thine ; loves, hatreds, passions ; frowns, favours and fashions ; body, relatives and mind ; all kith and kin ; rights, wrong and dues ; Interrogating Qs. ; all names and forms ; claims and charms ; renounce, resign. Pour them as oblations into the fire of Divine Wisdom. Make incense of them and enjoy their sweet smell while ablaze on the Flaming Altar of *Tat-Tvam-Asi* " That Thou Art."

Rise above all temptations and weaknesses by asserting your Godhead. The world must turn aside to let any man pass who is himself. Be God over your world or it will lord it over you. There can be no hope for those who entertain suspicions or superstitions : such swear, for they take the name of their " I am" in vain. Have you a doubt as to your own Divine Self ? You had better a bullet in your heart than a doubt there. Does your heart fail you ? Pluck it out and cast it from you. Dare to laugh and launch into the Truth. Are you afraid ?

" Afraid of what ?

Of God ? Non-sense :

Of man ? Cowardice :

Of the elements ? Dare them :

Of yourself ? Know Thyself :"

Say, I am God.

RAMA TRUTH,

SWAMI.

FOREST TALKS.

“WHEN great ideas have once been born into the world and formulated they may be misrepresented, thwarted or even defeated and made to retire for a time into the background, but they are destined not to perish and they continue to live a life of their own till in the fulness of time the advance of human thought and morality reaches a stage of evolution when it becomes possible to realise them in the social order.”

“The little seed set now must lie quite, before it will germinate, and many alternations of sunshine and shower descend upon it before it becomes a plant. Come thou again ere long, and behold ! a mighty tree that no storm can shake.”

Call these thoughts Utopian, but they are Truth,
and,

Truth crushed to Earth shall rise again,

The eternal years of God are hers.

This is the fiery lava spouting from the volcano
on human breast.

“This is the upheaval of the heaven-kissing
summits whose streams shall feed the farthest
generations.”

I. ORIENTAL CLUB.

STRETCHED beneath the cedars and pines, a cool stone serving for pillow, the soft sand for bed, one leg resting carelessly on the other, drinking the fresh air with whole heart, kissing the glorious light with fulness of joy singing Om, and letting the murmuring stream to keep time, Rama is questioned half in joke by a visitor—some upstart of civilization :

“Why do you import Asiatic laziness to America ? Go out, do some good.”

Rama : O my dear Self. As to doing good, is not that profession already chokeful, overcrowded ? Leave me alone, I and my Rama.

Laziness, did you say ? Oriental laziness ? Why ? What is laziness ?

Is it not laziness to keep floundering in the quagmire of conventionality and let oneself flow down the current of custom and fashion, and sink like a dead weight in the well of appearances and be caught in the Fond of possession and spend the time which should be God's in making gold and call it “doing good” ? Is it not laziness to practically let *others* live your life and have no freedom in dress, eating, walking, sleeping, laughing and weeping, not to say anything of talking ? Is it not laziness to lose your Godhead ? What for is this hurry and worry, this break-neck, hot haste and feverish rush ? To

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accumulate together Almighty Dollar like others, and what then? To enjoy as others? No, there is no enjoyment in running after enjoyment. O dear dupes of opinions, why postpone your enjoyment? Why don't you sit down here in this Natural-Garden on the banks of this beautiful mountain-stream and enjoy the company of your real blood relations—free air, silvery light, playful water and green earth—relations of which your blood really formed? Hide bound in caste are the Civilised Nations. They separate themselves from fellow beings and exile themselves from free open Nature and fresh fragrant natural life into close drawing rooms—dens and dungeons. They banish themselves from the wide world, excommunicate themselves from all creation, ostracise themselves from plants and animals. By arrogating to themselves the airs of superiority, prestige, respectability, honour, they cut themselves into isolated stagnation. Have mercy, my friends, have mercy on yourselves.

The wealth swept out of the possession of more needy and added to your property by organised craft will enable you simply to have sickening dinners of hotels and taverns and furnish you with pallid countenances and conventional looks, will imprison you in boxes called rooms choked with the stink of artificiality, will keep you all the time in the restlessness of mind excited by all sorts of unnatural stimulants, physical and mental. Why all such fuss for mere self-delusion? In the name of such supposed pleasures

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lose not your hold on real joy, no need of beating about the bush. Come, enjoy the Now and Here. Come, lie with me on the grass.

Don't you waste away your life in soliciting the favour of silver or gold to *insure* your life. Can your *life be insured* by becoming rich in money and paying in time? Don't you believe it. O deduled Immortal. Why seek excuses for existence in rush and push about dainty trifles?

“ The world is much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon ;
This sea that bears her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that would be howling at all hours ;
And are up gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for every thing we are out of tune ;
It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn !
So might, I standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn :

Wordsworth.

The so-called advanced Nations of Europe and America are only in advanced stages of mortification. Advancement means spiritual or intellectual advancement. True Progress must touch the real man and not waste itself on his mere shadow. Progress has nothing to do with material riches or with the multiplying of unnecessary necessities. The ancient Aryans writing magnificent works, living unsophisticated free lives and owning nothing in the world,

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led a mode of life to be repeated by History again with proper modifications. Present civilisation is sidetracked from its main end. Man is talked of just as they speak of corn and wheat ; prices rising and falling. Rise above it. Nothing can set a price on you.

Beloved devotees of Show, to you the Aryan ideal of *Sannyasa*, Renunciation, appears as idle dreaming, be on your guard please, the time is ripe to shake you and wake you up and make you realise what a terrible nightmare you were under. The civilised man without renunciation through love is only a more experienced and wiser Savage.

Be not charmed by the glamour, artificiality, conventionality, money-madness of the civilised world. These have proved a failure. These were tried in the fire and found wanting like wood, hay or stubble. Half the population is dying of starvation, the other half is buried under conspicuous waste, superfluous furniture, scent bottles, affectations, galvanised manners. All sorts of precious trifles, squalid riches and unhealthy show.

Neither mental nor manual labour is incompatible with health and longevity *except when the one is maintained at the expense of the other*. But in the present day-world some are living on (rather dying of) manual labour, others are perishing from the luxury of intellectual dissipation (mental strain). This is like dry bread being divided among some members of the

family and mere butter (or garnishing) distributed among some others.

The self-condemned slums of the Universe are those who possess anything, the real Shudras are those who claim anything, the self-impeached prisoners in dingy dungeons are those who own anything, the pitiable atoms are those who are for accumulation. These suicides choking and strangling themselves in the dirty dust of riches calling themselves Kings and Presidents, some drowning themselves in the depth of darkness calling themselves doctors and philosophers, some befounded in the quagmire of weakness and nervousness calling it *strength*, Bottom-like taking airs of superiority at their very ludicrous condition, self-hypnotised to fish on dry floor—helplessly suffering from the nightmare of possession and property, these self-persecuting strange ascetics need emancipation and waking up. Down with the prerogatives and presumptions of wealth, knowledge, titles and authority. Equality, Equality is the law of happiness. Savage greed, animal instinct of clutching, grasping, and worse than animal tendency to possess and accumulate keeps them hurried, worried and flurried. Let the typhoid fever of arrogance and vain ambition be allayed. Let the inexorable Truth be instilled and drilled into every ear. "Just inasmuch as thou hast possessed anything, thou has been possessed and obsessed."

Be not oppressed by the pressure of civilisation or the ways of the world around you, O aspirer after

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Truth. Be not handicapped by the show and display of the so-called advancing nations. Their "Facts and Figures" are mere trickery of the senses, fables and fictions ; and their "hard cash or stern reality" is mere gossamer and will-o'-the wisp. In twentieth century, the day is not far off, when the progressing nations must change their forms of Government or ways of living and fashion them on the principles of freedom and Vedanta. In renouncing the sense of possession, in adopting the spirit of Vedantic renunciation lies the salvation of nations as well as of individuals. There is no other way.

In all the civilised Western countries, suffering from the fever of thirst to accumulate. indigenous forces are strongly at work which soon, very soon must wake up the self-stifled grubs from the nightmare of possession. The Reign of Renunciation is to bless the world, the Kingdom of Freedom.

Q. Do you mean to advocate a new faith ?

Ans. Rama is no *advocate* of any idea. The Truth advocates itself. Rama simply offers no resistance to the Master, just keeps himself transparent, lets the light shine free. Let it shine in any form. Let it shine in any form. Let the body, mind and all be consumed by the flame ! There can be nothing more fortunate, Message delivered, kill the Messenger.

Q. Do you play the *role* of an apostle or Prophet ?

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Ans. No. That is below my dignity. I am God Itself and so are you. The body is my vehicle.

Q. It (your message) won't succeed. People are not prepared to receive it.

Ans. What is that to me ? I (Truth) never march on these *catchpenny considerations*. Ages are mine, Eternity is mine. If Christ was rejected by his own people, the whole world took him up. If rejected by his own time the succeeding ages were his.

Q. History does not bear out your thought.

Rama. Your History is incomplete. The chapter in History which this Truth is to write, you have not read yet. History shrivels up before Will, even if it be the will of one man. History loses itself on the study of symptoms missing the intrinsic cause.

Q. According to Emerson, true bond of love is *feeling alike*, and you, a typical non-conformist, don't seem to agree with *anybody*, what a loveless life you must be dragging !

Ans. I exult in looking at my paintings (world) from different standpoints. Here I view them as a conservative from behind ; there I watch them as a progressive Liberal from the front ; as Rama I examine from the right ; as a critic (of the Thundering Dawn) I inspect from the left. All that poses and sideviews are entirely mine. When a milk-woman is churning out butter, the string in the right hand is being pulled by herself as well as that in the left hand. All views being *mine own* how could I

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differ from anybody ? Thus am I the ocean of Love surging in *different* waves. I agree to differ from each and all. Come, enjoy with me this Agreement in difference.

Q. Is it not *mysticism* ? How can one individual be identified with another individual who lives incomplete separation from him ?

Ans. Well, let it be so. I also wonder that to all *appearance* we cannot be one, and yet we are *one*.

Lame Philosophy may not be capable of proving it, senses may be helpless in showing it ; *yet it is so*. When reality is realised appearances vanish. Love demonstrates it. "*That Thou Art*." God Itself thou art.

Q. Why do you say God *itself* ?

Ans. Some worship God as *Father in Heaven* and address It as He. Some worship God as Mother Divine and ought to address it as she. Others worship God as beloved sweet-heart (like Persian poets), so before using any personal pronoun for God we ought to determine whether God is Miss, Misses, or Mister.

Q. Then what is God ?

Ans. Neither Miss, nor Misses, nor *Mister* but *Mystery*.

II. VEADANTA AND PROPERTY

MOST of the following was originally written in reply to a question asked on the road just before the parting of ways.

* * * *

Was it you? Blessed One, who once asked Rama's views about "property-rights"? or if you excuse me for the correction, "property wrongs"? Well whoever it may have been that put the question, in Rama's eyes, it was your own noble Self, whether in this body or some other.

What is *property*?

That which is *proper* to one or *right* for a being (or thing).

Inherent lightness, combustibility, etc., are the properties of hydrogen, but the glass which holds the gas can never be its property. So manhood, nay, Godhead is your property but the house in which we live or jewelry can never be your property. People are willing to lose their birthright, their natural property—Godhead, but how persistently they make fun of themselves by tenaciously clinging to house, gold and the like regarding these their, property! What huge joke!

All divisions and distinctions on the riches and possessions are quite as unnatural as mankind's, classification by shoes.

Rama proclaims by this that the only veil or hindrance to the Realisation of Self is the usual sense of property, the rights of bundles and baggage. The very moment we want to possess a thing possessed we are by the demon of self-delusion. Renunciation, or you may call it *All possession*, by indentification with truth is Vedanta, pure and simple. Perfect democracy, equality, throwing off the load of external authority, casting aside the vain accumulative spirit, throwing overboard all prerogatives, the spurning of the airs of superiority and shaking off the embarrassments of inferiority, is Vedanta on the material plane. And Vedanta carries that spirit on the mental and spiritual planes as well. Giving up the exclusive claims to anything and everything including the body, intellect, writings, sayings, house, family, reputation prestige is Vedanta. In other words, destroying all hedges and limitations, fencing not yourself in by fencing others out, but as God regaining supreme dominion over every power, atom, star and tree and the world is Venanta. Many organised attempts are being made (often unconsciously) to pave the way for the realisation of Vedanta by the world at large. The flag of *Sannyasa* eventually must wave all over the world.

Some Vedantins are already living a life of perfect Love-government ; and, in some quarters, the flame has been kept alive from pre-historic times.

Just think of a sage sitting on the bank of the Ganges while cows, dogs, fishes and birds, emboldenec

by his love, fearlessly approach and share with him the loaf of bread from his hands. Let me cite an extreme case :

I know of a Swami whose body was suffering from a severe wound, worms were eating up the skin, no ointment to kill the worms would he use, or when the satiated worms fell down from the pus of the sore he would pick them up and laughingly, smilingly help them on to the sore part. This little body belongs to every insect in the world and the wide world belongs to me. The Universe is my body, Air and earth are my dress and shoes.

Swami means a continuous giver. Keep to Truth and let everything else go. A *Sannyasin*, the only alms taken by whom are given away to the more needy, when he has nothing more to give, very cheerfully does he give away his body to flies, worms and reptiles and, as the Self of all, he enjoys in the capacity of receiver as well. He enjoys as flies and worms while partaking of the feast of flesh, he enjoys as air and heat while drying up the bones.

Ordinary Charity :—The sense of possession has taken such a turn, and things have come to such a pass that to give back a nominal moiety of the wealth which has been accumulated by degrading impoverishing and hard pressing one portion of Society is called Noble Charity, as if to pour a little water into the mouth of a dying victim to prolong his tortures were the highest virtue. To charge no *vyaj* (which originally means, in Sanskrit, fraud, craft and

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now-a-days designates *interest*) is considered great favour because *vyaj* is the order of the day.

This describes the charity of Europe and America. Indian charity, however, does not trouble itself so much about the starving labouring classes (Shudras), but it takes the charitable Donors straight to heaven by feeding the oversatiated idlers, in the Store Houses of God the high representatives of Religion Petrified.

I shall make simplicity fashionable. What makes you more attractive? Is it the clothes that conceal you or the grace that reveals you? No need of borrowing beauty from clothes or anything. Wear natural smiles, health and cheerfulness.

Let any body come and steal. Let the poor Government make a fool of herself by becoming possessed of possession. What is that to you? You give not your portion up. Truth, truth is yourself. Certainly not for the "salt sea spray" (of material riches) but for Truth you stand up. Shall we require any University Degrees? Nonsense. The final Degree must be self-conferred.

It is true that a dream-built sword is necessary to vanquish a dream-tiger. But from the standpoint of wakeful consciousness both the sword and the tiger of dream land do not count anything. Just so with the empirical Sciences and Arts: however indispensable they may be as wordly knowledge, they carry no value in Divine Wakefulness. One of the great stumbling blocks in the way of self-realisation is the deference and abnormal respect for intellectual Capital

—University degrees, certificates, titles, honors and other mental possessions. To a man of realisation the world is simply the creation of the hypnotism of people, who in this self-created bedlam keep each other in countenance by mutual suggestion. All the objects in the world are simply like the lakes created by a hypnotised man on dry floor, and being of such nature, the knowledge of those objects also, on which the Doctors and Professors pride and take airs of superiority, is nothing more than hypnotism. The world is but ethereal and so is the knowledge of these people. To a man of realisation, who has risen to the fountain-head of all worldly phenomena, neither the great spheres, the rivers, the mountains, the suns and stars appear as surprising, nor the *knowledge* of such phenomena, as possessed by astronomers, mathematicians, botanists, geologists, and zoologists, appears to be of any intrinsic value beyond mere play, amusement and fun. The people who possess worldly objects (capitalists) and those who possess the *knowledge* of objects (Scientists) stand on the same level with those objects, that is to say, are phenomenal. The frowns and favors, criticisms and suggestions of the Doctors, Philosophers and Professors fall flat upon a man of God-Realisation, have no meaning to him. Usually, Universities, shows and fairs are nothing short of different means to prolong the hypnotic state. As a rule, the churches, temples, gatherings and meetings are different methods of prolonging the hypnotic world-sleep. The *jivanmukta* feels no surprise or wonder if the sun were to cool down to

the freesing point or if the moon were to rise in temperature to the highest degree, nay even if the flame of fire were to burn below the fuel instead of above it ; or all space were rolled away like a scroll.

There has been a time when Brahmans (Priest-craft) ruled the world, there has been an age when the Kshattriyas (Chivalry) reigned ; there are now the days when Vaishyas (Capitals) govern ; and next is coming the era of the supremacy of labour in Shudras ; but Shudras blessed with the spirit of *Sannyasa*.

In Europe and America, the *working class* (the Shudra caste) is not stereotyped and rigidified by the rules of heredity and religious injunctions, and yet the matters are very unsatisfactory. In India, the evil and injustice is doubly multiplied by the caste-system coming to aid the self-delusion of all the parties. This prevents *strikes* but makes the whole nation more helpless, and more timid than innocent sheep.

Up to his time Vedanta has been the exclusive property of a few only. It has lived on the intellectual plane mostly. This child conceived so long ago remained in the womb of the earth (Himalayas), but it comes down at last to the plains as the Holy Ganges, washing alike the Brahman and the Shudra, purifying man as well as God, sweeping away all unnatural differences. Organic man should be one, which is seldom felt. Just as regular meals you need to take consciously but the assimilation or distribution of the food material into *different* parts and

organs of the body takes care of itself unconsciously to you, while you concentrate in unity and integration (love and divinity), the differentiation and appropriate variation will take care of itself.

O Princes, Priests, Shudras and ruling classes of India ! Can you conceive the state of affairs a few years hence ? Call it odd and curious, yet I see before me a world of Swamis ; gods walking on the face of the earth ; clay-classifications of man swept away ; the distinctions in India, China, America, England, etc., dissolved ; new crystals springing up to be dissolved again in their turn.

O dreaming darlings ! cast away the scales from your eyes and see the highest *Sannyasins* joining hands with the lowest Shudras ; lo ! there ! the begging-bowl converted into a spade or a hoe. *Sannyasins* shorn of their laziness, Shudra-labor exalted to the dignity of *Sannyasa* : the spirit of renunciation actuating all ; shameless boldness of a harlot and the purity of Rama combined, the tenderness of a lamb wedded to the resolute intrepidity of a lion, the extremes meet and the intermediate unnatural distinctions dissolved. the world becomes one family. See all this, look there and see !

Shall we require sword or fire ? No. Any police ? No. Is it Utopia ? No flimsy phantom this. Is it communism or socialism ? May be. But for India it is the native growth ; the most natural application of Vedanta. O Indians, if you know your selves and adopt this renunciation, where will the

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disease be? When the mental malady is gone-material disease is bound to flee. No need of underhand work, no need of policy-playing, no need of suspicion and fear. Let that be followed by the timid *Decides*.

I am Emperor Ram, whose throne is your own hearts. When I preached in the Vedas, when I taught at Kurukshetra, Jerusalem, Mecca, I was misunderstood. I raise my voice again. My voice is your voice. *Tattvami asi*. Thou art all thou seest.

Some of you are scowling. Some of you I see, have turned up your noses at an angle of thirty degrees. Some of you have thrown off the paper in disgust. Do what you please, but the Dispensation must work. No power can prevent it, no kings, devils or gods can withstand it. Inevitable is Truth's order. Faint not. My head is your head, cut it if you please, but a thousand others will grow in its place.

Shams-Tabriz sings the same melody? Did the Sweet Bullah and powerful Gopal Singh of Punjab chant the same song? Did Jesus babble the same Truth? Did Muhammad see the same Crescent moon? That is nothing to me. My *Id* comes when I see *her*. Old truth is ever new. Your *Id* comes when you realise for yourself. All the Prophets and Saints, the heroes of your self-ignorance are merged in you the moment you wake up to your real Self, *God Truth*.

III REFORMERS.

INTRODUCTION

"Higher and still higher
From the Earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The deep blue thou wingest
And singing still dost soar,
And soaring ever singest."

Shelley.

THE HOLY SHADOW.

[TRANSLATED FROM FRENCH BY ROTH CRAFT.]

LONG long ago there lived a saint so good that the astonished angels came down from heaven to see how a mortal could be so godly. He simply went about his daily life, diffusing virtue as the star diffuses light, and the flower perfume, without even being aware of it.

Two words summed up his day :—he gave, he forgave. Yet these words never fell from his lips ; they were expressed in his ready smile, in his kindness, forbearance and charity.

The angles said to God. " O Lord, grant him the gift of miracles !"

God replied : " I consent ; ask what he wishes.

So they said to the saint : " should you like the touch of your hands to heal the sick?"

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"No," answered the saint, "I would rather God should do that."

"Should you like to convert guilty souls, and bring back wandering hearts to the right path?"

"No ; that is the mission of angles. I pray ; I do not convert."

"Should you like to become a model of patience attracting men by the lustre of your virtues, and thus glorifying God?"

"No," replied the saint, "If men should be attracted to me, they would become estranged from God. The Lord has other means of glorifying himself."

"What do you desire then?" cried the angles.

"What can I wish for?" asked the saint smiling.

"That God give me his grace ; with that, should I not have everything?"

But the angles wished : "you must ask for a miracle, or one will be forced upon you."

"Very well," said the saint, "that I may do a great deal of good, without ever knowing it!"

The angles were greatly perplexed. They took counsel together, and resolved upon the following plan. Everytime the saint's shadow should fall behind him, or at either side, so that he could not see it, it should have the power to cure disease, soothe pain and comfort sorrow.

And so it came to pass : when the saint walked along his shadow thrown on the ground on either side or behind him made arid paths green, caused withered plants to bloom ; gave clear water to dried up brooks, fresh colour to pale little children, and joy to unhappy mothers.

But the saint simply went about his daily life diffusing virtue as the star diffuses light, and the flower perfume, without even being aware of it.

And the people respecting his humility, followed him silently, never speaking to him about his miracles. Little by little, they came even to forget his name, and called him only " The Holy Shadow."

SENSE IN ENGLISH

Let Truth gain such immense proportions for you as before its magnitude all appearances and the vanity show of purses and persons may volatilise into evanescence. And when your identification with Truth is true and real, the shafts of malice shall not penetrate you, the rhinoceros shall find no point wherein to drive his horn, the tiger shall find no room to fix his claws, the sword shall find no place to thrust itself, the cannon balls raining on your body shall not touch *you*.

Your league should be with Truth alone. Even if you are obliged to stand alone, live with Truth, die with truth. If, on the ethereal heights of Truth-life thou art left alone, the sun of Righteousness should be companion enough for you. Comrades

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will begin to pour in by taking the living suggestions from you. The organisation thus formed will be natural. Don't run after organizing by compromising. I do not want to produce any converts, and gather any followers, I simply live the Truth. Truth requires no defence and defenders. Does sunlight require any apostles and messengers ? I don't spread the Truth, the truth spreads me and spreads itself.

Say the Evolutionists on *adaptation*. "The world is not on the whole a hard world to live in if one have the knack of making the proper concessions. Hosts of animals, plants and men have acquired this knack and they and their descendants are able to hold their own in the pressure of what is called the Struggle for Existence." Yes, One who possesses the Art of Living is a Rishi, all the world must harmonize with him because he harmonizes with all the world. How could obstacles present before a person in accord with the *all* through renunciation of the desiring little self ? But very apt are people to misapply this principle of Science: " *The child of altruism alone survives.*"

What is altruism ?

Does it mean continuous looking out what the people are *expecting*, what they would like, desire and approve of ? Does the "knack of making concession" imply *conformity* to the opinions of people ? Or is it the fever of "doing" that constitutes service of humanity ?

No. *Truthful Individualism* is the only true altruism. He who simply keeps himself *well attuned* to cheerfulness and love, and gives out plainly the truth as revealed to him without distorting it in the name of concession or conformity; such an one and such an one alone will survive in the long run.

When an apparently new and startling idea is struggling out in your breast, rest assured that thousands around you must also have at least felt the same way if not definitely conceived the same thought; just as while one melon is ripening in a field, thousands of others must also be growing under the influence of the same season. When one leaf or petal or stamen begins to form on a tree or one plant begins to push its way above the ground in spring, there are hundreds of thousands all round just ready to form. A new spiritual, moral or intellectual birth is ever sacred—as sacred as a child within the mother's womb—it is a kind of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost to conceal it.

In being true to your Self you will be astonished to find yourself true to All. Concession, Renunciation, Conformity in favour of Truth and Truth alone is sinless. Respect for persons, appearances, titles, riches, learning and forms is *idolatry*. Worldly wisdom is only excuses of Ignorance.

“ With joy the stars perform their shining
And the sea its long moon-silvered
roll,
For self-poised they live, nor pine with
nothing.

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All the fever of some differing soul.
" Bounded by themselves and unregardful,
In what state God's other works may be
In their own tasks all their powers pouring
These attain the mightly life you see.
" Resolve to be thyself ; and know that he"
Who finds himself losses his misery.

Be it life or death I care only for reality. Be
it sin or sorrow I will be true to the inner genius.

O Truth, I love Thee; O Love, I am true to
Thee. A great malevolent force is the anxiety on
the part of "workers" to *accomplish* some thing, to
achieve ostensible results, that the matters may begin
to show that the registers may record the largest
possible number of converts and followers. The
anxiety for "facts and figures works all sorts of
mischief. There may be venom enough in a dead
body to infect a nation;" does it prove the greatness
of the carcase? Oftentimes that amounts to the
contagious spread of some creeds.

People are too eager to see the trees planted by
them fructify and to eat the fruits thereof. This
implies lack of faith and selfishness. Jesus, Nanak
and some others made their bodies the humble
manure of trees which bore fruit many generations
after them.

Some speakers are ambitious only to gather like
comets a conspicuous tail of trailing show behind
them where the huge nebulous appendix, despite its
length and size, has practically no weight at all.

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The fireworks-illumination attracts crowds, but directly after the show is over, no trace is left behind. And who could ever improve in the firework's light the restless jumping Jack? It is the continuous steady light—let it be even the humble candle light—that truly serves and blesses.

Throw not your centre of gravity outside yourself. Pure love and self-sacrifice is the requirement of character, good to others is only contingent.

As journeys the Earth, her eye on the Sun
through the heavenly spaces,
And radiant in azure, or sunless,
swallowed in tempests,
Falters not, alters not, journeying equal,
sunlit or storm-girt,
So Thou, son of Earth, who hast Force,
Goal and Time go still onwards.

There is a tendency in India to reject a workers service in this line because of his fault in that line, for instance, to reject the teachings of a Preacher because his personal habits of living are not acceptable, thus co-operation has become next to impossible in the country. This tendency amounts to rejecting the cow and her milk, because the cow is not fit for riding purposes or not riding a mare, because she yields no milk.

The clear observation of naturalists shows that the race is not "to the swift," "nor the battle to the strong," but to them who can keep together. Prior to *competition* is *combination*. How is combination

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to be secured among mankind ; any combination for combination's sake is doomed to fail. Natural organisms, *like our body*, are unconscious. All science is the outcome of mutual help, co-operation, unity and common work, but no two scientists need live together. In faithfulness to the same truth, consists the organisation of scientists. Children have a common practical religion of love play and innocence all over the world. This *unity* comes about by the natural faithfulness of each child to his dear sweet self. The desire to be well thought of by one's fellows often enough ruins the veracity of character. This is the foundation for hypocritical society. The additional pressure that is brought to bear upon one by his desiring to please others who may have abnormal or perverted tastes leads him into many things he would otherwise desire not to do. Drinking habits are usually induced by sympathy and regard for drinking friends.

Truth is the good. Following truth is the only doing good. Truth makes you strong. Truth makes you free. Independence of outer authority and law is secured by being a law to oneself. This is *honour*. Might does not make right, but that which is right will justify itself in persistence and persistence is strength (or might). That which is weak dies. *We only know God's purpose by what He permits*. In the Book of Nature, God with his own fingers does write so clearly and unmistakably : *There is no sin but weakness*, and it is born of ignorance.

That which persists and grows must be in line with God's purpose. A law is only an observed generalisation of what is. The gospel of Nature gives us the following law : " Whatever is right shall justify itself sooner or later by becoming might." Truth is tough. It will not break like a bubble at a touch ! Nay, you may kick it about all day like a football and it will be round and sound at evening. God is governing the world and *mighty nay* Almighty Truth alone conquers. Be not astonished at or afraid of the truth and speak from the depth of your heart : "*I am God*"

That party alone which demonstrates more of truth, works more in harmony with the Power Infinite and reveals more of the Almighty shall have success and superiority. *Truth-Consciousness* brings strength and victory, *Skin-Consciousness* (*dehabhiman*, even if it be *Brahman-Consciousness* or *Sannyasin-Consciousness*) makes a Cobbler (*Chamar*, *Shudra*) of you. It is this leather-dealing *Chandalahood* against which the sane *Shruti* warns you again and again.

A truthful, self-denying person can bring the noble spirit of *Sannyasa* to bear upon the leather dealer's trade, that trade or any profession or business in itself cannot make a *Shudra* of you. The roots of the tree of Nationality are *women, children and Shudras*, the proper education and care of all of whom is sadly neglected in India. The so-called higher classes, *par excellence*, are only the fruit of the tree.

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Let us not waste all our time in trying to keep the fruit on the tree ; attend to the root, feed it and water it properly.

Dear Reformers ! by catering to the tastes of the rich, your personality might perhaps be exalted for the time, but truth will advance through the poorer classes, children and women, and through them alone. So says History. There is a tendency on the part of teachers to complement themselves when Officials attend their speeches. Well, it is true the Government employees are in these days more intelligent than the rest, and can be of some service, but the uplifting of the nation is not to be expected through them. People who have sold their liberty for a pittance (call it a large salary), whose vitality is sapped by the now necessary evil of routine work and whose energy is sucked by overwork, these honourable stone-Thakurjees—from their pedestal of worshipful confinement and high helplessness—let them enjoy the well-earned siren songs of flattery, soothing lullabies and homage of their attendants ; but real revival will begin with the humble root and root alone.

The chief cause of the failure of ever so many movements in India has been that the workers spent away their energies in watering the fruits and leaves (nobility and gentry). The poor Shudras need light and life. People will upbraid you for attending to the poor “ *nothings*” as the “Lower” classes are considered. But remember even a nothing (cypher)

can multiply the value ten times, being placed on the right side of the significant figure 1, let your 1 be identified with figures or cyphers in the right way. "*Tat-tvam-asi.*" That thou art.

Some say "women, children and Shudras" are not *adhikarins* (worthy) of Brahma-Vidya. It is just that view which has kept Vedanta a great but doubtful formula—a mere formula and no reality.

If every child is worthy of sun's light and air, why not of spiritual light and air? Why shut out Brahma-Vidya from any one? Down with the closed rooms and underground cells of ignorance and weakness. Let divine light and air bless all.

Spiritual Pauperism is produced by giving people moral commandments. Hysteric moralists defeat their own end by forcing *forms* of virtue instead of enlightening themselves and others as to the knowledge of reality. Everyone is true to his lights. No one will step into a well when he *sees* it before him. All our "Do's" and "Dont's" appeal only to the *animality* in man. When we tell even a boy or a girl "Thou shall do this or that," the rational in him or her resents and rebels, because of being ignored and slighted. Our imperative commandments are like trying to drive away the horse (the *animality*) from its rider (rationality). We teach children the spirit of rebellion in trying to rule them or exercise on them any authority other than their own reason. Where forced rule does not create

rebellion it creates decay and death. According to a law of psychology, the more indirect a hint in the normal state of man the stronger is its effect. In our forced moral teachings the ordinary person naturally takes a suggestion to the contrary. Desire for anything is increased by prohibition or condemnation.

The custom is people cannot spare even God and want Him to wait upon their precious little self, serving them with daily bread or monthly bread. A customer of mystic power once went to a trader in religion, asking the venerable Siddha (or Pir) to teach him some "divine" formula by repeating which he might gain the worldly end nearest to his heart. The Fakeer told the *mantram*, but imposed a rather queer condition for its fruition. "Let not the thought of a monkey cross your mind while repeating the formula for a prescribed length of time." The poor fellow returned to the *Guru* next day complaining: "Sir, the idea of monkey could never occur to me, had you not warned me against it. But now the monkey-thought clings to me with monkey-grip, I cannot shake it off." Thus impurity and their sins would long have left the world had not our blessed teachers kept them up by continual dwelling on them in condemning them. Adam, poor Adam, in the magnificent grand garden of Eden would never had thought of eating the fruit of a particular tree in a neglected quarter had not the Biblical God distinguished it as "*forbidden*."

In the name of reform we carry our dictatory directions to the extreme. A child being once asked his name replied : " Mamma always calls me Don't ! " That must be my name. So have people lost their real self under the weight of rules and orders, and fancy themselves to be merest name and form.

The practical Vedanta needs to be commenced in India not through books so much as through health. Vedanta is health, physical, mental and spiritual. Not only colds, coughs, fevers, diabetes, and the like but jealousy, laziness, distemper, unclean thoughts, weakness and other forms of impurity are immediately washed away by restoring health of stomach.

True liberty is the accurate appreciation of necessity. I am that *necessity* and being that necessity am free. Real health is on knowing me. Unless you have *me*, your so-called health is only a fair covering of foul disease. The words health, whole, wholly belong to the same stock. Feeling of Unity is health. Live in that Unity and be not overwhelmed by the importance of anything in the world. Say what you have to say, not what you ought. The problems of life cannot remain unsolved, for life is the solution of problems. Let the health express itself free, harbor no motives. The improper property to be immediately renounced are one's *objects*. *Look straight* : which means dare to look at anybody and everybody just as boldly as you look at trees and rivers, fearlessly, with no apprehension, as a child,

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projecting no personality in them, seeing your own self and no stranger in these. Children who play life discern its true laws, relations, more clearly than men who think they are wise by *experience*, that is, by failure. Even nettle (bichughas) will not hurt you if you grasp it unhesitatingly, but will set your skin in burning irritation if merely touched. There are some good workers whose private conversation is mostly full of (cautious apprehension of) "Spies" and (wise fear of) "Detectives." The worthy Reformers, I dare say, are Thieves themselves. Dear Detectives, Sweet Spies, you are entirely welcome, I need you. I shall pay you infinitely more than your previous salary (if any). Please do detect me. Pray, do spy into My secrets, and I will be pleased to give you all I have, all your desires will I wonderfully fulfil, all your wants will be removed, no more will you suffer pain, poverty will be swept away, all the kingdoms you will find at your feet. Bless your secret seeking heart ! Come.

Work every healthy person must be doing by the very demands of health. The child has no motives, yet it is one of most active beings on the Earth. Vedanta requires of you to hit hard, play your part manfully, but hang not your joy on the event, let every stroke *be propelled and impelled by joy and not always be aiming vainly at joy.*

Ye who stand alone in Truth, be not afraid that the vast majority is against you. No. This seeming vast majority of Conservative Ignorance is like the

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armies of morning dewdrops swarming on the fresh leaves and green blades of grass. This melting majority is glistening simply to bid you welcome, O Sun. Identify yourself with truth, what matters it if a handful of seething millions opposes you, the majority is still on your side. The rocks, trees, rivers, breeze, the sun and stars are with you. Time is with you. The day is yours, centuries are yours. Eternity is yours. All-embracing Nature is with you. You surround the opponents and are not surrounded by them. You surround chance and take it captive.

Let God work through you and there will be no more duty—let God shine forth. Let God show Himself. Live God, Eat God, Drink God, Breathe God. Realise the Truth and the other things will take care of themselves. Live ye the Kingdom of Heaven which is in you, which is you, all the things are added unto you.

IV. STORIES

LORD BYRON

H E let the spirit of freedom work through him when he was a student at the University. The class to which he belonged in an examination were asked to write essays on the miraculous changing of water into wine by Christ at the wedding feast. Oh how some of those candidates labored! During the time allotted some of them wrote long long stories of how the guests were dressed, how the feast was spread, how Jesus looked and went on and on to elaborate upon the subject. During all this time Byron sat in his seat looking at the ceiling, watching the faces of the other students and well nigh whistling. When the time was up the Professor came around to collect their composition books and as he came to Byron he said in joke; "You must be tired you have been writing so hard!" and expected to be handed a blank book, but Byron said, "Wait a minute," and forthwith he scrawled out a line and handed the book to the master. Now after three weeks or so had passed, the result was announced and some essays received honorable mention, but how surprised were all to know that Byron won the first prize. To convince the students of the high merit of Byron's essay, the teacher read it in class, and this line made the whole

essay : “ *The water saw its Lord and blushed.*” He forced nothing, this little line was spontaneous and like all work done naturally was perfect, free, graceful, poetic—the work of the self.

“ The eye it cannot choose but see.
We cannot bid the ear be still ;
Our bodies feel where'er they be
Against or with our will.
“ Think you, ‘ mind all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking
That nothing of itself will come
But we must still be seeking ?”

Wordsworth.

MASTER MUSICIAN

THERE was a beautiful organ in a church ; in fact, the organ was so fine that the custodian would not allow an amateur to touch it . One day, while they were having a service in the church, a stranger dressed poorly came in and wanted to play upon the organ, but he was not allowed to near it. He was unknown to the minister and since this was such a choice thing, of course they would not let him play upon it. After the service was over and the musicians had left the organ, this man stealthily crept up to the organ. The minute he laid his hands upon it, the organ recognised its master and such music as it poured forth. Though the congregation were on their feet and ready to go, still when these peals of grandeur came forth they were spell-bound, enraptured and could not leave the church. This wielder of wonderful harmony was the master musician, the inventor of the organ himself.

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We do not give the Self, God, Love, a chance to do for us, we must care for this body, we must care for this mind and it is plain to be seen in that case only common place notes come forth of us. Let the Master play upon the organ and the minute Love's hands touch the chords, music will pour forth—music that you never dreamed of before, wonderful light and harmony will begin to flow, divine melodies will begin to burst out, celestial rhapsodies emanate.

“ God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
The mighty tide of being flows
Through all its channels, Love from Thee.
It springs to life in grass, flowers,
Through every thread of being runs
Till from creation's radiant towers
In glory flames in stars and suns,
God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
The mighty tide of being flows
Through all its channels back to Thee.
Thus round and round the current runs,
A mighty sea without a shore
Till man with angels, stars and suns
Unite in love for evermore.”

Lizzie Doben.

DODGING DEATH

ONCE there was a man so clever as to reproduce himself to a perfection that you could not tell the reproduction from the original. He knew that the angel of death was coming for him and as he did not

know just what to do to avoid the angel, finally settled upon what might be turned an able device. He reproduced himself a dozen times. Now when the angle of death came, he could not know which was the real person and therefore did not take any. The angel returned to God and asked Him what to do, and after a consultation returned to earth to try again to take this man and remarked. "My! But you are wonderfully clever, why, that is fine the way you have made, these figures, but there is just one thing wherein you have erred, there is just one fault." The original man immediately jumped up and asked suddenly "In what, in what have I erred?" And the angel said "In just this," singling out the clever man from the mute statues. The only wrong is to ask, "*Am I right?*" Dear! what else could you be? The little imp of doer-self is claimed by death.

THIS IS MY CARROT

IN famine days a poor woman died. The Judge of Death in his *post mortem* investigation into her case, while assorting her good and bad deeds, could discover no act of charity except that she had once given a *Carrot* (or *Radish*, I am not sure) to a starving beggar. By order of the Judge the *Carrot* was reproduced. This carrot was to take her to heaven. She caught hold of the Carrot and it began to rise lifting her with it.

There appeared the old beggar on the scene, he clutched at the hem of her tattered garment, he began to be elevated along with her, a third candidate

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for mercy began similarly to be uplifted being suspended from the foot of the beggar, nay, a long series of persons one below the other began to be drawn up by that single Carrot—Elevator. And strange to say the woman felt no weight of all these souls hanging from her. (Do not such things often happen even in dreams ?)

These saved persons rose up, up, up, higher and still higher till they reached the Gate of Heaven. Here the woman looked below, and don't know what moved her, she said to the train of souls behind her :

.. Off you fellows !

This is *my* Carrot !

And unconsciously waved her hand to keep them away. The Carrot was lost and down fell the poor woman with the entire train.

The facts are plainly stated, *you may* moralize yourself.

EQUALITY.

“ The mountain and the squirrel

Had a quarrel

And the former called the latter “ Little Brig.”

Bun replied :

“ You are doubtless very big ;

But all sorts of things and weather

Must be taken in together

To make up a year

And a sphere.

And I think it no disgrace

To occupy my place.

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If I'm not as large as you
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ ; all's well and wisely put
If I cannot carry forests on my back
Neither can you crack a nut."

"You say, Swamiji that our self is all knowledge; so pray tell me some method of Vedantic clairvoyance by which I may win the highest prize in the ensuing Law-Examination without reading the books."

A prince in his childhood was playing hide-and-seek with the children of noblemen. He had much ado to search out the boys. A by-stander remarked, what is the use of making so much fuss to discover the play fellows who can be collected immediately if you exercise princely authority to call them out?" The prince replied in that case the play would lose its relish, there would remain no interest in the game. Just so, in reality, you are the supreme ruler and all-knowing omniscient divinity, but as you have in fun opened the quest of your own subjects (all sorts of study and other pursuits) in the great hide-and-seek labyrinth of the world, it would not be fair play to exercise that authority which checkmates the whole game. On the plane where the past, present and future and all the thousands of suns and stars become your own self, nay all objects are mere ripples and eddies in the ocean of your knowledge, how could you care for the law examinations

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and worldly success. If you want to possess the divine clairvoyance, you have to give up or rise above the very plane of senses from which and for which you seek clairvoyance.

A net was spread to catch fish. The fish, on falling in the net, carried it off by their stupendous weight. Vedantic new clairvoyance is that "queer fish," which carries away the net of desires entirely. Again the ordinary method of acquiring knowledge is itself a Vedantic process of clairvoyance inasmuch as it entails an unconscious escape during study from the sense of ego and duality.

It is said Imam Ghizali, a Mohamedan Saint, that in his student life, one night, after his usual strenuous work, he fell asleep in the study. In a vision appeared to him Khavaja Khizar, the God of Learning, offering to convey all the knowledge of the world to him then by the simple act of breathing into his ears and mouth. Imam Gizali's sound sense of self-respect refused and he asked instead, the boon of being provided with oil for his midnight reading. He preferred the longer road to the short cut, not caring to steal into the back-door of heaven.

Do not counsel God how to behave ; do not dictate your will to him, just resign yourself unto him, abandon little self, renounce spurious desires, and thus will you make your body and mind full of light. All true knowledge and education worth the name comes from within, and not from books or

extraneous minds. Men of genius, the original workers in the field of investigation, made their discoveries and investigations only when they were merged in Thought absolute, far, far above yearning or hurrying of any sort, making their mentality and personality free of any tendency to selfishness. They made themselves transparent, the light of knowledge shone through them, they shed light on books, illumined libraries. This is work. By work, Ram never means plodding drudgery. Work in Vedanta always means harmonious vibrations with the Real Self and attunement with the universe. This unselfish union with the one Reality, which is the only real work, is of tentimes labelled and branded as no work or idleness. Even a most laborious undertaking, pursued in the spirit of Vedanta, is found to be all pleasure and play and no drudgery or burden. "Having nothing to do, be always doing" sums up Vedantic teaching. O happy worker, success must seek you when you cease to seek success.

TO VAYU (BREEZE)

“ Nought stirrest around,
Yet, hark to that sound,
‘ Swoo-oo ’ and Ai-yu ” !
Oh, bodiless Vayu !
Pause and come hither,
And whisper us whither,
Thou speedest along ?
Invisible wending,
The heather tops bending,
Before us thou sweetest,
Behind us thou creepest ;

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By our ears rushing,
O'er our cheeks brushing .
Gliding by, gholefully ;
Murmuring dolefully ;
Wailing aeolefully
Dirges of song.
With Swoo-oo and Ai-yu
Oh ! bodiless Vayu !
Pause and come hither
And whisper as whither
Thou speedest along ?

V. LOVE

“ I'm the origin and end
Of all this changeful universe
There is, Oh mankind, naught beyond ;
For all is strung on me alone
As are the beads upon the thread.
I am the freshness of the Waters,
The splendour of the Sun and the Moon,
The essence of the Holy thought.
The sound of sounds, the man in men,
I am the life of life, Oh man,
To know is to love Truth.
All true devotion's centred power,
All being's seed am I, the strength,
The wisdom of the strong and wise,
Lo, those who worship Me in truth.
Fulfilling in their acts my Laws ;
Regarding me their aim and end,
Their hearts, Oh man, dwell then in love,
And I to them will always be a guide
From out the surging flood of wrong and migratory life.
At whose behest doth work the Intellects ?
At whose command does life subsist ?
By whom enlightened grasps the mind ?
And what enlightens ears and eyes ?
The Ear of ear, the Mind of mind,
The Speech of speech, the Life of life,
The Eye of eye, the Self of self
That eats up pain and Death as rice.

ALL IS LOVE.

To know is to love Truth.
What is Truth ? *Tattvam asi* or Love itself.

Step by step this love manifested itself through
different stages as the force of affinity, cohesion,

gravitation, greed, desire, ambition, aspiration. In different modes and degrees of vibrations this Love appeared being known as Magnetism, Electricity, light, heat, sound, etc. The most accurate conception of the material atoms being as "Centres of forces." Matter itself in the ultimate analysis resolves itself into concentrated Love. All Law being nothing more than the discovery of unity in diversity, harmony in heterogeneity, unison in variety, is itself a phase of Love. In your inquisitive detectives, insidious spies, suspected friends, menacing foes, betraying comrades, there is no other power at work but Love. No other Government rules the world than Love. Carlye said, "Hatred is inverted love." Fear is only congested love. Else how could love conquer fear? A man with a purse of thousand pounds in the woods is full of fear only because of the *loved* gold. A free man greets all he meets. A free person enjoys the uniform circulation of love. Love being the only force there in reality, the realisation of identity with Love is *salvation* and redemption and the conscious or unconscious struggle to achieve that absolute Love-Consciousness is *life*, to be willing to follow the line of quickest approach to that goal is *wisdom*, and to that end to rightly adjust the different love forces is *virtue*.

There is no such thing as betrayal of love nor is anybody a traitor. No character is unfaithful. No right have we to limit our ideas as to the possibilities of man on the ground of his being a Jew,

Mahomedan, Shudra or Brahman. Even the sworn slaves of dogmas are bound to be redeemed. God, Truth, must pull you out from the clasps of conventionality and conservatism, even as Krishna drew out the Gopikas from the homes of their so-called husbands.

Man's real self is nothing but this transcendental Love. You are Love. Oh you are the universal self. You are the Roseate Dandy that flushes in the blooming cheeks of Leili on 'the one side and appears as the bleeding heart of Majnoon on the other. To realise and feel this truth in practical life is Purity. But he who begins to seek things and hankers after them as if not one with him rends his God-self *atwain* and is thereby impure. Shunning and curling up is not Purity; resisting and avoiding beauty is not chastity. True Purity is that where all beauty is absorbed in me, and I feel and enjoy my spiritual oneness with all to such an extent that to talk or think of meeting any object sounds like a painful hint of separation.

“ Speak to him, then, for He hears and Spirit to spirit can meet ;

Closer is He than breathing and nearer than hands or feet.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills and the plains,
Are not these, O Soul, the visions of Him who reigns ?”

Tennyson.

Thy voice is on the rolling air,
I hear Thee where the waters run,
Thou standest in the rising sun
And in the setting, Thou art fair.

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Far off Thou art and ever nigh
I hear Thee still and I rejoice,
I prosper circled with Thy voice
I shall not lose Thee, though I die.

All that is good.—God is that which is fit, appropriate, apt. Now the world's movement is nothing else but continuous adaptation. So the world is nothing but a flow of good. Wherever people's adaptation to the past (conservatism) opposes readaptation to the running present, the irresistible marching adaptation (harmony or God) is accompanied by a noisy and dazzling show—Revolution.

We cannot give up anything unless we get something else to take its place, and progress must be gradual. Love and attachment are a form of grasping and grabbing from one standpoint, and nothing short of renunciation from another standpoint. Love rises from one object to another. The objects of love keep changing all the time, and in every act of unfoldment or development it renounces a good many old clingings. By slow degrees there comes at last a time when a person falls (or rather rises) in love with Love itself and the object of love turns out to be the self of each and all the lover is tied back or married and reunited to this—his one Self Supreme. After this marriage (that is religion, 're,' again, 'ligo,' unite), the once lover finds the whole universe in his embrace and every object in his clasp. What can such an one desire? Can we desire the bride that is already folded in our arms?

When one realises his own self to be the all, he cannot desire, but simply enjoys everything as his. He looks at his work and finds it good. Every object brings him joy ineffable. Every creature pays him tribute from clod to the cloud, from the minutest atom to the mightiest sun, from the lowest crawling vermin to the remotest shining star, all declare his glory, all sing praises-Hallelujah. There is nothing different from such an one.

LET NOT THE WORLD BE TOO MUCH
WITH YOU.

I see two objects before me, sweet peas and a maiden. The flower is dissected. In the flower is found a force called cohesion, keeping the different particles together, and some other forces like heat, gravity, magnetism, etc. And in the maiden all the imaginable wonders are suppressed, especially in that part of her body called the head. Herein I find all space and all time, including and embracing the whole universe. The whole world contained in a single ball called the head. This universe is present in the head as a mere idea. the whole world is a mere idea in the head. If it were not for the passing of this idea of the world from one head to another, like the throwing of a ball from one to another, the world would have been no world. This hypnotic sleep or idea of the world we pass on or fling from generation to generation and from country to country, and this is the whole world, your world, your idea, your doing.

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Let not this ball be too much with you. It is your own head-ball or foot-ball.

Renunciation alone leads to immortality :—
And practical renunciation means throwing off and casting overboard all anxiety, fear, worry, hurry, trouble of mind by continually keeping before your mental vision the *holliness of the world and Allness* of your real self. You have no duties to discharge, you are bound to none, you are responsible to nobody, you have no debt to pay. Assert your individuality against all society and all nations and everything. That is Vedant. Society, custom and convention, laws, rules, regulations, criticisms, reviews, they can never touch your real self. Even a tiny slender column of water can match and balance the pressure of the whole sea, says Hydrostatics. O individual Infinity, dare to stand on your own feet, and you can hold back the weight of the universe. Feel that. Throwing off fear, renounce anxiety, dispel the limited vulnerable ego. Giving this sense to Om, chant it. Om ! Om !

VI. REST

THE multifold demands of life and the different claims on your physical and mental powers are likely to keep you all the time strained and in tension. If these outside circumstances be allowed to keep you always on the rack, you are digging an early grave for yourself

How to avoid it? Rama does not recommend shirking of work or giving up all daily pursuits, but recommends to cultivate a habit which will keep you ever in rest in spite of strenuous, onerous and trying tasks. This advice is no other than Vedantic renunciation. You have to keep yourself all the time upon the rock of renunciation; and, taking your stand firmly upon that vantage ground, giving yourself up entirely to any work that presents itself, you will not be tired, you will be equal to any duty.

To explain further, while at work, between whiles devote spare interval of a moment or so to the thought that there is but one reality, God, thy self, and that as to the body, etc., you never had anything to do with it. You are simply a witness, you have nothing to do with the consequences or the result. Thus contemplating you may close your eyes, relax your muscles, and lay the body perfectly at ease, unburdening yourself of all thought. The more you succeed in taking off the burden of thought from your shoulders, the stronger you will feel.

Nerves keep up the vitality in the body, and thought is also sustained by the nervous system. The digestive process, the circulation of the blood, the growth of the hair, etc., depend ultimately upon the nervous action. If your thought is disturbed and you are hurried and worried by all sorts of ideas, that means too much burden upon the nerves. This action of the nerves in the shape of strenuous thought exertion may be a gain on one side, but it is a decided loss on the other. Through restless thought and worry the vital functions of the body suffer. If you want to keep up your vitality, to preserve your health, the weight of life to be borne easily by the horse of nervous system you ought to make the burden of egoistic thought lighter. Let not anxious thoughts and worrying ideas suck the sap of your life. The secret of perfect health and vigorous activity lies in keeping your mind always buoyant and cheerful, never worried, never hurried, never borne down by any fear, thought or anxiety.

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things but enjoy the right things—not merely industrious but to *love* industry.

MOST IMPORTANT ADVICE

My cup is the Hemisphere of Heavens. And the sparkling light my wine.

Think it not that it is your duty to get clothes, or to win the love of anybody or to make anybody happy or to achieve this worldly aim or that. Discard

all these aims and objects, make it your profession, your business, your trade, occupation, vocation, the aim and object of life to keep your own self always peaceful and happy independent of all surrounding circumstances, irrespective of gain and loss. Your highest duty in the world laid upon your shoulders by God (your religious duty) is to keep yourself joyful. Your social duty the demand of neighbours, is to keep yourself well pleased, peaceful; the duty having the greatest claim on you from domestic relations is to keep yourself cheerful; and your duty to yourself demands of you again to keep yourself happy in all states. Be true to yourself and never mind anything else in the world. All other things are bound to bow down to you, yet what does it matter to you whether they bow down or not, you are happy by yourself. To be dejected, gloomy, is a religious, social, political and domestic crime, and this is the only crime you can commit, this is the only crime which is at the root of all other crimes, faults and sins. Be full of serenity and dispassionate tranquillity, and you will find that all your surroundings and environments will, of course and of force, adjust themselves aright. It is not your duty to worry or hurry about any business. Your only occupation or duty is to keep yourself self-contained, self-poised and self-pleased. No duty upon us, no burden upon our shoulders. You have no responsibility to anybody but to yourself. You are a heinous criminal to yourself if you violate this most sacred law of Cheerfulness and Peace. Let other people, when they get up

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early in the morning, think that they have duties before them as to rub and scrub the rooms, to go to the office or to do washing or cooking or reading and writing or this and that ; but when you get up early in the morning, address to yourself always in supreme happiness. The only duty you have to do is this. This does not mean that you have to shirk other work or neglect other household employments. These things you may feel as secondary matters of play and these things you will have to do because your spiritual health will demand of you to be doing something. But while doing anything remember the so-called material work in hand is quite immaterial. The really bounden duty for you is to keep yourself self-pleased. Students, listen, if you hang your joy on the future results of examinations being content now to oscillate and vacillate gloom of suspense "you will never *be*, but always *to be* blessed." Like comes to the like. Have joy of God in you—right now and the joy of success must gravitate towards you. That is the law.

“ Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone :
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has sorrow enough of its own.
Sing and the hills will answer.
Sigh ! it is lost in the air -
The echoes do bound a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.
Rejoice and men will seek you,
Grieve and they turn and go :
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.

FOREST TALKS—REST

Be glad and your friends are many,
Be sad and you lose them all :
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
Feast, and your halls are crowded ;
Fast, and the world goes by ;
Succeed and give and it helps you live,
But no one can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain."

(Ella Wheeler Wincox.)

" Happiness is the only good.
The time to be happy is now.
The place to be happy is here.
The way to be happy is to make others so."

SUMMING UP

Ram brings to your special attention two important points :—(1) Denial of little self (2) Positive assertion of Real self.

First :—Denial according to Vedanta is perfect relaxation, relief, rest, renunciation. Whenever you can spare time just throw down your body on the chair or bedstead as if you never carried that burden or weight and you had nothing to do with it and it were quite as much a stranger to you as any piece of rock. Let body lie down for a while stretched like a dead carcass altogether unsupported by your strained will or thought. Let the mind be relaxed of all care and anxiety for the body or anything. Give up and deny all desire, ambition or expectation.

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This is denial or relaxation. Let your property rest on the ground and not weigh down your heart.

(2) *Godhead.* Make God's will your own. Defend His purpose as if it were your purpose whether for weal or for woe; feel yourself above the body and its environments, above the mind and its motives, above the world and its opinions. Feel, feel yourself to be the all-pervading supreme, the sun of suns; above causation, above phenomena; and one, one with the all bliss, the free Ram. Chant Om and sing Om in any tune or tunes that naturally and spontaneously occur to you. Thus will all causes of complaints and maladies leave your presence of themselves. The world and your surroundings are exactly what you think them to be. Let not the world lay heavy upon your heart. Every day and night meditate upon the truth that all the opinions and society of the world is simply your own idea and that you are the real power whose breath or mere shadow the whole world is. The reason why you do not attain to the height of health is that you are more courteous and polite to the fickle, unsettled, hazy judgment of others than to your own nearest neighbour, the Real Self Supreme. Live on your own account, not for the opinions to others. Be free. Try to please the one Lord, the Self the one without a second, the real husband, owner, master, your own inner God. You will not, in any case, be able to satisfy the many, the public, the majority, and you are under no obligations to

satisfy the hydraheaded mob. You are your own architect. Sing to yourself as if you were all alone and no listener were by. When your own Self is pleased, the public must be satisfied. That is the Law.

Whoever dwells among thoughts, dwells in the region of delusion and disease—and though he may appear wise and learned, yet his wisdom and learning are as hollow as a piece of timber eaten out by white ants. Therefore, though thought should gird you about, you need not be tied to it, as a man takes off his coat when hot ; and as a skilful workman lays down his tool when done with.

“ While at work your thought is to be absolutely concentrated in it, undistracted by anything whatever irrelevant to the matter in hand—rounding away like a great engine with giant power and perfect economy—no wear and tear of friction or dislocation of parts owing to the working of different forces at the same time.

Then when the work is finished and no more occasion for the use of the machine, it must stop equally absolutely—stop entirely—no worrying—as if a parcel of boys were allowed to play their devilments with locomotive as soon as it was in the shed—and the man must retire into that region of the Consciousness where his true Self dwells.”

Om !

“ O my sons ! O too dutiful
Towards Gods not of me
Was not I enough beautiful ?

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Was it hard to be free ?
For behold I am with you, am in you
And if you look forth now and see
I bid you but be ;
I have need not of prayer
I have need of you free
As your mouths of mine air :
That my heart may be greater within me
Beholding the fruits of me fair
I that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night.
Set the shadow called God
In your skies to give light ;
But the morning of manhood is risen
And the shadowless soul is in sight.
The tree many rooted
That swells to the sky
With frontage red-fruited
The Life-tree am I ;
In the buds of your lives is
The sap of my leaves. Ye shall live and not die
But the Gods of your fashion
That take and that give
In their pity and passion
That scourge and forgive
They are worms that are bred in the bark
That falls off ; they shall die and not live.

NATIONAL DHARMA

IT is sunset. With deep sight it is being chanted
and with streaming tears is being written out.

"I saw a vision once, and it sometimes reappears,
I know not if it was real, for they said I was not well.
But oft as the Sun goes down my eyes fill up with tears,
And then that vision comes, and I see my *Floribel* (India).
The day was going softly down, the breeze had died away,
The waters from the far west come slowly rolling on,
The sky, the clouds, the ocean wave, one molten glory lay,
All kindled into crimson by the deep red sun.
As silently I stood and gazed before the glory passed,
There rose a sad remembrance of days long gone,
My youth, my childhood came again, my mind was overcast,
As I gazed upon the going down of that red sun.
The past upon my spirit rushed, the dead were standing near,
Their cheeks were warm again with life, their winding sheets
were gone,

Their voices rang like marriage-bells once more upon my
ears,

Their eyes were gazing there with mine on that red sun.
Many days have passed since then, many chequered years,
I have wandered far and wide still I fear I am not well,
For often as the sun goes down my eyes fill up with tears,
And then that vision comes, and I see my *Floribel*."

O Setting Sun, Thou art going to rise in
India. Wilt Thou please carry this message of Rama
to that land of glory? May these tear-drops of love

be the morning dew in the fields of India ? As a Shaiva worships Shiva, and Vaishnava Vishnu, a Christian Christ, a Muhammadan Mahomed, with a heart turned into a " Burning Blush," I see and worship India in the form of a Shaiva, Vaishnava, Christian, Muhammadan, Parsi, Sikh, Sannyasi, Pariah, or any of her children. I adore Thee in all Thy manifestations Mother India, my Gangaji, my Kali, my Ishth Deva my Shalagram. While talking about workship, says the God who loved to eat the very clay of India. " The difficulty of those whose minds are set on the unmanifested is greater ; for the path of the unmanifested is hard for the embodied to reach." Well, all right, Sweet Krishna, mine be the path of adoration of that manifestation divine of whom it is said. " All his household property consists of a jaded ox, one side of a broken bedstead, an old hatchet, ashes, snakes and empty skull." It is the *Mahadeva* of Mahimonas-totra ? No, I mean the living Narayana as the poor starving Hindustani, Indoo. Such is my religion ; and for an inhabitant of India this should be the Dharma, Common Path, Practical Vedant or divine love. Mere lukewarm approbation or toleration won't do. I want active co-operation from every child of India to spread this dynamic spirit of Nationality. A child can never reach youth except he passes through boyhood. A person can never realise his unity with God, the all, except when unity with the whole nation throbs in every fibre of his frame. Let every son of India stand for the service of the whole, seeing that whole India is embodied in every son. Almost

every town, stream, hill, stone and animal is personified and sanctified in India. Is it not high time now to deify the entire motherland, and let every partial manifestation inspire us with devotion to the whole ? Through *Prana Pratishtha* Hindus endow with flesh and blood, the effigy of Durga. Is it not worth while to call forth the inherent glory and evoke fire and life in the more real Durga of Mother India ? Let us put our hearts together, the heads and hands will naturally unite.

“The man consists of his faith (Shraddha, Islam),” says the World’s Warrior Evangelist (Krishna), “that which one’s faith is, he is even that.”

Beloved orthodox people of India, put into force the Shastras aright, the Dharm of the country demands of you to relax the stringest caste rules and to subordinate the sharp class distinctions to the national fellow feeling. Don’t you see, India who has held open port to all fugitives and supported so many races and countries, is unable now to give bread to her own children ? Let every man have equal liberty to find his own level. Head as high as you please but feet always on the common ground, never upon anybody’s shoulders or neck, even though he be weak or willing.

Young would-be Reformer ! decry not the ancient customs and spirituality of India ; by introducing a fresh element of discord the Indian people cannot reach Unity. The religion and spirituality of India are not to blame for India’s material downfall. The

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garden is robbed because the thorny fence and prickly hedges were wanting. Supply that, and be not rash enough to pull out the roses and fruit trees in the centre in the name of reform and improvement. O blessed thorns and hedges, ye are saving principles, you are needed in India.

When I sing the dignity of Shudra labour, I am not exalting *Tamas* over *Rajas* and *Sattva*. I simply say enough we have desired *Tamas* in India and by the very act of resenting and resisting it, developed it dreadfully in our midst.

Let us learn to use *Tamas* by this time and make it glorious that way.

How could the gardens grow if we threw away the dirty manure and not use it ?

Tamas is the coal, without which there can be no fire and steam (*Rajas*), and no light (*Sattva*).

And in proportion to the large basis of *Tamas* quality is the intensity and power of that *Rajas* fire and *Sattwa* light, in a country in which movement can evolve : a view in remarkable harmony with the conclusions of modern phrenology ; where it is found that for heroic greatness and energy of character, no development of the moral and intellectual organs, however favourable, is sufficient without a powerful basis in the animal or *Tamas* energies of men. It is for this, that Mahadeva the great Lord, was described as the Lord of Ruler of *Tamas* by Hindus.

If we are born in critical times of Indian History, let us be thankful, for our opportunity for service are more abundant. The work for us is more unique, more poetic and dynamic. It is said they who sleep well wake well. India has had a long sleep, her wakefulness is going to be most remarkable for that. All that we have to arouse among the Hindu people is a spirit of appreciation and not criticism, the sentiment of fraternity, the instinct of synthesis, the co-ordination of functions and aristocracy of labour.

Oh, what an infinite amount of energy in the land is just recklessly wasted away in one sect criticising another sect! Let us try to find out the points of contact and emphasize those between us. There are people whom Arya Samaj can reach and Sanatan Dharma cannot; there are others whom the Brahmo Samaj only appeals; and so with Vaishnavism, etc. What right have I to find fault with those who do not care for the strength and joy which my creed brings?

Let them come, let them stay or leave. I let things flow, just flow. Why should you or I try to monopolize sympathizers? My right is only to serve, to serve them all, to serve those who love and those who hate (if any). The mother loves those children the most, who are the weakest and play the mean. Those who differ from you, are they all wrong? If so, they also are needed by the country. Sad, indeed, would be the state of a walker who had only the

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right leg to hop along with. True education means learning to look at things through the eyes of God.

'O Lord, look not upon my evil qualities.
Thy name, O Lord, is same-sightedness.
By Thy touch, if Thou wilt,
Thou can'st make me pure.
One drop of water is in the sacred Jumna,
Another is full in the ditch by the road side,
But when they fall into the Ganges,
Both alike become holy.
One piece of iron is the image in the temple,
Another is the knife in the hand of the butcher,
But when they touch the philosopher's stone,
Both alike turn to gold.
So, Lord, look not upon my evil qualities,
Thy name, O Lord, is same-sightedness.
By Thy touch, if Thou wilt, canst make me pure.

'Translation from surdas, as given in the beautiful work, *The Web of Indian Life* by Nivedita.)

Our personal and local Dharma must never be placed higher than the National Dharma. The keeping of right proportions only secures felicity.

Doing anything to promote the well-being of the nation is serving the cosmic powers of Devas or Gods. This kind of sacrifice or Yajna is to be offered to the deity, Indra. It is this kind of Yajna that the following verse of Gita applies in these days.

"The righteous, who eat only the remains of the sacrifice, are freed from all sins ; but the impious, who dress food for their own sakes, they verily eat sin."

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To realize God, have *sannyasa* spirit, i.e., entire renunciation of self-interest, making the little self absolutely at one with the great self of mother India. To realize God or bliss have the Brahman spirit dedicating your intellect to thoughts for the advancement of the nation. To realize bliss you have to possess the Kshattriya spirit, readiness to lay down your life for the country at every second. To realize God you must have true Vaishya spirit, holding your property only in trust for the nation. But to realize bliss and Rama in that world or this and to give a living concrete objective reality to your abstract subjective Dharma, you have to work this *sannyasa* spirit, Brahmin, Kshattriya and Vaishya, heroism through your hands and feet in the manual labour once relegated to the holy Shudras. The *sannyasi* spirit must be wedded to the Pariah hands. This is the only way to-day. Wake up, wake up !

Even the foreign countries, through their practice, teach to-day this Dharma to our India, the only Brahman land in the world.

When a Japanese youth is refused enlistment in the Army on the ground of his obligations to his mother (domestic dharma), the mother commits suicide, sacrificing the lower (domestic) dharma for the higher (national) dharma.

What heroic deeds could compare with the sacrifice of personal, domestic and social dharmas for the sake of the national dharma on the part of that Ideal Guru of glory (Govind Singh) ?

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People hanker after power. What an infinite power can you not find at your command when your selves stand in unity with the self of the whole nation ? In conclusion, let me illustrate the spirit of power in the words of the beautiful Prophet of Islam.

“ If the sun stand on my right hand and the moon on my left, ordering me to turn back, I could not obey.” OM ! OM !

THE WAY TO REALIZATION OF SELF

T*o the Reader : Each sentence and word concerning the Self should be meditated upon and earnestly dwelt upon to such a degree that the mind gets steeped in the real Self—nay, lost in it. Beginners may centre their energy in the solar plexus while meditating upon Om.*

In Vedantic Concentration of mind the chief point is that we have to realize our real Self to be the Sun of suns, the Light of lights. Just throw yourself into this state, above the body, above the mind, and dehypnotize yourself into the Light of lights, into the Sun of suns, and you will see the whole world unfolded before you in a panorama or melted down as a cloud. Everything will come about in a most submissive way before you.

If not inconvenient, get up early in the morning and face the rising sun, while it is yet below the horizon. Look at the aura of the sun, and that fair, bright, most welcome view animates the mind, uplifts it to some extent ; and when the mind gets some exaltation, or is elevated to a certain height, it becomes very easy to make it soar as high as you please, to make it ascend the highest summits of the delectable mountains, so to say.

On the playground, in India, we place an instrument called gilli, which is thick at the middle and

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sharply pointed at the ends, with both ends resting above the ground and we strike one end with a bat and the gilli rises at once in the air a little; then we deal it a very hard blow with the bat, and it goes flying right into the air to a great distance. There are two processes in this game. The first is to raise it and the second is to make it fly into the air. If the mind is to be brought into divine communion, first of all it is to be raised just a little, and the second process is to shoot it far off into the spiritual atmosphere.

Cheerful atmosphere, fair landscapes and fairy scenes, sometimes go a great way in giving to the mind its first raise—to elevate it in the primary stages; and after that it becomes easy enough for us to make the mind run along, go on-and on and-on until it loses all body-consciousness and is God, and nothing but God. To give the mind the first lift, to give it the elementary exaltation, the natural inspiration imparted by favourable time and place may be utilized. Near dawn, the songs of birds, the fragrant air and the most fascinating and beautiful colours seen in the eastern horizon give to the mind the original rise.

How to make the mind rise up higher into the celestial regions—to make the soul soar away up to the throne of God? When the benign light of the rising or setting sun is falling upon the translucent lids of half-closed eyes, we begin humming the syllable Om; we sing it in the language of feeling.

THE WAY TO REALIZATION OF SELF

The meaning of the syllable OM is different with different persons. Everybody, in his own stage of spiritual development, has to give it the meaning which suits him best. There are some people who take this syllable OM to stand for the Sun of suns, and they look at the rising orb just in the same way as women look at their looking-glasses. In India women wear looking-glasses on their thumbs. They have big, gold ring like frames containing looking-glasses. There is, in fact, nothing so dear to a woman as a looking-glass. When she looks into it she sees her face, as it were outside herself, but she knows and feels her face to be with her. She sees something outside, but she is convinced of the thing being herself. So does a Vedantin look at the sun, as if it were outside, but he gets convinced and he feels that the real sun is his own self. That outward, material sun is simply his image, his reflection, his shadow.

A Vedantin looks upon the sun as related to himself just in the same way as the moon is related to the sun. The moon appears to shine by herself, but in reality, from the scientific standpoint, the moon borrows all her lustre from the sun. So the Vedantin feels, realises, that the sun which is declaring his splendour as if it belonged to him, in reality borrows all that from my real self, owes all his grandeur and glory to me.

The earth revolves, but we think the sun is revolving. When we learn astronomy we know better,

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and we are not deceived any longer, and we are sure that it is not the sun that revolves, but the Earth's motion is ascribed to the sun. Similarly the Vedantin, when looking at the rising orb, feels and realises that the grandeur, glory and power that seem to belong to the glorious sun is, by mistake, ascribed to the sun. In reality it is *mine, mine, mine!*

The sun in the material world is a symbol of light, that is to say, knowledge. The sun is a symbol of power. It makes all the planets revolve. It is a symbol of existence, life; all life owes its origin to or is indebted to the sun. The sun is a symbol of beauty; it attracts the earth and everything—so dazzling. Now the sun represents knowledge, light, life, power, existence, beauty, attractiveness. All of these attributes a Vedantin *realises* to be his, to be his own. All these attributes a Vedantin feels to be *mine*; nay, *me* or *I*. These attributes, all this power, light, life, etc., are seen outside myself, in the same way as the fairy face of a lady is seen in the looking-glass outside of herself. As a matter of fact, in reality, I am light, life, knowledge, power, attractiveness and everything.

To realise this idea, and to dehypnotise into the real Self, a beginner gets a great help from the syllable OM. While chanting the syllable OM, to the Vedantin the sense, the meaning attached to it is :—*I am the Light of lights; I am the sun, I am the real Sun, the apparent sun is my symbol only. I am the Sun; before whom, all the planets and all the bodies*

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revolve. For my sake all the heavenly as well as the human bodies undergo their movements, do everything. I am immoveable, eternal, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Before me does this whole globe, this whole universe, unfold itself. It goes on turning round and round to bring out before me all her parts—to show me everything that is hers. The earth revolves upon her axis to lay open before me all her side; the Universe does all sorts of things for me; the sun sheds lustre for my sake; the moon shines for my sake before me. At my commandment, on account of my presence, all the phenomena in this world take place. Just as it is the very presence of the sun that makes trees grow, the muscles of animals move or men think; so it is my presence that awakens all. It is mine—the real Spirit's—the real God's—presence that makes everything in this world come to pass. All these bodies—-heavenly or human, any sort of objects, all these creatures, together with their spirits and Gods, owe their existence to me; they live in me, the Sun of suns! They live in me, the Sun of suns!

Thy Light of lights am I. In dreams we see any objects not by the light of the lamp, nor by the light of the moon, nor by the light of the sun; and yet we see it, and know that without light we could not see it. In what light, then, do we see it? It is the light of my real Self; it is the light of Atma; it is *my* light that makes everything visible in a dream. If I see in a dream a diamond, it is perceived by *my*

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light. Even the lustre of the diamond is simply, as it were, a ripple in the sea of my light. If in a dream I see the moon, the moon, together with the light thereof, are likewise waves in my splendour. If I see in a dream the sun, it, as well as its light, is simply like an eddy in the ocean of my glory. So it is in the wakeful state : the sun, the moon, the stars and everything are simply waves in the ocean of *my* light. I am the Light of lights. I am the Light of the world. In the ocean of my presence, every object—the suns, stars, the Gods—all behave like rings and ripples.

“ I raised the sun from out the sea ;

The moon began her changeful course with me.”

I am the Monarch of monarchs. It is I that appear as all the kings in this world. It is I that appear as all the beautiful flowers in different gardens. It is I that smile with the bewitching faces of all the fairies. It is I that make the muscles of all the warriors move. In me does the whole world live, move and have its being. Everywhere it is my will that is being done. It is my kingdom that is reigning supreme everywhere. I am manifest everywhere. I feed every being, from the minutest animalcule to the biggest sun. I administer to every being its daily bread. I made the earth revolve around the sun ; I was there before the world began.

Evil thoughts, wordly desires, are things concerning the false body and the false mind, and are things of the darkness. In my presence they have no

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right to make their appearance. I am the Supreme Ether in which are afloat all the universe and all material ethers. I, like light, permeate and pervade every atom, every object. I am the lowest ; I am the highest. There is no lowest, no highest, with me. Wherever human eyes fall, there I am ; I am the spectator, I am the showman, I am the performer. In Jesus I appeared. In Mohamed I revealed myself. The most famous people in the world I am, and the most disreputable ignominious and the most fallen, I am. I am the *All*, the *All*. Whatever be your object of desire, that I am. Oh how beautiful I am. I shine in the lightning ; I roar in the thunder ; I flutter in leaves ; I hiss in winds ; I roll in the surging seas. The friends I am ; the foes I am. To me no friends, no foes. Away, ye thoughts, ye desires which concern the transient evanescent fame, or riches of this world. Whatever be the state of this body, it concerns me not : all bodies are mine. Franklin I was ; Newton I have been ; Lord Kelvin I am ; mighty Ram, and lovely Krishna I am. It is I that worked in the brain of Kant. It is I that inspired the hearts of Buddha, illustrious Shankar. It is I that lend light to all Shakespeares and Platos. They come unto me, the fountainhead, and they are filled, get lustre and shine. All these wordly ambitions bind and drag down the real man. Away, ye gay landscapes and gardens of roses. All of you are in me ; not one of you can contain me. In me is this universe ; in me is everything. What can contain me ? How can I

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be limited ? The world, the *world* is in me ; universe, the *universe* is in me ! And still I am in each and all. I am in the minds and in the thoughts of each and all. I am in the throbbing breast of the lover ; I am in the laughing eyes of the proud beloved ; I pulsate in the nerves of each and all. I am in you ; I am in *you* ! Nay, there can be no you and I, no difference. *I AM I !*



I am the Unseen Spirit which informs
All subtle essences ! I flame in fire,
I shine in sun and moon, planets and stars !
I blow with the winds, roll with the waves !
I am the man and woman, youth and maid !
The babe new-born, the withered ancient, propped
Upon his staff ! I am whatever is—
The black bee and the tiger and the fish,
The green bird with red eyes, the tree, the grass
The cloud that hath the lightning in its womb
The seasons and the seas ! In Me they are,
In Me begin and end.

Upanishad (Sir Edwin Arnold, translator).

I hide in the solar glory,
I am dumb in the pealing song
I rest on the pitch of the torrent,
In Slumber I am strong,
I wrote the past in characters
Of rock and fire the scroll.
The building in the coral sea
The planting of the coal.
Time and thought were my surveyors,
They laid their courses well,
They poured the sea, and backed the layers
Of granite, marl, and shell.

—*Emerson.*

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I am the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning Sun,
"Rest here !" I whisper the atom, I call to the orb, "Roll
on."

I am the blush of the morning, and I am the evening breeze ;
I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas.
I am the net, the fowler, the bird and its frightened cry ,
The mirror, the form reflected : the sound and its echo I ;
The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered fear ;
The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's heart
wringing tear.

I am intoxication, grapes, wine-press, and musk and wine,
The guest, the host, the traveller, the goblet of crystal fine.
I am the breath of the flute, I am the mind of man :
Gold's glitter, the light of the diamond, the seapearl's lustre
wan

The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from the throat that
rise .

The flint, the sparks, the taper, the moth that about it flies.
I am both good and evil, the deed and the deed's intent ;
Temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon and punishment.
I am what was, is, will be—creation's ascent and fall ;
The link, the chain of existence ; beginning and end of all.
Lo ! the trees of the wood are my next of kin,
And the rocks alive with what beats in me ;
The clay is my flesh, and the fox my skin,
I am fierce with the gadfly, and sweet with the bee.
The flower is naught but the bloom of my love,
And the waters run down in the tune I dream.
The Sun is my flower uphung above,
I flash with the lightning, with falcon's scream.
I cannot die though forever death
Weave back and fro in the warp of me,
I was never born, yet my births of breath
Are as many as waves on the sleepless sea.
My breath doth make the flowers fragrant,
My eyebeams cause the sun's bright light.
The sunset mirrors my cheek's rose blushes,
My aching love holds star so tight.

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Sweet streams and rivers my veins and arteries,
My beauteous hair the fresh green trees.
What giant strength ! My bones are mountains.
O, joy ! the fairy word my bride.
Nay, talk no difference, wonder of wonders.
Myself the bridegroom, I the bride.
Roll on, ye Suns and Stars, roll on
Ye notes in dazzling Light of lights.
In me, the Sun of suns, roll on.
O, orbs and globes mere eddies, waves
In me the surging oceans wide
Do rise and fall, vibrate, roll on.
O, Worlds, my planets, spindle, turn
Expose me all your parts and sides,
And dancing bask in light of life.
Do Suns and Stars or Earths and Seas
Revolve, the shadows of my dream ?
I move, I turn, I come, I go.
The motion, moved and mover I.
No rest, no motion mine or thine.
No words can ever me describe.
Twinkle, Twinkle little stars,
Twinkling, winking, beckon call me.
Answer, first, O lovely stars,
Whither do you sign and call me ?
I'm the sparkle in your eyes,
I'm the life that in you lies.
" Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !"
Break, break, break
At my feet, O world that be.
O Suns and storms, O earthquakes, wars,
Hail, welcome, come, try all your force on me !
Ye nice torpedoes, fire ! my playthings, crack !
O shooting stars, my arrows, fly !
You burning fire ! Can you consume
O threatening one you flame from me ;
You flaming sword, ye cannon-ball,

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My energy headlong drives forth thee !
The body dissolved is cast to winds ;
Well doth Infinity me enshrine !
All ears, my ears ; all eyes. my eyes ;
All hands, my hands ; all minds, my mind !
I swallowed up Death, all difference I drank up ;
 How sweet and strong a food I find !
 No fear, no grief, no hankering pain ;
 All, all, delight, or sun or rain !
Ignorance, darkness, quaked and quivered,
Trembled, shivered, vanished forever ;
My dazzling light did parch and scorch it,
Joy ineffable ! Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Ram.

1. There is but one reality, all else is of no importance. That reality is myself.

2. Omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient.

3. No circumstances can bind me, no responsibility can hold me.

4. Free, free, I am.

5. I am sinless, immaculate, purity itself.

6. I am fire (universal) which consumes every sin and sorrow of the mortal world.

7. I can change my personality even into that of Krishna, the perfect man who is nothing but the ruling spirit in a shining form (ethereal).

In the lungs of animals, fishes, stones, flowers, men, gods, angels, space, am I.

Let the rain drop thunder out ! "I am the sea, I am the sea."

Let man at the top of voice, say with ejaculations of cheer. "I am God ! am God."

I am the Supreme Reality, all else is my dream.

Om ! Om ! Om !

HIMALAYAN SCENES

THE Holy Ganges could not bear Rama's separation. She succeeded at last in drawing him to herself after a little more than a month's absence. Notwithstanding all her culture she began to rain sweet tears of joy on meeting him. Who can describe the nascent beauty and playful freaks of dear Ganges at Gangotri. Very praiseworthy is the upright character of her playmates, *viz.*, white mountains and innocent Deodar trees. The latter in their tall stature vie with the Persian Poet's lady-love, while their balmy breath invigorates, exhilarates and elevates.

Here how well can one see that "God sleeps in the stone, breathes in the plant, moves about in the animal, and wakes up to consciousness in man."

Pilgrims, after leaving Jamnotri, usually reach Gangotri in not less than ten days. In three days after leaving Jamnotri did Rama arrive at Gangotri. He came by a route as yet untreaded by any inhabitant of plains. This route is called the Chhayan Route by mountaineers. Three successive nights were passed in lonely forest caves. We came across no hamlet or hut. No biped was visible throughout the journey.

The Chhayan Route is so called because almost all the year round it is covered over with shade. The shade of trees, did I say? No, not at

all, what business have trees to make their appearance on such dizzy heights and in a chill climate like that, the route is for the most part enveloped by clouds. Shepherds of villages near Jamnotri and Gangotri, while tending their flocks, every year spend two or three months in forests. They happened to meet near the snow-clad peaks, called Bandur Puchh and Hanuman Mukh, which connect the sources of the two far-famed sister rivers. Thus the route was discovered. Exuberant flowers make almost the whole of the way a veritable field of cloth of gold. Yellow, blue and purple flowers are met with in wild plenty. Lots of lilies, violets, daisies and tulips of different varieties; Guggal Dhoop, Mamira, Mitha Telia, Saladmisri and other herbs with leaves of lovely tints; Saffron, Itrasoo, and other plants exhaling exceedingly sweet scent; Bher Gadda and lordly Brahma Kanwal with its calyx filled with fine icicles of frost : all these make these mountains a pleasure garden worthy of the Lord of Earth and Heaven.

“ O color, color, loves last opulence !

Thy universal language doth enshrine

The mystery of all magnificence,

A supernatural ministry is thine.

These larger forms of speech doth God employ

To shadow forth His own unshadowed joy.

*Gol Chand ka joban phoot, phoot kar bahir
nikal rahahai* (Beauty is breaking forth everywhere).
Zephyrs play freely all round kissing all they meet,
but particularly kissing the brightest hued flowers.

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At places the pulses of fragrance that come and go on the airy undulations affected Rama like sweet music. Here one will find present in rich abundance windwafted odour which is sweet and soft; sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tears. Such fair fields on the tops of these giant mountains are stretched like decorated carpets. Do they serve gods as dining tables or dancing grounds? Murmuring streams and rivers thundering over precipices are not missing in these fairy scences. On certain summits, vision enjoys perfect freedom, unimpeded it travels far and wide on all sides, no hills to stand in its way, no angry clouds to mar its course. Some of the grand peaks in their zeal to pierce the sky and cleave the cloud-land cave, it seems, altogether forgotten to stop and appear to melt into highest heavens.

While dealing with the awe inspiring grandeur of the haughty mountains, let us not leave unnoticed the trembling splendour of the gem-like morning dew which enhanced not a little the attractiveness of the way. How well is the man's mind shown in emblem by the tiny transient dew drop upon the lotus-leaf. Tiny transient, ah! yet how pure and sparkling, reflecting the sum of Righteousness the infinite source of light in its bosom. O man, art thou the wee little drop or the Infinite Sun? Indeed, the light of lights thou art and not the puny drop. All the Vedas and Rama declare with an emphasis not to be mistaken that it is thy refulgent glory that lends life and lustre

to such fairy lands. Above, below and everywhere. Thy 'resplendent presence shines. Thou art that power "which does not respect quantity, which makes the whole and the particle its equal channel." It is Thou that delectest to the morning its smile and to the rose its blush.

Traced in the midnight planets blaze,
Or glistening in the morning dew,
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
Is but Thine own reflection there,
Thine is the starry moon of night,
The twilight eve—the dewy morn ;
Whate'er is beautiful and bright
Thine hands have fashioned to adorn
Thy glory walks in every sphere
And all things whisper, " God is here."

Young Krishna (Gol Chand) had the knack of besmearing the muzzles of calves and goats with a small remnant of butter after stealthily eating to his entire satisfaction the butter of Gopikas. The poor animals were slapped and abused by the ignorant housewives; whereas, the dear little innocent thief escaped scot-free. It is the soul of all souls that is carrying matters in his own way, in reality that sorcerer Rama is bringing everything to pass; but through his strange Maya he gets the false ego (*ah-ankar*) involved in responsibility. Call that butter-eating Krishna innocent, call him naughty you are the same, reader. Whether juggler or magician Rama is your true Self. Whatever exists, exists in you, you maintain each and all. Not imprisoned in the isolated pale island of a small body you are. Never,

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never is the criminal *ahankara* (false ego) your Atman. You are not the poor insignificant drop, you are the mighty ocean.

THE PRESENT DWELLING

(for the eye enamoured of external form)

of Rama is a snug cottage, in mountain Amphitheatre, surrounded by green sward in a lonely natural garden commanding a fair view of the Ganges. Narayana and Tula Ram live elsewhere. Ram Buti grows in profusion here. Sparrows and other birds twitter heartily all the day long. Climate bracing. The song of the Ganges and chorus of birds keep up a celestial festival all the time. Here the Ganges valley is very broad. Ganga flows in a vast *maidan*, so to speak. The current, however, is very swift. Still it has several times been waded across by Rama. Kedar and Badri have often enough most affectionately invited Rama Badsha. But dear Gangi, at the very thought of separation, feels sorrowful and crestfallen, and Rama does not like to displease her and see her dejected.

SUMEROO VISITED

While living in the Jamnotri Cave, Rama's daily food was marcha and potatoes once in twenty-four hours. This brought on indigestion. About seven motions every day for three successive days. On the fourth day of ill-health, early in the morning, after bathing in the hot springs, he started on his trip to Sumeroo, wearing no clothes except a Kaupin (a rag

round the loins) ; no shoes, no head-dress ; no umbrella. Five strong mountaineers, having warm clothes on, accompanied him. Narayan and Tula Ram sent back down to Gharsali.

To begin with, we had to cross the infant Jumna three or four times. Then the Jumna Valley was found blocked up by an enormous avalanche about 45 yards in height and one furlong and-a-half in length. Steep mountains like two vertical walls stood proudly on both sides. Have they conspired to deter Rama Badshah from advancing further ? Never mind ! All obstructions must disappear before a strong adamantine will. We began to climb the western mountain-wall. Now and again we could get absolutely no foot-hold and had to support our bodies partly by catching hold of the twigs of fragrant but thorny rose bushes, and partly by entangling our toes in the tender blades of the soft mountain grass called Cha. At times we were within an inch of sure death. A deep abyss with the cold bed of snow filling the Jumna Valley was as a grave wide gap just ready to give too hospitable a reception to any one of the party whose foot might tremble ever so little. From beneath the slow, faint, murmuring sound of the Jumna was still reaching our ears like the death dirge of muffed drums. Thus we had to move along in the jaws of Death, as it were, for three quarters of an hour. Strange situation indeed, Death staring us in the face on one side and air redolent with sweet scent refreshing and animating on the other. By this

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circuitous dangerous enterprise, we reached at last beyond the awful avalanche. Here Jumna left. The party ascended a steep mountain. There was no road, no footpath ; nothing of the kind. A thick dense forest was passed, where you could not see the wood of the trees. Rama's body received several scratches. After a little more than an hour's struggle in this forest of oak and birch trees we reached open ground covered all over with smaller growth. The atmosphere was changed, rather saturated with delicious odours. The ascent put all the mountaineers out of breath. Even Rama felt it to be good exercise. Inclines of 80 and even more had to be scaled. The ground was for the most part slippery. But all around the stately vistas and charming flowerage and teeming foliage beguiled the hard journey. European gardeners, in general, get seeds of flowers from places like these, to decorate Indian Company Gardens, where the ignorant English-speaking young men call them English flowers. But the remarkable peculiarity of most of these flowers is that when planted elsewhere, they yield no fragrance, although they retain their original colour.

Young men puffed up with European education, while reading the re-echoes of the Vedanta, through the writing of European Professors, become fond admirers of what they deem to be Western thought, not knowing that the flowers of thought they have taken a fancy for, have been transplanted from their own mother-land with this remarkable difference that in

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the hands of European teachers the wonderful flowers have lost their sweet fragrance of renunciation. Vedanta, as presented by Europeans, keeps the form and colour of philosophy, but loses the delicious scent of realisation.

Aks gul men rang ha gul ka wa lekin bu nahin.

What about Rama's health that had been ailing? He was all right that day, no disease, no fatigue, no complaint of any kind. No mountaineer could go ahead of him. We went on climbing and climbing till every one of the party felt very hungry. By this time, we had reached a region where clouds never rain water, but snow falls in gracious bounty.

There was no trace of vegetation of any kind on these bald bleak heights. There had been a fresh snowfall before our arrival.

A red blanket was spread on a big slab of stone as carpet for Rama. Potatoes that had been boiled the night before were given him to eat. The companions took their stale simple food most thankfully.

Lumps of light and brilliant snow served as (dry solid) water as well as luxury. Just after finishing the meals we were up again. Moving steadily onward and upward we toiled on. One young man fell down exhausted, his lungs and limbs refused to carry him any further; he complained also of giddiness of head. He was left alone there at that time. Proceeding a little further, another companion was

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senseless. "My head," he said, "reels and reels. He also was left to himself for the time being. The rest marched on. After a short while, a third companion fell off. His nose began to bleed. With two men, now Rama presses on.

Three beautiful Barars (mountain stags) were seen most excellently flitting past.

A fourth companion flags behind, and at last lies down on snow-covered stones. No fluid water was visible round about, but a deep gurgling sound was audible from under the stones where the man lay. One Brahmana still accompanies Rama, carrying the aforementioned red blanket, a telescope, a pair of green glasses and a hatchet. Air became very thin to breathe. Strange enough, two Garurs flew over our heads here. A tedious slope of old, old snow, of dark bluish colour, had to be mounted. The companion began to cut steps in the slippery snow in order to make it possible to plant our feet thereon. But the ancient glacier was so rigid that the poor man's hatchet broke down. Then and there we were overtaken by a snow storm. The man's heavy heart was cheered up by Rama with the assurance that Providence wanted to do more good than harm through the snowfall. And so it proved. The threatening snowfall made it easier for us to trudge along. With the aid of pointed alpine sticks we mounted the slope, and lo ! There lay before us fair flat extensive fields of dazzling snow, miles upon miles in width. A resplendent floor of silver-snow shining all around.

Joy Joy! Is it not an ocean of radiant milk, splendid, sublime, wonderful, and wonderful Rama's joy knew no bounds. He ran on at his full speed on the glaciers at this time putting on his shoulder the red blanket and wearing canvas shoes.

There is no one in his company now (*akhir ke tain hans akila kisidhara*).

For nearly three miles he walked a main over the snows. Sometimes the legs got immersed and were drawn out not without struggle. At last on a snowy mound, the red blanket was spread. Rama sits on it, all alone, above the noises and turmoils of the world, beyond the fumes and furies of the multitude. Perfect silence reigns here. What a *shanti* prevails. No sounds of any kind audible except the *anhadghanghor*. Most blessed serene solitude.

The veil of clouds became a little less thick. The rays of the Sun sifted through the thin clouds fell on the scene and immediately turned the silver snows into burning gold. Very appropriately has this place been called Sumeroo, or the *mountain of gold*.

O! Ye men of the world, mark it, no purple bloom on a lady's cheek, no bright jewelry or fine ornaments, no superb mansions can ever possess an iota of the transcendent enchantment and fascination of this Sumeroo. And numberless Sumeroos like this you will find within you when once you realise your own real self. All nature shall do you homage "from

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cloud to clad, from blue sky to green earth, all living creatures therein included from the eagle to the mole." No God shall dare disobey

Clear up, O Sky. Disperse ye clouds of ignorance that overhang India. No more shall we hover over this blessed land. O Himalayan snows, your Master orders you to keep fast to your purity and faithfulness to Truth (Light). Never shall ye send waters impregnated with dualism to the plains.

The clouds are rent asunder. The snows all assume ochre-coloured appearances. Have the mountain embraced Sanvas? They have certainly put on Rama's livery. What a phenomenon. The mountain snows look up to Ram in submissive willingness to run his errands.

Hip Hip Hurrah ! Hip Hip Hurrah !

The rounded world is fair to see,

Nine times folded in mystery :

Though baffled seers cannot impart

The secret of its labouring heart.

Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,

And all is clear from east to west.

Well, says the American sage : " Nature is the incarnation of a thought and turns to a thought again as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated and the volatile essence is forever escaping again into the state of free thought. Hence virtue and pungency of the influence on the mind of natural object whether inorganic or organised. Man imprisoned, man crystallised, man vegetative, speaks to man impersonated."

Q.—If the world is my *own* idea (mind precipitated), why do the external objects not change at my will ?

A.—Says Gaurpad Acharya : “ Mere thought in the dream land divides itself into *external* objects on one hand and internal emotions, desires, and so forth on the other. Moreover, the internal thought in that state seems to be in one’s control, changeable and comparatively unreal ; whereas the external objects (as in a nightmare) appear to possess comparatively uncontrollable, stable, reality of their own.

Now, as a matter of fact, from the point of view of man in the wakeful state, both the real and the unreal, the external and the internal aspects of a dream are, but idea, pure and simple and they are, besides one’s *own* idea, one’s *own* creation. Again in the wakeful state people distinguish between what they call stern constant external objects and the unreal internal thought. But to the man of self-realisation the hard objects, no less than the variable thoughts in the long run, become non-entity like a dream, and so long as their appearance lasts they affect him as my own ; even if though they cannot be altered at will, yet they are his own ideas. Your intellect cannot give an explanation of the growth of your hair, or of the bloom of your face, still you regard the hair and the fair complexion *your own*. Just so a Jiwan Mukta, finding himself to be the self of all, must regard every object his *own*. He is all-love. For him even the appearance of the real as well as the

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ideal is gradually relieved by the One only without a Second Consciousness.

MAYA

Torch whirling (Marhatti-jawwala) is not uncommon in certain parts of India. The glowing flame looks now like a broad circle of light, now appear to be an unbroken streak of fire, again assumes an elliptical form, goes up, comes down, and manifests many amusing phenomena. Are these phenomena inherent in the flame ? Do they come out of the torch or firebrand ? Do they form without ? When the Marhatti is not revolving, do the phenomena enter into it ? Or do they go elsewhere ? To all these queries one has to answer in the negative. The torch in whirling *motion* exhibits straight and curved lines ; when *motion* stops, there is no trace of such appearances in the torch. Even when the torch was in rapid motion, the curves though visible, were far from being real.

Just so, Absolute Consciousness, like the fire-brand at rest, has no trace of manifold names and forms (the phenomenal world) ; and even when the variety or names and forms makes an appearance, their appearance is illusory like that of the *Marhatti* phenomena, Consciousness being always untouched and untainted by them. The one indivisible flame (light), is ever present in all the phenomena, but the phenomena do never exist in the flame (light). Similarly, in all names and forms Rama is manifest, but in Rama, names and forms are evanescent. As

the *Marhatti* phenomena owe their seeming existence to motion, so the multiplicity of names and forms (that make up the world) owe their seeming existence to the Maya Shakti.

Shakti or power has not any existence of its own. It may be manifested, it may not be manifested. It cannot exist apart. This Maya Shakti in the case of the individual, is revealed as what may be called Consciousness' motion, or activity, *manas* (mind). *Manas* in motion, and the phenomenal world being the obverse and reverse of one and the same thing; *manas* at rest is identical with consciousness—Absolute Brahma *Manas*, purged of its dross (desires attachment) loses its fickleness and tends to become steady. Perfect stediness being attained *manas* is one with Brahm. By this *sakshalkar*, *Maya* is overcome and the world is converted into a garden of Eden, the Lost Paradise is immediately regained. Beauty breaks in everywhere. The sense of separateness being killed out, all cares and anxieties are merged in the supremely sublime Existence consciousness and Bliss for ever and ever.

A young man in the presence of Rama plucked a beautiful rose with a view to enjoy its smell. No sooner did he bring it in contact with his nose, than a bee stung him just on the tip of the nose. The man cried with pain, the rose fell from his hand.

Do the petals of every rose enfold a bee? Certainly, there is not a rose of sensual pleasure

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which has not got the bee of injury concealed in it. Unbridled desires must be punished by inevitable pain.

Ye given to dreadful oblivion, forget not your ownself. Ye need not pluck the gaudy rose, wherever the full blown rose lies there you are, its vermillion or its sweet scent is your own. King, his shakes are yours ; beauty her charms are yours ; diamond or gold, its burning rays are yours. Why entertain vain desires and what for ? Realise your unity with the All. Feel your oneness with God. You are that divine Krishna who danced hand-in hand with every one of the hundreds of Gopis at one and the same time. In the sea as well as in the palace, in the garden as well as the desert, in the battle-field or the private chamber, you are always equally present.

Rama cries from the tops of the highest mountains : Ye who complain of weakness and poverty, verily ye are Lord Almighty, ye are Rama himself. Imprison not yourselves in your own thought, wake up, wake up, shake off your sleep and this dream of a world. Why grovel in misery and helplessness, when it is no other than your ownself which is all in all. O, rise up to Self-Consciousness, and all sorrows shall vanish, ye are the essence of all happiness, ye are the soul of all joy. Nothing can work you damage. For Rama's sake, know your *atman*, why delay. Know it, as it ought to be known. Are ye not hunting after happiness day and night with unremitting zeal and unflogging efforts, but with

unfailing failure. Don't make fools of yourselves. Seek not happiness in the object of the senses ; dupe of senses, give up your vain search outside. The ocean of immortality is within you. The kingdom of heaven is within you. You are the nectar of nectars. Let both the mind and the world be melted down in God-Consciousness. Just abandon your little selves to blessed madness. Ye dear ones, why care so much for the quarantine of a mortal body. Harbour not a single thought within you as to what shall become of this not self. Banish the superstition of all relations. Let the eyes perish that do not see God. Woe unto the heart that cherishes the disease of desires. Weep away all ungodliness. Hold fast to your true position. No praise or blame can come up there, no sorrow or petty joy can disturb then. Receive Divinity into the ship and then let all go :—Let go the shore, let go little self, let go the sail ! Yea, let the gale of (Divine Love) take the poor flimsy dark cotton sail of this frail human bark and waft it right out on the ocean of God-Consciousness. Happy is he who is drowned in heavenly intoxication. Blessed is he who is dead drunk in divine madness. Worshipful is he who is absorbed in deep *Atmanand* and supreme bliss, being lost to the world.

Rama.

OM !

But thou art the root of things present, past, and future.
Thou art father and mother ;
Thou art masculine ;
Thou art feminine ;
Hail ! root of the world ;
Hail ! centre of things ;
Unity of Divine numbers.
Thou art what produces,
Thou art what is produced ;
Thou art what enlightens ;
Thou art what is enlightened ,
Thou art what appears ;
Thou art what is hidden ;
By thy own brightness.

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RAMA'S MESSAGE

TO THE STUDENT COMMUNITY OF LAHORE

UNION, union, everybody feels the need of union. The myriad forces are neutralising each other. No *resultant* force. Hundreds of millions of brains and hands drifting, drifting who can tell whither? Thousands of sects and classes, each trying to row the boat in the pet direction of their own sweet whim. No regular steering! Let the oars be where they are. Keep your position, shift not, but row in one direction. Such harmony, unity in diversity, ensures progress. Thus working at your posts *sing on and move on*. The national interest demands that, and in the interest of the whole lies the interest of each unit.

It is cheap rhetoric to talk that way. But why has the spirit of union and harmony been so conspicuous by its singular absence in India so long?

The main causes are ;—

- (a) Poverty of practical wisdom.
 - and (b) Plenty of population.
- . We shall discuss them in order.

(a) Poverty of practical wisdom :—

Before Mohamedan rule in India, ALBERUNI of Khurasan travelled through this country. He was an enlightened philosopher and cultured scholar. He

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studied Sanskrit and read our Scriptures with the same zeal as he did Plato and Aristotle. He has left detailed descriptions of India as he found her. Of Hindu philosophy, poetry and astronomy he talks with great respect and reverence; he eulogizes the amount of learning in some of the Pundits he met. But the state of the masses and the condition of the women he describes as worse than deplorable physically, intellectually; morally and of course spiritually also, he calls them wrecks neglected and downtrodden in every way; divided socially, religiously and politically with uncollected minds and dissipated bodies, innumerable hordes of them, through lack of discipline flying like particles of dust before the Moslem invaders who came year after year to plunder India under Mahmood of Ghazni. Later on, Babar complains of the natives of India as sadly lacking in ingenuity, originality and skill in every thing, knowing practically nothing of industrial arts or fine arts having no architecture, gardens, canals and even gunpowder. He denounces them as incapable of associating freely with each other. Allowing for what is called personal equation in these accounts, deducting the exaggerations if any, we shall find these statements sadly true. It was the poverty of practical wisdom they show which brought about the downfall of India.

To refute *theoretically* what *these* foreign historians say is as easy for Rama as for any body else, but dear me! it is but plain facts and solid truths

which they have faithfully committed to writing. How could I say *no*, to the self-evident evidence. Lack of practical wisdom hinted at above comprehends all the social evils like contempt of manual labour, unnatural divisions and sub-divisions on caste and creed lines, aversion to foreign travelling, child marriage, and the general darkness (intellectual and physical), enforced on women. This social corruption is a hard thing to deal with. It is well said by Burke: "Reform is a thing which has to be kept at a distance to please us" To break off from the moorings of custom is, indeed, a trying job. It inevitably involves hard criticism and censure of the society, on the workers and of the workers on the society, thus breeding ill-feelings, misunderstandings, and *disunion*. To escape this disunion, should we let the matters move at random and plume ourselves on the wisdom in minding our own business? To work your own salvation and let society alone, oh! if only it were possible! The drowning society cannot let you alone. You must sink with her if she sinks and rise with her if she rises. It is an utter absurdity to believe that an individual can be perfect in an imperfect society. The hand might just as well cut itself from the body and acquire perfection of strength.

Long has this *unvedantic* thought been cherished in India, entailing pitiable dismemberment of the community. Promising youths! India's future is your future and you are responsible for it. Cowards are governed by the superstitions of the magic majority.

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The genuine living soul governs the hearts and thoughts of the people, let the nominal outward Ruler be who may. The B. A. or M. A. degrees you receive from the university but between Coward and Hero you have to choose yourselves. Say which position is your choice? That of an abject slave or the prince of life? Strong and pure life is the lever of history. Newton's Second Law of Motion characterizes Force as effecting a *change* in the motion of a body on which it acts. For centuries and centuries unnatural antipathies and worse still apathies have been running uniformly on the tracks of custom and superstition in our land. It is for you, youths of culture and character, to be the living force to change the wasteful momentums now no longer required; overcome the old inertia, turn the direction of motion where needed, add to the acceleration where necessary, after the moving mass where advisable, work on, work on. Mould and adapt the Past to the present and boldly launch, your pure and strong Present in the race of Future. We cannot do without our inheritance from the forefathers the society which renounces it must be destroyed from without. Still less we can do with too much of it; the society in which it dominates must be destroyed from within. Is truthful life on your part likely to beget dissension, disunion in society? Do you think so? Stand firm even if alone, recant not, this is manliness; the current is with you; the tide is on your side, let them claim the past, all the future is yours if only you do not swerve from the path of truth. As to the nation, can that kind

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of union save her, which is not for righteousness? Can you unite the people by keeping them in the dark? Would national harmony be secured by sworn slavery to error and superstition? Suppose all the sailors work in a common direction but that direction be negative, not one with the evolutionary course not truth-ward; would that be desirable? Such a boat is bound to be shattered to pieces on a rock, and perhaps, the sooner the better. Meeting is possible in heaven alone. Union in purity and truth alone is practicable. Aspirers after national unity, you have first to free the nation of numerous inhuman errors. If for the cause of humanity, truth and progress, now the masses are being molested and now the workers are being prosecuted, that shows the *country* is spiritually alive and the up and down breathing is properly going on.

The ideal conduct knows no pain; it is all peace, shedding love and light all around. But how can *painless peace* and *awakening light*, both of them live and move together in a community where the approach of light is as yet felt to be a torment. So, if by the very nature of the case you cannot carry on an ideal conduct let it be real. That is what is needed and wanted the more. A country is strengthened not by great men with small views, but small men with great views. Peace? A brutal lethargy is peaceable, the noisome grave is peaceable. We hope for a living peace, not a dead one! To keep your light beneath the bushel when people are

stumbling in the dark is worse than if you had no light. He is a criminal forsaking his post who holds the helpful word that is in him silent at such times.

(b) We come now to the population question.

As to what Malthus and other political economists say on the subject, it need not be dwelt upon here. Malthus simply re-echoes the verdict of Biology. Let us see what Naturalists say on the point. Huxley compares a colony or community to a garden located in the jungle or wild nature. The process of Social Evolution (or as he calls it the ethical process) is analogous to the process of gardening (the horticultural process), but both these are antithetic to the process of wild Nature or the cosmic process. The wild nature process is characterized by the intense and unceasing struggle for existence, the horticultural and moral process are characterized by the elimination of that struggle, the removal of the conditions which give rise to it. Henry Drummond makes strenuous efforts to prove the identity of these processes but with all his loud show goes not an inch beyond the conclusions of Darwin and Huxley. Nor can he deny which in fact no person in his senses could ever deny, that if the gardener do not continuously, restrain multiplication by weeding, etc., and prevent wild and thick growth, full soon will the wild nature process re-establish itself in the garden and begin to work havoc, taking the old merciless course of struggle and strife driving out the rule of peace and prosperity. Just so, in a commu-

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nity, when the limit of possible expansion has been reached, if no measures are taken to dispose of the surplus population, fierce struggle must re-ensue and destroy the peace, choke out the ethical process, nullify the moral precepts and turn God's Commandments into dead letter. At such junctures inevitably begins the corruption and downfall of nations. In the decline and fall of Rome, Greece or any country at bottom lay this population question. India reached this critical point of increase long ago, and we have done nothing to prevent the root evil. No country on the face of the earth is so poor and so populous as India. An average Indian home is typical of the state of the whole nation, very slender means and not only yearly multiplying mouths to feed but slavishly to incur undue expenses in meaningless and cruel ceremonies. Even animals in the same stable must fight to death with each other when the fodder suffices for one or two only and their number is legion. Not to remove the bone of contention and preach peace to the people is mockery of preaching. My countrymen are meek and peaceful at heart, the heart is willing no doubt, but how can they help jealousies and selfishness when weakness of the flesh is forced upon them by the necessity of the case. If the population problem is to be left unsolved, all talk about national unity and mutual amity will remain a Utopian chimera. We have to solve the riddle of this sphinx or we die. Sympathy and unselfishness according to biological principles, cannot grow under such general social environments where

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pain and suffering is daily displayed by our associates. With such populous poverty around you, Indians, it is hoping against hope to develop sympathy and love. Students of Physics know that a mass of matter, of whatever kind, maintains its internal equilibrium so long as its component particles severally stand toward their neighbours in equidistant positions so that each molecule may perform its rhythmic movements bounded by the like spaces required for the movements of those around. Now, what about the mass of India; can its individual units perform their rhythmic movements without clashing with others; have they scope enough for free natural movement? If for one that eats, ten must starve, you have to take immediate measures to make the national equilibrium more secure. Otherwise the only hope for India lies in the grim *caresses* of wild nature, which for extreme case (like ours), have been enumerated by the Maharshi Vasishthji as Pestilence, Famine, Destructive War and Earthquakes. Enough now of the evil, what is the remedy?

It is manifold.

(1) The dark notion that, stepping out of India will bar you out of heaven, should leave this land for good and with that notion let as many Indians leave the land as cannot live here; depart, emigrate. What joy is there in making yourselves the fabled frog of the well? Will you never see that you are making fair India the suffocating *Black Hole* for yourselves?

(2) There was the time for the Aryan Colonists in India when it was a blessing to have large progeny. But those times are gone, the tables are turned and in view of the overcrowded population, it has become a curse to have a large family. The thoughtless person who still clings to the childish idea that his attainment of heaven after death depends on his children, let him open his eyes and see that even before death he is turning his home into hell through multiplicity of production in modern India. It was just this plea on Arjuna's part supposing sons to be the levers to heaven which Shri Krishna had in mind while denouncing the aspirants after sensuous paradise in *Bhagavad Gita*, Chapter 11, verses 42-45. It is worth your while to read those slokas and catch the spirit of independence they carry. Let us sweep out from the country the most pernicious principle which has practically been swaying us so long. Marry, multiply, in ignorance live and in bondage die. Now we blame the Mahomedan rulers for our backwardness, now we find fault with the British Government, then we hold India's religions responsible, again we charge the system of education to an extent we may be right in such criticisms, but the real blame lies at the door of that impurity which vitiates the most sacred relation in the world, the very relation which produces all the Indian people and makes us what we are—the marriage relation. This the most important and holiest of all institutions, is the most carelessly, most unscientifically and most shamefully

attended to. With all your horoscopes and astrological calculations, auspicious omenising, hymn-chanting and innumerable sacred ceremonials, the marriages in India are ill-timed, inauspicious and unholy. No planets can dare stay at auspicious houses when they behold underage couples going to be wedded in the names of their influences. They tremble and shudder out of their positions at this inhuman sight—a sight even beneath animals! Instead of sanctifying the profane wedding of a couple that cannot support themselves, the Vedic hymns lose all their virtue and till all futurity from that instant become ineffectual. What flowers can keep their sweetness, under the sacrilegious odour of the ceremony going to unite paupers to multiply unfit, incapable, worthless, parasites in the land.

Young men, stop it! stop it! Ye youths. responsible for the future of India, stop it! In the name of morality, in the name of India, for your own sakes and for the sake of your descendants, pray stop *indiscriminate, ill-timed, blind* marriages in the country. That will purify the people and solve to some extent the population problem.

Dare you suppose that these suggestions are unnatural? These directions you have to put into practice at the penalty of pining famine and lingering death. No exaggeration! sternest facts and dismal reality are clothed in these words. Is not the phenomenon of infant marriage and virgin widowhood most unnatural in the world? Ask any civilized

community under the sun. If any grain of humanity left in you, then how could you rest before you have put a check on these inhuman, unnatural customs? The tender arms of widowed children are unconsciously held out for succour; living Satis are burning by inches on the pyre of your fury of custom's right before your eyes. Divinity is peeping through their innocent weeping eyes, looking up to you for help, how long will you turn away from *crying Bhawani*? Turn a deaf ear to her bitter cries any longer, and she must transform herself into dreadful Nemesis, bloodthirsty and vengeance-seeking. Even the earth shakes and quakes at her sight. They talk about peace! peace! How could you have peace in the country so long as the self-invited Nemesis is there? In Europe the lower the people the more early they marry, but of course none marry so young, not even the lowest of the low as Hindustanis do. The higher classes very rarely, if ever, marry before thirty. The idea is to have fewer children but fit.

Hebert Spencer, in his principles of Biology, shows that *fertility* must diminish along with high mental development. How long shall we keep ourselves so low as to go on valuing animal fertility? According to our own Shastras, that are never tired of praising the virtues of *Brahmacharya*, there is no strength spiritual or physical except in purity. That part of the human energy which is expressed as sex-energy in sexual functions, sexual thought and so on,

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when checked and controlled easily becomes changed into OJAS, inexhaustible spiritual power.

You have to acquire control over the sex impulses; the fool who cannot control the animal passion and trifles with the most serious relation in Nature the sex relation knows not that he is *literally* spilling his own blood—his own white blood that constitutes his vitality. The root of all sin is this divine energy misdirected; as dirt has been defined to be but riches in the wrong place. The epithet *animal* applied to passion intensifies its *lowness*. Animals are certainly low and silly in their acts of indiscriminate production. It is their undue multiplication entailing bloody struggle as consequence that marks the infamous stigma on their conduct. Yet animals are perfectly innocent of any indulgence, for indulgence's sake. Man is supposed to be higher than animals, inasmuch as his feelings are controlled by reason. Now the men who equal lower animals in indiscriminate multiplication and sink far below animals in unnecessary unclean indulgence, what lowness and degradation will not be visited on them.

Purity! Purity! At bayonet's point you have to acquire purity. The Merciless wheel of *evolutionary struggle* will utterly annihilate you, if you do not acquire purity. Your only hope lies in Purity to-day. Just as the process of Evolution forced chaste attitudes in near relations among the savages, so does surviving to-day imperatively demand clean minds and chaste behaviour on your part, people of

India. You cannot live if you lack that. Let it be hard or easy, you have to acquire it, for the sake of India, for your bodies' sake, for your brains' sake, for religions' sake, for this world or that you have to be thoroughly pure. No heroism without purity, no union without purity, no peace without purity.

Education.—Even the unschooled persons in America or England are more intelligent than ordinary undergraduates of our Universities. How is that ? The chief source of their culture is the cheap daily Press. Newspapers disseminate knowledge more extensively in England, Japan and America than Colleges do. We thank our Government and other institutions for spreading education to a degree in our country ; but that is practically nothing, and no one is to blame for the ignorance of our masses and the dark and dreadful status of our women but ourselves. The vital energy which is now being recklessly wasted in degrading deeds, and no-deeds, utilise it in endeavouring to elevate the women, educate the masses, uplift yourselves and to raise the nation. The easiest and most direct way to accomplish that would be to improve the condition of the native Press. Start really useful papers and improve those already extant, if any, in the vernacular for the women and masses. Perhaps one or two attempts were already made in this direction, but they failed because the advanced student class, as a rule, disdains to handle the vernacular stuff. You must learn to respect your mother-tongue. Let the Young

Men's Indian Association start an organ in easy, plain, simple Hindi, rather Punjabi in Hindi characters, avoiding Persian or Sanskrit words as far as possible, steering clear of the perverse taste of using a style in which you are the least at home. Be natural, write as you think, imitate no one. College students might contribute small articles. To try your hand now and then at expressing in your mother-tongue the most striking sentiments and enlightening thoughts which you come across in your reading, will benefit you more than the readers although others will imagine that it benefits the readers more than you. For this work let no details trouble you or tire you. The first number should begin with the Hindi alphabet and easy combinations of letters into familiar words, and let the blessed College students, the pioneers of light and learning in the land, undertake the happy duty of initiating into reading and writing their sisters, mothers, wives, daughters or other female relatives who cannot read and write. Wait not for public school systems. This sacred trust falls on your shoulders. If India is to live, the work of female education must widely propagate. Then why may it not begin at your hands? See to it, that no woman or poor man is left unlettered in the Province. Blot out this stain of ignorance from the face of the country. Are you ashamed or afraid of teaching the sweeper women in your neighbourhood? Then fie on your manners and morals. Approach the poor and ignorant folks with motherlike sympathy and light to educate them. What an angelic

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work! In the organ Y. M. I. A., gradually let lessons on Elementary Physics, Physiology, Astronomy, History, Political Economy, Psychology, etc., be introduced in as interesting and easy a way as you can command, and by and by the style may be made more classical. Rama recommends Hindi characters for the paper, for Hindi bids fair to become ere long the national language of India. To educate women and the poor is a paramount duty before you, a duty which being well discharged must ultimately exalt yourselves immensely. But forget not that there is also a more direct and even more imperative work for you, *viz.*, to acquire agricultural arts and industries in more advanced countries and spread that useful knowledge in India broadcast.

Religion—Has the paper tired your patience too long, are you tired of listening? Tired or no, hold on! Rama cannot let you go until he gives you the one thing he knows. Ye wedding guests! have you to attend to most important calls of duty? May be, but the Ancient Mariner will not leave you until you are told the one thing he was born to tell. No call of duty can be more important than Rama's message

Domestic, social or national duties are your *karmakand* and no karma or deed of noble note can be carried on in the dark; except only that the deeds of darkness may be committed in the dark. Without keeping alive the flame of faith and the torch of burning *Gnanam* in your breast you cannot accomplish anything, you cannot advance a single step.

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All these directions and details that are every day dinned into your ears are simply as the body of your lives; but without the spirit never can the body stand. The spirit of all successful movement is living faith and flaming *Gnānam*. Even the avowed champions of materialism, scepticism, positivism, atheism and agnosticism, owe their success *unconsciously* to the active spirit of religion in them. In some instances, they lived more religion than the Professors of religion. Here is, say, the Rubber Factory giving employment to thousands and thousands of workless hands, opening the national trade, multiplying capital in the country, encouraging the poor labouring class, bringing plenty of work and emoluments to the steamship companies, railway employees, post offices. etc., etc. Yet how could the whole affair be if but *one chemical equation*, one *invisible inner reaction* did not lend the grandeur? So can none of your personal, domestic, social or political undertakings flourish free except by borrowing grace and glory from the inner reaction, the heart conversion, the mental *Reformation*, the spiritual equation or in your very soul a God revolution. "Faith is great," says Carlyle, "life giving." The history of a nation becomes fruitful, soul elevating, great as it believes. These Arabs, the man Muhammad, and that one century, is it not as if a spark had fallen, one spark, on a world of what seemed black unnoticeable sand; but lo, the sand proves explosive powder, blazes heaven-high from Delhi to Grenade." Allah-hu Akbar! There is nothing but God.

Whatever is truly great springs up from the inarticulate deeps within. Whoever lives not wholly in the Divine Idea, or living partially in it struggles not, as for the one good to live wholly in it, he is, let him live where else he like in what pomps or prosperities he choose, a Non-entity. not alive, dead.

Even H. Spencer, in his very last work, which might be called his dying Swan Song, referring to an experiment of Huxley with the large brained porpoise, says: "The body of our thought-consciousness consists of feeling, and only the form constitutes what we distinguish as intelligence. That part which we ordinarily ignore when speaking of mind is its essential part, viz., *feelings*. The feelings are the master, the intellect is the servant." Feelings known in popular language as the *heart*, the region of faith and religion, at once prompt the acts and yield the energy for performance of the acts. "Little can be done," continues Spencer, "by improving the servant (head) while the master (heart) remains unimproved." And how remarkably does this conclusion of the redoubled arch-agnostic agree with the verdict of about the ablest Psychologist of the age (Prof. James). "Religious experiences are as convincing as any direct sensible experience can be, and they are as a rule much more convincing than results established by logic ever are." To live at a deeper level of your nature than the loquacious level, to sound the depths of your being, to realise, feel and *be* the innate reality in you which is also the innate reality in nature to be a living personification of *l'atman-asi*.

This, this is life ; this, this is immortality !
This is to live and move as Power, Shakti,
That splits pillars with the glances.
Such can say.

1.—The world turns aside
To make room for me ;
I come, blazing Light !
And the shadows must flee.

2.—O mountains, Beware !
Come not in my way ;
Your ribs will be shattered
And tattered to day.

3.—O Kings and Commanders !
My fanciful toys !
Here's a Deluge of Fire
Line Clear! my boys!

4.—I hitch to my chariot
The Fates and the Gods.
With thunder of Cannons
Proclaim it abroad.

5.—Shake! shake off delusion,
Wake! Wake up! Be free.
Liberty! Liberty !
Liberty !

This *Gnanam*, of which inexhaustible power is
one aspect has for the other aspect infinite, infinite
peace.

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Peace immortal falls as rain drops.
Nectar is pouring in musical rain ;
Drizzle ! Drizzle ! Drizzle !

My clouds of glory, they march so gaily !
The worlds as diamonds drop from them :
Drizzle ! Drizzle ! Drizzle !

My breezes of Law blow rhythmical,
rhythmical
Lo ! nations fall like petals, leaves ;
Drizzle ! Drizzle ! Drizzle !

My balmy breath, the breeze of Law
Blows Beautiful ! beautiful !
Some objects swing and sway like twigs
And others like the dew-drops fall.
Drizzle ! Drizzle ! Drizzle !

My graceful Light, a sea of white,
An ocean of milk, it undulates.
It ripples softly, softly, softly ;
And then it beats out worlds of spray.
I shower forth the stars as spray.
Drizzle ! Drizzle ! Drizzle !

Om ! RAMA. Om !

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

A lecture delivered by Swami at Japan.

BROTHERS,

DOES it not appear strange for a stranger from India to speak on a subject which is evidently, more intelligently wielded by Japan than India? It may be. But I stand here before you as a teacher for reasons more than one.

To carry out skilfully an idea into practice is one thing, but to grasp its fundamental meaning is quite another thing. Even though a nation may be prospering by acting up to certain general principles to-day, there is every danger of its downfall if those principles are not clearly understood by the national mind and distinctly supported by sound theory. A labourer who successfully performs a chemical operation is not a chemist, because his work is not supplemented by theory. A fireman who successfully wields a steam engine is not an engineer, because his labour is simply mechanical. Read about a doctor who used to heal wounds by keeping the diseased part under linen bandage for a full week and touching it daily by sword. The wounds were healed being kept from exposure by the bandage. But he ascribed the wonderful healing property to the touch of sword. So thought lies patients too. This superstitious theory gave birth to failures upon failures in

many cases that required some other treatment than mere BANDAGE. Hence it is absolutely necessary that right precept, right practice should go hand-in-hand. Secondly, I regard Japan as my country and her people as my countrymen. I can prove on reasonable grounds that in the beginning your ancestors migrated from India. Your ancestors are my ancestors. Hence I come to shake hands with you, as your brother, and not as a stranger. I have another ground which equally entitles me to this privilege. I am a Japanese from my very birth in regard to my temper, manners, habits and sympathies. With these forewords, let me come to the subject.

The secret of success is an open secret. Everybody has got something to say on the subject and perhaps you have often heard its general principles enunciated, but the vital importance of the subject justifies any amount of emphasis driving it home into the minds of people.

First Principle of Success—WORK.

At the outset, let us put this question to Nature around us. All the books in running brooks, and sermons in stones preach with unmistakable accent the gospel of continuous, incessant work. Light bestows upon us the power of sight. Light gives a mainspring to all beings. Let us see what light is thrown on the question by Light itself. I will take for illustration the ordinary light—the lamp. The underlying secret of lamp's lustre and splendour is that it spares not its wick and oil. The

wick and oil or the little-self is being constantly consumed, and glory is the natural consequence. There it is, the lamp says, spare yourself, and you will be immediately extinguished. If you seek ease and comfort for your bodies, waste your time in sensual pleasures and luxury, no hope for you. Inactivity, in other words, would bring to you death. and activity and activity alone is life. Look at the stagnant pond and the running stream. The crystal water of the rustling river is ever fresh, clear, drinkable and attractive. But, on the other hand, see how disgusting, odorous, filthy, dirty, stinking and stenching is the water of the stagnant pond. If you wish to succeed, follow the line of action, constant motion of river. There is no hope for a man who would waste his wick and oil in preserving it from consumption. Follow the policy of river, ever progressing, ever assimilating, ever adapting to the environment and ever performing work. Work, work, incessant work is the first principle of success. "From good to better daily self-surpassed."

If you work on this principle, you will see that "it is as easy to be great as to be small."

2.—Self-sacrifice.

Everybody loves white objects. Let us examine the cause of their being the objects of universal love. Let us account for the success of the white. The black objects are everywhere hated, discarded and rejected, and let us take this fact as it is and account for it. Physics tells us the reality of

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the phenomenon of colour. Red is not red, green is not green, black is not black, and all is not what seems. The red rose gets its lovely colour by reflecting or throwing back that colour. The other colours in the sun's rays were entirely absorbed by the rose, and nobody attributes those colours to the rose. The green leaf absorbs all other colours in light and appears fresh and *green* by the very colour which it denies to itself and throws back. The black objects have the property of absorbing all and reflecting no light. They have no spirit of sacrifice in them and no charity. They do not renounce even a single ray. They do not throw back even an iota of what they receive. Their nature tells you that black, black like *coal*, shall he appear who refuses to give unto his neighbours what he receives. The way to receive is to give. The secret of appearing white is total renunciation to throw back instantaneously on your neighbours all what you receive. Acquire this virtue of white objects and you must be successful. What do I mean by white? European? Not Europeans alone, the white mirror, the white pearl, the white dove, the white snow, all the emblems of purity and righteousness stand as your great teachers. Imbibe, therefore, the spirit of sacrifice and reflect unto others all that you receive. Have no recourse to selfish absorption and you must be white. A seed in order that it may bud forth into a tree must perish itself. Fruition is thus the final result of complete self-sacrifice. All teachers will bear me out in the statement that the more we

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impart the light of knowledge, the more we receive.

3. Self-forgetfulness.

Students know that when they are speaking in their Literary Societies, the moment the idea "I lecture" comes into prominence within their mind, the speech is marred. Forget your little self in work and entirely throw yourself in it; you will succeed. If you are thinking, become thought itself, you shall succeed. If you are working,—become work itself and thus alone you shall succeed.

When shall I be free ?

When 'I' shall cease to be.

Here is a story of two Indian Rajputs, who went to Akbar, the great Mugal Emperor of India, and sought employment. Akbar enquired of their qualifications. They said they were heroes. Akbar asked them to prove their statement. Both drew out their daggers from the scabbards. There the two lightning flashes shone in Akbar's court. The flash of the dagger was symbolic of their inner heroism. Immediately the two lightening flashes joined the two bodies. Each kept the point of his dagger on the other's breast and both gave proofs of their heroism by running through the daggers with stoic calmness. The bodies fell, spirits met, and they were proved heroes. I point not the story which is shocking in this advanced age, but to the moral it teaches. The moral is, sacrifice your little self,

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forget it in the performance of your work, and success must be yours. It cannot be otherwise. Cannot I say the desire for success must die in your work before achieving success?

4. *Universal Love.*

Love is another principle of success. Love and be loved, that is the goal. The hand in order to live must love all the members of body. If it isolates itself and thinks it, 'why should the whole body profit by my earnings,' there is no help for the hand, it must die. For in order to be consistent in its selfishness the hand should not put into the mouth the meat and drink that were secured by dint of the hand's labour alone whether at the pen or at the sword, etc., and should rather inject into its own skin all sorts of nourishing food thus excluding the other organs from sharing the fruits of its labour. True, this injection or sting of a wasp or bee may make the hand fat, but all that fatness does more harm than good. Swelling is not improving and the sore hand is sure to die by its selfishness. The hand can flourish only when it realises in practice the identity of its self with the self of all other organs of the body and does not alienate its own good from the good of the whole.

Co-operation is nothing but superficial manifestation of love. You hear so much about the utility of co-operation, but I need hardly enlarge upon it. Let that co-operation proceed from your innate love. Be love and you are successful. A merchant, that does

not look upon his customer's interest as his own, cannot succeed. In order to prosper, he must love his customers. He is to observe them with his whole heart.

5.—*Cheerfulness.*

Another factor that plays an important part is cheerfulness. You, my brothers, are cheerful by nature. I rejoice to see the smiles on your glooming faces. You are the smiling flowers. You are the laughing buds of humanity. You are the personification of cheerfulness. So what I wish to point to you is to keep up this feature of your life till the end of time. Now let us see how it can be preserved.

Be not anxious as to the reward of your labours, mind not the future, have no scruples, think not of success and failure. Work, for work's sake. Work is its own reward. Without dejection at the past and without anxiety as to the future work, work, work in the living present. This spirit will keep you cheerful under all circumstances. To a living seed must be attracted by an inviolable law of affinity all that it requires of the air, water, earth, etc., to fructify. So does Nature promise every kind of help to a cheerful active worker. "The way to more light is the faithful use of what we have." If in a dark night, you are to travel a distance of twenty miles and the light in your hand shows only up to ten feet, think not of the whole way being unilluminated but walk up the distance that is already lighted and

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ten more feet will of themselves be illuminated. You will not find a spot in dark. So a real earnest worker by a necessary law encounters no obscure ground in his course. Why then damp our cheerful spirits by uneasiness about the event? Falling suddenly in a lake, persons, who do not know how to swim, can save themselves by simply preserving their equanimity. The specific gravity of man, being less than that of water, he will keep floating on the surface. But ordinary human beings lose their balance of mind and by their very struggle to float get drowned. So, oftentimes the very unrest for the future success causes failure.

Let us see the nature of thought which clings to future and runs after success. It is like this. A man goes to catch his own shadow. Let him run till the end of time, never, never will he be able to catch it. But let him turn his back upon the shadow and face the sun, then lo! the same shadow begins to run after him. The moment you turn your back upon success, the moment you cease to think of the consequences, the moment you concentrate your energy in your present duty, the same instant success is with you, nay, dogging you. Hence follow not success, make not success your goal, then and then only success will seek you. In a court of justice the magistrate need not invite the parties, the lawyers and the orderlies, etc., to make his court, but let the magistrate sit on his throne of justice in himself and the whole panorama itself opens before him. So it is dear friends

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be at your own thing in profound cheerfulness and all that you require for success will lay itself at your feet.

6.—*Fearlessness.*

The next point, that I will urge upon your attention and I will exhort you to verify by your own experience, is *Fearlessness*. Lions can be tamed by a single glance, enemies can be pacified by a single look, victory can be won by a single dash of fearlessness. I have roamed in the dense valleys of Himalayas I have met tigers, bears, wolves and other venomous animals. No harm was done to me. The wild beasts were looked straight in the face, glances met, the fierce animals were outscared, and the so called terrible creatures sulked away. Thus it is, be fearless and none can harm you.

Perhaps you have seen how a pigeon in the sight of a cat shuts his eyes perhaps thinking that the cat does not see him, because he does not see the cat. What happens? The cat pounces upon the pigeon, and the pigeon is devoured up. Even a tiger is tamed by fearlessness, and even a cat eats up him who fears.

You might have seen how trembling hand, can never successfully pour a liquid from one vessel into another, it is sure to be spilt, but how easily the steady, fearless hand can handle the dearest liquid without spilling a drop. There is nature once again teaching you in unsurpassed eloquence.

Once a Punjabee sepoy was down with some fell disease on boardship, and the doctor passed his capital sentence of throwing him overboard. Doctors ! these doctors sometimes pass the capital sentences. The sepoy came to know of it. There are flashes of fearlessness even in ordinary beings when brought to bay. He sprang up with unbounded energy and became fearless. He went straight to the doctor and pointing his pistol towards him said : "Am I ill ? Do you say so ? I will shoot you." The doctor gave him immediately a certificate of health. Despair is weakness, avoid it. The whole strength comes from fearlessness. Mark my words fearlessness. Be fearless.

7.—Self-reliance.

Last but not the least, nay, the vital principle or the very keynote of success is self-reliance, self-dependence. If anybody order me to give my philosophy in one word, I would say "self-reliance," "the knowledge of self." Hear, O men ! Know thyself. 'True, literally true it is when you help yourself, God must help you. Heaven is sworn to help you, it can be proved, it can be realised that your very Self is God—the infinite, the Omnipotent. Here is a reality, a truth, waiting to be verified by experiment. Verily, verily, depend upon yourself and you can achieve anything. Nothing is impossible before you.

Lion is the king of the forest. Lion depends upon his ownself. Lion is bold, strong and conquerer of all difficulties, because lion is in himself.

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Elephants, which, when first seen in India, were aptly called by Greeks "moving mountains" are always afraid of their enemies. They always live in groups and employ sentinels to keep watch over them when they sleep, and no one of them relies on its ownself or its own capabilities. They regard themselves to be weak and the law is that they must be weak. The one daring dash of the lion intimidates them and the whole group of elephants is bewildered—whereas a single elephant, the moving mountain, which may trample the scores of lions to death under his feet.

A highly instructive story is told of two brothers, who equally shared their inherited property, but after some years one was reduced to indigence and the other multiplied his fortune by tens. The answer of question: "why and how" put to the one who became a millionaire, was that his brother always said "Go, go," while he himself always said "Come, come." The meaning is that he used to order his servants "Go, go and do this," while he himself was always lying on his feather-stuffed cushions, and the other was always up on his feet and at his work, and he called his servants for help "Come come and do this." One depended upon his own power and the servants and riches multiplied, the other ordered his servants "Go, go, they went away but the fortune also obeyed his command "Go, go," and thus he was left alone. Ram says "Come, come," and share my success and happiness.

So it is brothers, friends and countrymen! Man is the master of his own destiny. If the people of Japan give me more opportunities to convey my thoughts to them, it can be shown that there is no rational ground whatsoever for putting faith in myths and fables and placing our centre outside of themselves. Even a slave is a slave because he is free. Out of freedom we are prosperous, out of our own freedom we are suffering, out of our own freedom we are enslaved. Then why should we grumble and croak, and why not make use of our real freedom to free ourselves, physically, and socially?

The religion that Ram brings to Japan is virtually the same as was brought centuries ago by Buddha's followers, but the same religion requires to be dealt with from an entirely different standpoint to suit it to the needs of the present age. It requires to be blazoned forth in the light of Western Science and Philosophy. The essential and fundamental doctrines of my religion can be put in the words of Goethe :—

"I tell you what's man's supreme vocation
Before me was no world, 'tis my creation
't was I who raised the sun from out the sea.
The moon began her changeful course with me.

Realise that once and you are free this moment.
Realise that once and you are ever successful. Realise that once and the every dingy dungeons are converted on the spot into blessed *Elysium*.

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LECTURE DELIVERED AT GOLDEN GATE
HALL, SAN FRANCISCO.

THREE boys were given a five-cent. piece by their master to share equally among themselves. They decided to purchase something with the money. One of the boys was an Englishman, one a Hindu, and the third a Persian. Neither of them fully understood the language of the other, so they had some difficulty in deciding what to buy. The English boy insisted on purchasing a watermelon, the Hindu boy, said, "No, no, I would like to have a hindwanna ;" the third boy, the Persian, said, No, no, we must have a tarbooz." Thus they could not decide what to buy. Each insisted upon purchasing the thing which he preferred, disregarding the inclinations of the other. There was quite a wrangle among them ; they were quarrelling and walking through the streets. They happened to pass a man who understood these three languages—English, Persian and Hindustani. That man was amused over their quarrel. He said he could decide the matter for them. All three referred to him and were willing to abide by his decision. This man took the five-cent piece from them and asked them to wait at the corner. He himself went out to the shop of a fruit-seller and purchased one big watermelon for the five-cent. piece. He kept it

concealed from them and called them one by one. He asked first the English boy to come, and not allowing the young boy to know what he was doing, he cut the watermelon into three equal slices, took out one part, handed it to the English boy and said : " Is not that what you wanted?" The boy was highly pleased ; he accepted it cheerfully, gratefully, and he went away frisking and jumping, saying that was what he wanted. Then the gentleman called the Persian boy to approach him, and he handed to this boy the second piece and asked him if that was what he desired. Oh, the Persian boy was highly elated and he said, " This is my tarbooz ! This is my tarbooz ! 'This is what I wanted !' " He went away very merry. Then the Hindu boy was called, the third piece was handed to him, and he was asked if that was the object of his desire. The Hindu boy was well satisfied. He said, " This is what I wanted ; this is my hindwanna. "

Why was the quarrel or quibble caused ? What is it that brought about misunderstanding between the lads ? The mere names. The mere names ; nothing else. Take off the names, see behind the veil of names. Oh ! there you find that the three contradictory names watermelon, tarbooz and hindwanna, imply one and the same thing. It is one object which underlies them all. It may be that the Persian tarbooz, the watermelon that grows in Persia, is slightly different from the watermelon they have in England, and it may be that the watermelons of India are

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slightly different from the watermelons of England, but in reality the fruit is the same. It is one and the same thing. Slight differences can be ignored.

Just so is Ram highly amused at the quibbles, quarrels, misunderstandings and controversies between different religions; Christians fighting Jews, Jews conflicting with Mahomedans, Mahomedans combating the Brahmans, Brahmans finding fault with the Buddhists, and the Buddhists returning the compliment in a similar manner. It is highly amusing to see such quarrels. The cause of these quarrels and misunderstandings is chiefly names, names. Take off the veil of names, strike out the curtain of names, see behind them, look at what they imply, and there you will not find much difference

Rama oftentimes uses the word "*Vedant*," a name. It is this name which makes some people prejudiced against hearing anything from Ram. One man comes and he preaches in the name of Buddha; many people do not like to hear him, because he brings to them a name which is not agreeable to their ears. Be more considerate, please. In the 20th century it is high time to rise above names. What Ram brings to you or what anybody else brings to you, take it on its own merits. Be not confounded by names, be not misled by names. Examine everything by itself, see if it works. Accept not a religion because it is the oldest; its being the oldest is no proof of its being the true one; sometimes the oldest house ought to be pulled down and the oldest clothes must be changed.

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The latest innovation, if it can stand the test of reason, is as good as the fresh rose bedecked with sparkling dew. Accept not a religion, because it is the newest. The newest things are not always the best, not having stood the test of time. Accept not a religion on the ground of its being believed in by a vast majority of mankind, because the vast majority of mankind believe practically in the religion of Satan, in the religion of ignorance. There was a time when the vast majority of mankind believed in slavery, but that could be no proof of slavery being a proper institution. Believe not in a religion on the ground of its being believed in by the chosen few. Sometimes the small minority that accepts a religion is in darkness, misled. Accept not a religion, because it comes from a great ascetic, from a man who has renounced everything ; because we see that there are many ascetics, men who have renounced everything, and yet they know nothing, they are veritable fanatics. Accept not a religion, because it comes from Princes or Kings. Kings are often enough spiritually poor. Accept not a religion, because it comes from a person whose character was the highest ; oftentimes people of the grandest character have failed in expounding the truth. A man's digestive power may be exceptionally strong, and yet he may not know anything about the process of assimilation. Here is a painter. He gives you a lovely, exquisite, splendid work of art, and yet the painter may be the ugliest man in the world. There are people who are very ugly, and yet

they promulgate beautiful truths. Socrates was such a man. There was Sir Francis Bacon, not a very moral man, not of overfine character, and yet he gave to the world "*Novum Organon*," and was the first to teach inductive logic; his philosophy was sublime. Believe not in a religion, because it comes from a very famous man. Sir Isac Newton is very famous, and yet his emissory theory of light is wrong, his method of fluxions does not come up to the differential system of Leibnits. Accept a thing and believe in a religion on its own merits. Examine it yourself. Sift it. Sell not your liberty to Buddha, Jesus, Mahomet or Krishna. If Buddha taught that way, or Christ taught this way, or if Mahomet taught in some other way, it was all good and all right for them; they lived in other times. They mastered their problems; they judged by their own intellects; it was so grand of them; but you are living to-day, you will have to judge and criticise and examine matters for yourselves. Be free, free to look at everything by your own light. If your ancestors believed in a particular religion, it was, perhaps, very good for them to believe in that; but now your salvation is your own business, your redemption is not the business of your ancestors. They believed in a particular religion, which may or may not have saved them, but you have to work out your own emancipation. Whatever comes before you, examine it *per se*, examine it by yourself, not giving up your freedom. To your ancestors only one particular

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religion may have been shown; to you all sorts of truths, all sorts of religions, all sorts of philosophy, all sorts of science, are being demonstrated. If the religion of your ancestors is yours on the ground of its being laid before you, so is the religion of Buddhism yours on the ground of its being placed before you, so is Vedant yours on the ground of its being put before you.

Truth is nobody's property; truth is not the property of Jesus; we ought not to preach it in the name of Jesus. Truth is not the property of Buddha; we need not preach it in the name of Buddha. It is not the property of Mahomet; it is not the property of Krishna, or anybody. It is everybody's property. If anybody before basked in the sun's rays, you can bathe in the sun to-day. If one man drinks of the fresh waters of the spring, you can drink of the same fresh water. Such should your attitude be toward all religions. Nobody, in his heart of hearts, would hesitate to divest his neighbours of his worldly possessions; but is it not strange that when our neighbours offer us most willingly their spiritual or religious treasures, which are admittedly far superior to worldly riches, we, instead of cheerfully accepting, stand up in arms against them? Ram brings Vedanta to you not with the intention of nicknaming you Vedantis; no; take all that, assimilate it, make it your own, you may call it Christianity—names are nothing to us. Ram brings to you a religion which is not only found in the Bibles and in the most ancient Scriptures but

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also in the newest works on philosophy and science. Ram brings you a religion which is found in the streets, which is written upon the leaves, which is murmured by the brook, which is whispered in the winds, which is throbbing in your own veins and arteries; a religion which concerns your business and bosom; a religion which you have not to practise by going into a particular church only, a religion which you have to practise and live in your every-day life, about your hearth, in your dining room; everywhere you have to live that religion. We might not call it the Vedant, we might call it by some other name—the term Vedant simply means the fundamental Truth. The truth is your own; it is not Ram's more than yours; it does not belong to the Hindu more than to you. It belongs to nobody; everybody and everything belongs to it.

We will see now how it is that this Vedant makes our way smooth and your undertakings so pleasant in this life. We shall take up the practical Vedant to-day, in other words, the Secret of Success. The Secret of Success is the Vedant put into practice. Practical Vedant is the Secret of Success. Every science has its corresponding art, and we shall take up to-day that phase of Vedant which is more Art than Science—the practical Vedant.

Some people say that Vedant teaches pessimism, Vedant teaches hopelessness, it teaches idleness, laziness. Ram requests these people to keep their logic with them and not to sell their intellect to

others ; keep it to themselves and see whether the teachings of Vedant lead to life, energy, power, success or something else. Ask not whether the East Indians live it or not ; Ram tells you plainly that it is not the exclusive property of Indians, it is everybody's property. It is your own birthright ; the Americans in business life live it more and thus they are successful in that line ; the Indians, in practice, do not live it to the same extent as Americans do, and thus they are backward from the material standpoint.

Ram brings you no perverted Vedant, but the real Vedant from the fountain-heads of nature. Apply your logic and bring your reason to bear upon the subject, and you will see how wonderful Vedant is, and how it leads us to success in every department, how everybody despite himself must drift along the line of Vedant and obey its dictates

The Secret of Success is manifold. There are numerous phases of the secret. We shall take these principles one by one and find out their relation to the Vedant as expounded in the Hindu Scriptures.

FIRST PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS--WORK

It is an open secret that work, attack, persistent application, is the secret of success.

"Hammer on ! hammer on !" is the first principle of success. Without work you can never succeed ; a lazy man is bound to perish in the "struggle for existence," he cannot live, he must die. Here

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presents a question most commonly raised against Vedant. How can you reconcile continuous labour with the unaffected, impersonal, pure nature of Self-Atman, as demonstrated by Vedant ? Does not Vedant lead to laziness and inaction by including the realization of rest and peace, of Divine Self and by preaching renunciation ? This objection is due to a terrible misunderstanding of the nature of work or renunciation.

What is work ? Intense work, according to Vedant, is rest. Here is a paradoxical statement, a startling statement, "Work is rest." All true work is rest, that is what Vedant preaches. The greatest worker, when he is at the height of his work, when he is doing his best, mark him ; in the eyes of others he is engaged in strenuous efforts, but examine him from his own standpoint, he is no doer. Just as in the eyes of distant observers the rainbow contains beautiful colours, examine it on the spot, there are no colours of any kind present therein. The hero in war, say Napoleon, or Washington or anybody, when he is fighting, doing his best, look at him. The body works automatically, as it were, the mind is absorbed in the work to such a degree that "I am working" is entirely gone, the small enjoying ego is absolutely lost, the credit seeking little self is absent. This incessant work unwittingly leads you to highest *yoga*.

Vedant wants you to rise above the little self, the small ego, through intense work. Let the body and

mind be continuously at work to such a degree that the labour may not be felt at all. A poet is inspired when he is above the idea of little self, or ego, when he has no thought of "I am writing poetry." Ask anybody who has had the experience of solving difficult problems in mathematics, and he will tell you that only *then* are problems solved and difficulties removed when the idea "I am doing this" is entirely absent; and the more a man can rise above the little ego, or the small self, the more glorious work comes out of him.

Thus does Vedant teach rising above the little ego by dint of earnest work and losing everything in the real indescribable principle which according to Vedant is the real Self, Atma or God. When a thinker, philosopher, poet, scientist or any worker attunes himself to a state of abstraction and rises to the heights of resignation to such a degree that no trace of personality is left in him, and Vedant is practically realized, then and then only does God, the Master Musician, take up in his own hands, the organ or instrument of his body and mind and send forth grand vibrations, sweet notes, exquisite symphonies out of him. People say, "O, he is inspired!" whereas there is no *he* or *me* in him, no doing or enjoyment traceable from his standpoint. This was realizing Vedant in practical life. Thus all success flows from Vedant unknowingly put in practice.

There is no necessity of your retiring into the forests and pursuing abnormal practices to realize

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Vedantic yoga. You are the father of Yog, Shiva himself, when you are lost in activity or merged in work. According to Vedant, the body is not your self and don't you see that you are the height of glory, at your very best, only when in practice you realize this truth and the body and mind become to you non-existent by virtue of intense exertion.

What work is, will be explained by a lamp or light. Take a glass or oil lamp. The light is so glorious, so dazzling, so splendid, brilliant, bright. What is that it lends glory and lustre to the lamp? It is denying the ego through constant work. Let the lamp try to spare its wick and oil, the lamp will be dark, all failure, no success. In order that there may be success the lamp must *burn*, must not spare its wick and oil. That is what Vedant preaches. In order that you may have success, in order that you may prosper, you must, through your acts, by your own every-day life, burn your own body and muscles, cremate them in the fire of use; you must use them; you must consume your body and mind, put them in a burning state; crucify your body and mind; work, work and then will light shine through you. All work is nothing else but the burning of your wick and oil; in other words, all work is nothing else but making your body and mind illusions, practically nothing from the standpoint of your own consciousness. Rise above them, and that is work.

All true work is accomplished when we rise above it. There came two brave Hindu brothers to

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the court of the great Akbar, an Emperor of East India. They requested to be employed by the King. The King inquired about their qualifications. They said they were heroes. The King asked them to give a proof of their heroism. In Akbar's court they stood face to face ; off flashed their flaming daggers, sharp-pointed daggers. Each of them placed the sharp end of his dagger against the breast of his brother. Cheerfully and smilingly they ran to each other. Their hands were steady, the daggers were piercing through the bodies, but unflinchingly and calmly they approached each other, no swerving, no hesitating ; their souls united in heaven, their bodies met on earth, and fell bleeding on the ground. A very queer proof of their heroism was given to the King. That is an illustration of the fact that true work is accomplished only when the self-asserting worker is sacrificed. Bees have to put their lives into the stinging they give. "The man who is his own master knocks in vain at the doors of poetry," says Plato.

Thus all prosperity and success come by living Vedanta in practice. Incessant work, incessant labour, is the greatest yog for a man of the world. You are the greatest worker to the world when to yourself you are no worker.

Again, in what mood and mode does successful work become natural for us ? It is very easy to say "work, work," but it is very hard to work. Everybody wants to become the greatest painter, everybody wants to become a great musician, but everybody

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does not become what he wants. What is it that disposes you to inaction? What is it that makes you enjoy labour? Have you not found that oftentimes when you wished to work you could not? Have you not observed that sometimes you did not like to labour and yet was splendid work done? Have you not marked that there is something higher which governs your working capacity? How often does a man wake up in the morning and find himself in a peculiar mood, a mood which is indescribable, in perfect harmony with nature; he takes up his pen and from his pen flows magnificent poetry or philosophy. A painter tries to paint a beautiful picture, but he cannot despite all his struggles. He rises one morning and finds himself inspired, as it were, and there he draws beautiful works of art. Is it not so?

Thus we see that there is something higher which puts all your working powers at their best. If you avail yourself of that higher mood, you can always keep yourself at your best and the work through hands will be perfect, most beautiful. That higher mood, or that higher secret the Vedant lays before you; it is nothing else but being in perfect harmony with the universe, being in tune with Divinity, practically living in the true Atma or God within you, and being raised above the little ego, or selfish desires. Thus can work become wonderful by availing yourselves of the secret source of all light or power within you

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An artist or painter goes into the street, and there he sees many faces ; the eyes of one person charm him, those eyes are unconsciously stored up in his mind ; he meets another person and the chin of that person impresses him, he stores up that chin in his mind, the eyes taken from one person and the chin stolen from another person. Another man comes to his shop to purchase a picture, the picture is sold to that man, the customer goes away with the picture, knows it not that he has left his hair behind in the mind of the artist. Then comes another man who wants the painter to do something for him, the painter does that something for him and he snatches the remarkable ears from this man, and so impersonally the mind of the painter is at work. While the painter is appropriating the eyes, chin, nose, etc., of different people, he is not living in the idea that he is taking these, but impersonally, unconsciously, this work is being done. After a few days, the painter sits in his studio before the canvas. He wants to produce a striking portrait, and there the eyes of one person, the remarkable nose of another person, the attractive hair of another, all these are blended into one painting and the artist brings out a most magnificent piece of work, a picture which excels all the originals. How was this beautiful work of art done ? Was this work personal ? No, the work was impersonal. All this work was done by living continually in a mood free from egotistical, selfish taint above the " I am doing " mood. Let the

artist suffer from hatred or cupidity, oftentimes miscalled love, the watch of his mind becomes magnetized, remains no longer in working order, he is deranged or out of gear. The impersonal tone of his mood is lost, he is hypnotized into selfishness, the serene mood has disappeared, the Vedantic spirit which keeps us in touch with the All is replaced by limiting attachment or repulsion, and no longer can the artist's mind do the impersonal work of abstracting from the features of this man or that. The practical Vedant is gone, and gone with it the master power of producing exquisite works of art.

Thus you see that the more your work becomes impersonal and the more you rise above "I am doing," the more you renounce the proprietary, copy-righting spirit, and the more you leave behind the accumulating favour-carrying spirit, the more you deny your unreal apparent Self, the better will your work be. Vedant requires you to work for its own sake. In order that your work should be successful, you should not mind the end, you should not care for the consequences or the result. Let the means and the end be brought together, let the very work be your end. Vedant wants you to be at rest in your inner Self. Let the inner soul be at rest and the body be continually at work; the body, subject to the laws of dynamics, being in action and the inner self always at statical rest. It is our selfish restlessness that spoils all our work. Follow work for the sake of peace or Nirvan connected with it.

**SECOND PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS:—
UNSELFISH SACRIFICE**

There was a quarrel between a pond and a river. The pond addressed the river thus: "Oh, river, you are very foolish to give all your water and all your wealth to the ocean; do not squander your water and wealth to the ocean. The ocean is ungrateful, the ocean needs it not. If you go on pouring into the ocean all your accumulated treasures the ocean will remain as salty as it is to-day. the ocean will remain as bitter as it is to-day, the brine of the sea will not be altered. 'Do not throw pearls before swine.' Keep all your treasures with you. This was worldly wisdom. Here was the river told to consider the end, to care for the result, and regard the consequence. The river was a Vedantin; after hearing this worldly wisdom the river replied, "No, the consequence and the result are nothing to me, failure and success are nothing to me; I must work because I love work; I must work for its own sake. To work is my aim, to keep in activity is my life. My soul, my real Atma, is energy itself. I must work." The river went on working, the river went on pouring into the ocean millions upon millions of gallons of water. The miserly economic pond became dry in three or four months; it became putrid, stagnant, full of festering filth, but the river remained fresh and pure, its perennial springs did not dry up. Silently and slowly was water taken from the surface of the ocean to replenish the fountain-heads of the river ;

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monsoons and trade winds invisibly, silently and slowly carried water from the ocean and kept the river source fresh for ever.

Just so. Vedanta requires you not to follow the sophistic policy of the pond. It is the small selfish pond that cares for the result. "What will become of me and my work." Let your work be for work's sake ; you must work. In your works should your goal be, and thus Vedant frees you from fretting and worrying desires. This is the meaning of freedom from desires which Vedant preaches. Worry not about the consequence, expect nothing from the people, bother not about favourable reviews of your work or severe criticism thereon. Care not whether what you are doing will take or not ; think nothing of that. Do the work for its own sake. This way you have to free yourself from desire ; you have not to free yourself from work, but you have to free yourself from yearning restlessness. This way how splendid does your work become. The most effective and best cure for all sorts of distracting passions and temptations is work. But that would be only a negative recommendation. The positive joy that accompanies faithful work is a spark of *salvation*, unconscious self-realization. It keeps you pure, untainted and one with Divinity. This happiness is the highest and surest reward of work. Corrupt not this health-bringing heavenly treasure by setting your heart on selfish motives for work. Sordid ambitions and petty hankerings retard rather than accelerate

our progress ; outward and concrete allurements are detrimental rather than beneficial to our efficiency of labour. No prize or appreciation can be more benign or salubrious than the immediate joy which accompanies earnest action. Follow, then, action to realize the renunciation, religion or worship it involves, and not led by the childish frivolities it promises. Feel no responsibility, ask for no reward. *Now here*, should your goal be. People say, "First deserve and then desire." Vedant says, "Deserve only, no need of desiring ;" "A stone that is fit for the wall will never be found in the way." If you deserve, by an irresistible Divine law, everything will come to you. If there is a lamp burning, the lamp should go on burning, the lamp need not send any invitations to the moths ; moths will flock to the lamp of their own accord. Where there is a fresh spring, people of their own accord will be drawn to it ; the spring need not care a straw for the people. When the moon rises people will be drawn out, of themselves, to enjoy the moonlight. Attack ! Attack ! Hammer on ! Hammer on ! Work, work so as to realize the nothingness of body and the supreme reality of true Self. Thus at the height of apparent activity you will taste Nirvan and Caivalya, and when in this way you have suffered your personality and ego to be raised on the cross of *labour* success will seek you and there will be no scarcity of people who will come and appreciate. People did not accept Christ so long as he was alive ; he must be crucified before he is

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worshipped. Truth crushed to earth shall rise again. No seed can spring up and multiply without suffering destruction as to its form and appearance. So the second essential to success is sacrifice, crucifying the little self, renunciation. Misunderstand not that word "Renunciation." Renunciation does not mean asceticism.

Everybody wants to be white, dazzling, brilliant, bright. How can you become glorious? Why are objects white? Just look at the white objects; what makes them so white? Science tells you that the secret of whiteness is renunciation, nothing more. The seven colors in the rays of the sun impinge upon different objects. Some objects absorb and retain most of these colors and project back only one. Such objects are known by the very color they throw back or deny to themselves. You call that robe pink, but that is the very color which does not belong to the robe. The colors it has absorbed, which are really in it, these are the colors you do not attribute to the robe. How strange! The black objects absorb all the colors in the rays of the sun, they give out no color, they renounce nothing, they throw back nothing and they are dark, black. The white objects absorb nothing, claim nothing, they renounce everything. They do not try to keep selfish possession. They have not a proprietary spirit, and thus they are white, dazzling, bright, brilliant.

Similarly, if you want to become glorious and prosperous you shall have to rise in your heart of hearts above the selfish proprietary spirit. You must

rise above that. Be always a giver, a free worker ; never throw your heart in a begging expecting attitude. Get rid of the monopolizing habit. Why should you lay exclusive claim to the air in your lungs ; that air is everybody's property ! On the other hand, when you cease to appropriate the small quantity of air in your lungs you find yourself heir to all the atmosphere, unlimited become your resources ; breathe in, breathe in the oxygen of the universe ! Be not vain, be not proud. Never feel that anything belongs to your little self ; it is God's your real Atman's. Take the case of Sir Isaac Newton, how was it that he became so bright, brilliant, glorious in the eyes of the world ? At the time of his death, the spirit in which he had worked was made known. When complimented on being the greatest man in the world, he replied, " Oh, no ; this intellect or this small personality of mine is simply like a little child gathering pebbles on the vast, immense seashore of knowledge." He was yet lying upon the sands gathering pebbles. Thus we see that the unassuming spirit, which appropriates or claims nothing, which does not aggrandise the little self, is the spirit which puts your capacity and working powers at their best, and this is the characteristic spirit of Vedant.

You own desires, you have all kinds of desires, and you wish that your desires should be fulfilled ; but learn the secret of the fulfilment of desire. How do we raise the window shade ? We want the

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window shade to rise up, but we have to give it a downward pull and *let it go*, and there the window shade ascends. This illustrates the secret of the fulfilment of all your desires. It is only when you *let go* the desire that the desire fructifies. How are arrows shot? We take up the bow and bend it; so long as we are stretching the string the arrow does not reach the enemy: you may stretch it ever so hard, the arrow will be with you still. It is only when you let it go that bang flies the arrow to pierce the bosom of your foe. Similarly, so long as you keep your desires stretched, or go on desiring, willing, wishing, and yearning, it will not reach the bosom of the other party; it is only when you let it go that it penetrates the soul of the party concerned. "It is only when you leave me and lose me that you find me by your side." It is only when you cast yourself in a strange, indescribable sentiment, which is higher than both of us, that you find me. This is what Vedant tells you.

Two monks were travelling together. One of them maintained in practice the spirit of accumulation. The other was a man of renunciation. They discussed the subject of possession *versus* renunciation till they reached the bank of a river. It was late in the evening. The man who preached renunciation had no money with him, but the other one had. The man of renunciation said, "What do we care for the body; we have no money to pay the boatman; we can pass away the night even on this

bank, singing the name of God." The moneyed monk replied, "If we stay on this side of the river we can find no village, no hamlet or hut, no company; wolves will devour us, snakes will bite us, cold will chill us. We had better ferry to the other side. I have money with which to pay the boatman to ferry us over to the bank; on that side there is a village; we will live there comfortably." Well, the boatman came over and both of them were ferried across the river to the opposite shore. At night, the man who had paid the fare remonstrated with the man of renunciation: "Do you not see the advantage of keeping money? I kept money and two lives were saved. Henceforth you should never preach renunciation. Had I also been a man of renunciation like you we would have both starved or been chilled and killed on that side of the river." But the man of renunciation answered: "Had you kept the money with you, had you not parted with the money, renounced it to the boatman, we would have died on the other bank. Thus it was giving up of money or renunciation that brought us safety." "Again," he continued, "if I kept no money in my pocket, your pocket became my pocket. My faith kept money for me in that pocket. I never suffer; whenever I am in need I am provided for." This story indicates that so long as you keep your desires in your pocket there is no safety or rest for you. Renounce your desires, rise above them, and you find double peace—immediate rest and

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eventual fruition of desires. Remember that your desires will be realized only when you rise above them into the supreme reality ; when you consciously or unconsciously lose yourself in the divinity, then and then only will the time be ripe for the fulfilment of desires.

THIRD PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS :—LOVE

Well, the third principle of success is love, harmony with the universe, adaptation to circumstances. What does love mean ? Love means practically realizing your oneness and identity with your neighbours, with all those who come in contact with you. If you are a shop-keeper, unless you realize the interests of your customers to be one with your own, you will make no progress, your work will suffer. If the hand want to be selfish and assert itself as different from the other members of the body and begin to argue this way, "Look here, I, the right hand, I do all sorts of labour, why should the whole body partake of what is earned by sweating drudgery ? Should the food earned by my toil be given to the stomach and thence to all other organs ? No, no ; I will have everything to myself ;" then, in order to carry into effect the selfish idea there is no other way for the hand but to take that food and inoculate or inject it into its skin. Will that be beneficial to the hand ? Will the hand succeed that way ? Impossible ! Never ! Oh, yes ; one way the hand can become very fat, can exclusively prosper to the envy of all other members of the body ; the hand

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can take a wasp, bee or snake and get itself stung. Thus the hand will become very fat, very big. Thus, and thus alone, can the selfishness of the hand be gratified, thus can the selfish philosophy of the hand be carried out. But how undesirable is that! We do not wish that kind of gratification or that kind of success. That is disease.

Similarly, remember that all this world is one body. Your body is simply like hand, one organ, simply like the finger or nail. In order that you may succeed you should not look upon your Self as separate and distinct from the Self of the whole world. In order that the hand may prosper it must realize that its interests are identical with those of the whole. In other words, the hand must feel and realize that its self is not confined within the small area beyond the wrist, but must practically feel itself as indetical and one with the self of the whole system. Feeding the self of the whole is feeding the self of the hand. Unless you realize this fact and live this truth, that you are one with the universe, that I and God, are One. you cannot succeed. Deprived of ease, afflicted by *disease* you are when you stagnate in the slough of separation and division. You are perfect when you realize yourself to be the *Whole* and the *All*. By feeling this oneness you practically live Vedant. Infringe upon this divine and sublime truth, break this sacred law in practice, and you are bound to suffer for your sacrilege like the silly selfish hand. Coleridge, in his

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"Ancient Mariner," very beautifully brings out this truth. So does Byron, in his "Prisoner of Chillon." It is proved in these poems that whenever a man falls out of harmony with nature he suffers; the very moment you realize your unity with fellow-beings all prosperity is yours.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
Both man, and bird and beast.
He prayeth well who loveth well,
All things both great and small."

A King went into a forest on a hunting expedition. In the heat of chase the King was separated from his companions. Under the scorching rays of the burning sun he felt very thirsty. He found in the woods, a small garden. He went into the garden, but being in his sportsman's dress the gardener could not recognize him, the poor village gardener having not seen the King's person before. The King asked the gardener to bring him something to drink, because he felt so very thirsty. The gardener went straight into the garden, took some pomegranates, squeezed out the juice, and brought a big cup full of the juice to the King. The King gulped it down but it did not quench his parching thirst entirely. The King asked him to bring more cups of the pomegranate juice. The gardener went for it. When the gardener left the King's presence, the King began to reflect within himself: "This garden seems to be very rich; in half a minute the man could bring to me a large cup full of the fresh juice;

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a heavy income-tax ought to be levied on the owner of such a flourishing concern," etc., etc. On the other hand, the gardener delayed and delayed, did not return to the King even in an hour. The King began to wonder, "How it is that when I first asked him to bring me something to drink he brought that pomegranate juice in less than a minute, and now he has been squeezing out the juice of pomegranates for about an hour and the cup is not full yet. How is that?" After one hour the cup was brought to the King, but not brimful. The King asked the reason why the cup was somewhat empty, whereas he filled the cup so soon at first. The gardener, who was a Sage, replied, "Our King had very good intentions when I went out to bring you the first cup of pomegranate juice, and when I went out to bring you the second cup our King's kind, benevolent nature must have changed. I can give no other explanation for such a sudden change in the rich nature of my pomegranates." The king reflected within himself, and lo! the statement was perfectly right. When the King had first stepped into the garden he was very charitably disposed to and full of love for the people there, thinking in his mind that they were very poor and needed help, but when the old man had brought him one cup of pomegranate juice in so short a time the King's mind had changed and views altered. The falling out of tune with Nature on the King's part affected the pomegranates in the garden. The moment the law

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of love was violated by the King, that very moment the trees held back the juice from him.

The story may be true or false ; we have nothing to do with it, but the truth is undeniable that so long as you are in perfect harmony with nature, so long as your mind is in tune with the Universe and you are feeling and realizing your oneness with each and all, all the circumstances and surroundings, even winds and waves, will be in your favour. The very moment you are at discord with the All, that very moment your friends and relatives will turn against you, that very moment you will make the whole world stand up in arms against you. Understand this divine Law of Love and practise it. Love is a vital principle of success.

FOURTH PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS :— CHEERFULNESS

The fourth principle of success is self-possession or cheerfulness. And how is self-possession or cheerfulness kept up ? It is very easy to say, "Be cheerful, be calm, be collected." But how difficult it is to remain cheerful, calm and collected under all circumstances. By simply laying down the law, you cannot be cheerful. You cannot do anything by artificial rules. How are we, then, to keep ourselves cheerful ? What is it that governs your moods ? Vedant points out that we become moody, cheerless or "in blues," we become sad and melancholic, when we descend down to the plane of the body,

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the little self and craving desires. Then only are we unbalanced. We feel our stomach only when it is sick. We feel our nose only when we are suffering from cold. We feel our arm only when it is aching. So we feel our personal ego, little self or body, only when we are spiritually out of order. The engrossing regard for body, and care-creating attention to the personal little ego involves sad spiritual illness. We fall from Eden the moment our bodily weakness makes itself felt. Hurled are we from heaven the instant we taste of the tree of distinction and difference. But we can regain the Paradise lost by suffering the flesh to be crucified. You can recover your balance and be cheerful the moment you rise above the body, above the little selfish, sordid, paltry, petty clings.

Thus, in order to secure cheerfulness, self-possession, you will have to put into practice the central teaching of Vedant, the eternal Truth that your true Atman, your real Self, is the only rigid Reality. The phenomenal worldly circumstances become mobile, malleable and *volatile* unto you when you are soaked in the stern fact, your true Atman. I am not the body; all the bodily concerns, connections and ties are mere playthings. They are simply the relations or offices in a theatrical performance. I, as the actor, have one man for my enemy and one man for my friend, another man is my father, some one else my son, but in reality I am neither the son nor the father; the foes and friends are no foes and friends. I am absolute

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Divinity. The worldly ties and connections do not concern me. All relations are mere illusion. Every actor should well perform his rôle in the play, but he who takes to heart and applies to his real Self the dramatic part of love or hatred is nothing short of insane. Again, the world being but a dramatic show, why should I attach undue importance to the outside forms of duty? If one man is king, why envy him; if another is a beggar, why despise him?

**"Honour and disgrace from no condition rise
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."**

Vedant inculcates that you should not bother yourself about your surroundings and circumstances. Know the Law and shake off all fear. Here is, suppose, a magistrate; the magistrate comes into his court and takes his seat. He finds the parties, clerks lawyers, servants and other people already waiting for him. The magistrate had not to send for the witnesses or invite the lawyers, or go and call the plaintiffs and others: the magistrate had not to dust the rooms, sweep the floor and fix the table, etc. The very influence of the magistrate puts everything in order, just as the very presence of the sun wakes up all Nature, enlivens rivers, plants, birds, beasts and men. Similarly, when you plant yourself firmly in the Truth, when you install yourself in the position of the disinterested Supreme Judge, your very Atman, when your glorious Self shines in its full splendour, all the circumstances, all your surroundings, will take care of themselves, everything will be

enlivened and put in order at the genial light of your presence. It is related of Ram, the greatest hero of India, when he started to regain Sita, which represents Divine Knowledge, all Nature offered services to him; monkeys, geese, squirrels and even stones, air and water vied with one another to get enlisted on his side. Shine in the glory and majesty of your Self, away beyond grovelling attachment and degrading hatred, and woe unto the gods and angels if they do not serve you as abject slaves. Why does everybody lacquey a child? The little tyrant rides on the strongest shoulders and pulls the hairs of laurelled heads. How is that? Why, because the child lives above the circumstances, in Divinity, unconsciously.

If you go on doing your duty, if you are faithful to your work, bother not yourself about the outside aids and helps. They are bound to come to you, must come to you. When you make a speech and have anything worth being preserved, bother not yourself about who will come and take it down, or who will publish it, etc. Take the seat of a magistrate, be firm in your pristine dignity, never mar your cheerfulness by scruples about outside matters and external aids.

If there be felt itching sensation at any part of the body the hand automatically reaches that region to scratch. The power or Self which underlies the hand is evidently the same as the power or Self which underlies the place of irritation. Just so, bear

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in mind that the Self in you is the same as the Self in the surroundings of environments and when your mind is in harmonious vibration with this underlying Self Supreme and to you has become the whole world your body, outside aids and helps must fly to you as naturally and spontaneously as the hand runs to the place of sensation.

When we run after our shadow to catch it, the shadow will never be caught; the shadow will always outrun us. But if we run toward the sun, turning our back on the shadow, it will dog us. Similarly, the moment you turn toward these outside matters and want to grasp them and keep them, they will elude your grasp, will outrun you. The very moment you turn your back upon them and face the Light of Light, your inner Self, that very moment favourable circumstances will seek you. This is the Law.

Most people are turned pale, driven into the corner by the word "Duty." Duty, like a bugbear, haunts them, goes on thrashing them, leaves them no rest or time, is always upon them. Such hurrying slaves, nay machines of "Duty," lose in power what they gain in speed. Allow not the sense of duty to throw you off the balance or damp your spirits. Remember that all duty is, after all, imposed on you by yourself. Ultimately you are your own master. You yourself chose your position, offered your services and created your superiors. Again if you need their money they, just as much,

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require your services. The terms are of equality, the action and reaction being equal. You serve your own will and of nobody else. Your present surroundings are created by yourself, the little world of relations is of your own workmanship, your future will be your own doing. You are the master of your own destiny. Know that and rejoice, be cheerful.

“ We build our future thought by thought
For good or bad and know it not.
Thought is another name for fate ;
Choose, then, thy destiny, and wait.
Mind is the master of its sphere ;
Be calm, be steadfast and sincere ,
Fear is the only foe to fear.
Let the God in thee rise and say
To adverse circumstance—‘Obey’
And thy dear wish shall have its way.”

Take to your work, not as a plodding labourer, but like a noble Prince, for pleasure's sake, as useful exercise as happy play or merry game. Never approach a task in scared spirit. Be yourself. Realize that Kings and Presidents are simply your servants. Work as stars work—

“ Undismayed at all the things about them,
Unafrighted at the things see,
These demand not that the things *without* them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.”
“ The exquisite reward of song
Was song—the self-same thrill and glow
Which to unfolding flowers belong,
And wrens and thrushes know.”

Feel no responsibility, ask for no reward. All authority should be subservient to you. You are your

own authority. No sense of duty or outside authority should be to you an overshadowing cloud. The order wrought by outside authority may, at best, be geometrical, but the order which you create yourself will be organic.

**FIFTH PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS :—
FEARLESSNESS**

We come next to the fifth principle of success, fearlessness. What is fearlessness? No faith in *Maya*, but a living knowledge and a true faith in the real Self. Fear comes to us when we feel ourselves to be the abode of fear or the body; the body is always liable to be eaten by worms, anguish; it is vulnerable and pregnable to all kinds of suffering. The very moment we rise above the little body we are free from fear. Live as Divinity, live Vedant, and who can harm you? Who can inflict injury upon you? Fearlessness and Vedant are inseparable.

How is fearlessness essential to success? This will be illustrated by a fact of personal experience. There came five bears at one time, in the Himalayan forests, face to face with Ram, but they did not molest at all. Why was it? Simply on account of fearlessness. Ram was filled with that spirit, "I am not the body, I am not the mind; the supreme Divinity I am, I am God; no fire can burn me, no weapon wound me." They were looked [straight in the eyes and they ran away. At one time a wild wolf was

outstared; at another time a tiger likewise fled. When a cat comes pigeons close their eyes: they think the cat does not see them because they do not see the cat, nevertheless the cat eats them up. If you are afraid, the cat will eat you up. Have you not noticed that while walking in the suburban quarters if we betray the least sign of fear even dogs rush at us and molest us? Dogs even will tear us, if we fear. But if we are fearless we can overcome and tame lions and tigers. When we are pouring liquid from one vessel into another, if our hands waver ever so little the liquid is sure to be spilt. Pour the fluid unhesitatingly, confidently, fearlessly into the receptacle and not a drop will be lost.

It is by hesitation and fear that you bring yourself into sad plights. Let nothing disconcert you or take you by surprise. You are the All. Dispel the fear-inducing attachment to Body. Is it not a pity that the noise of a trivial firecracker, or even a small mouse, a rustling leaf, nay, a trembling shadow, should startle full hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois of wool-clad flesh? No, calamity is ever worse than dread of calamity. I would rather suffer death than harbor fear of death.

Some one says: "No one ever found the walking fern who didn't have the walking fern in his mind." If you have love in your mind you will find love; if you entertain hate you will meet hate. If you are afraid of detectives and defrauders you will not miss them. If you expect selfishness and deceit you shall

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not be disappointed ; from all sides will selfishness and deceit confront you. Fear not, then ; have holiness and purity in you ; you will never come across anything unclean. Life, success and spiritual success must go together. Deluded are they who divorce one from the other.

Thieves break into a house only when it is unguarded. If the house is kept lighted all the time they dare not steal into it. Keep in your mind the light of Truth ever ablaze, no devil of fear or temptation will approach you. Believe in the Law Divine. Please, make not your life wretched by hanging on world wisdom. Timid prudence makes a downright atheist out of you. Why allow the mists and fogs of circumstances to cloud you ? Are you not the Sun of Suns ? Are you not the Lord of the Universe ? What vagaries of circumstance are there you cannot disperse, dispel and evaporate ? Far be it from you to consider any menacing surrounding as real in the least. Fearless, fearless, fearless you are.

SIXTH PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS :—

SELF-RELIANCE

The sixth secret of success is Self-reliance. You know the elephant is a much larger animal than the lion. The elephant's body seems to be much stronger than the body of a lion, and yet a single lion can put to flight a whole herd of elephants. What is the secret of the lion's power ? The only secret is that the lion is a practical Vedantin and

the elephants are dualists. The elephants believe in the body; the lion practically believes not in the body, but in something higher than the body, the spirit. Even though the body of the lion is comparatively very small, the lion practically believes his power to be infinite, his inner force illimitable. The elephants live in groups of forty or fifty, sometimes one hundred or two hundred, and when the elephants go to rest they always keep one strong elephant as watch and guard. They fear that their enemies might attack and devour them. They know not that a single one of them is capable of destroying thousands of lions, only if he has faith in himself, but the poor tuskers lack faith in the inner self and the consequent courage.

Thus is self-trust a fundamental principle of bliss. Vedant teaches you not to call yourself a grovelling, sneaking, miserable sinner or wretch. Vedant wants you to believe in your innate power. You are infinite. God Almighty you are, Infinite God you are. Believe that. What an inspiring truth! Believe in the outside and you fail. That is the law.

Two brothers involved in litigation appeared before a magistrate. One of them was a millionaire, the other a pauper. The magistrate asked the millionaire, how it was that he became so rich and his brother so poor. He said: "Five years ago we inherited equal property from our parents. Fifty thousand dollars fell to his share and fifty thousand dollars to me. This man, regarding himself as

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wealthy, became lazy (you know some rich people think it beneath their dignity to labour) and whatever work was to be done he entrusted to his servants. If he received a letter he would give it to his servants and say, 'Go, attend to this business.' Anything that was to be accomplished he told his servants to do. He lolled away his time in ease and comfort. 'Eat, drink and be merry.' He would always bid his servants to "Go, go, attend to this business or that." Speaking of himself the rich man said: When I got my fifty thousand dollars I never committed my work to anybody; when anything was to be done I would always run to do it myself and I always told the servants, 'Come, come, follow me.' The words on my lips were always, 'Come come,' and the words on the lips of my brother were 'Go, go.' Everything he possessed obeyed his motto; his servants, friends, property or wealth went away, entirely left him. My maxim was 'Come'; friends came to me, property increased, everything multiplied.'

When we depend upon others we say, "Go, go, everything will go away, and when we rely upon Self, and trust nothing but the Atman, all things flock to us." If you think yourself a poor, sneaking vermin, that you become, and if you honor yourself and rely on your Self, grandeur you win. What you think, the same you must become.

An Inspector came into a school in India. One of the schoolmasters, pointing to a student, said that he was so bright as to have learned by heart such and

such a piece of literature; say, Milton's "Paradise Lost;" he could recite any part of it. The student was presented to the Inspector, but he had no Vedant in him; he assumed bashfulness and modesty, and when asked "Do you know that work by heart?" he said, "No, sir; I am nothing; I know nothing." Those words he thought to be an indication of modesty, the sign of bashfulness. "No, sir; I know nothing; I did not learn it." The Inspector asked again but the boy still said, "No, sir; no, sir; I do not know it." The master was put out of countenance. There was another boy who did not know the whole book by heart, but he said, "I know it; I think I shall be able to declaim any passage you may desire." The Inspector put to him a few questions. All the questions were readily answered by the boy; this second boy declaimed passage after passage and secured the prize. No one can ever estimate you at a higher value than you set upon yourselves.

Do not, please, make yourselves cringing, sneaking, miserable creatures. As you think, so will you become. Think yourselves to be God and God you are. Think yourselves to be free and free you are, this moment.

A man came into the house of a Vedantin one day and occupied the vacant seat of honor in the absence of the master of the house. When the master of the house was coming back into the room that intruder put this question: "Oh, Vedantin, let me know what God is, and what man is." Well, the

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Sage did not directly answer the question; he simply called to his servants and began to talk loud and use harsh language, telling them to turn him out of the house. This peculiar language did the really wise man use. When such unexpected language was employed the intruder got frightened, he became nervous and left the seat of honor; the wise man occupied the same; and then calmly, serenely, told him, "Here (pointing to himself) is God. and there (pointing to the other) is man. Had you not been frightened, had you kept your place, had you preserved your balance, had you not been put out of countenance, then you were also God. But the very fact of your trembling, quivering and losing faith in your Godhood makes you a poor vermin." Think yourself to be Divinity, have a living faith in your Divinity and nothing can harm you. nobody can injure you.

So long as you go on relying and depending upon outside powers failure will be the result. Trusting upon the God within, put the body in action and success is assured. If the mountain does not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain. There was a man who was hungry, and in order that he might appease his hunger he sat down at a certain place, closed his eyes and began to eat imaginary curry. After a while he was seen with the mouth open endeavouring to cool his burned tongue. Somebody asked him what was the matter. He said that in his food was a very hot chilly. The

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name is cool, but the thing itself is very hot. Thereupon a bystander remarked, "Oh, poor fellow, if you had to live on imaginary food, then why not select some thing far sweeter than hot chilly pepper. As it was your own creation, your own doing, your own imagination, why did you not not make a better choice?"

According to Vedant, all your world being but your own creation, your own idea, why think yourself a low, miserable sinner? Why not think yourself into a fearless self-reliant incarnation of Divinity?

Have a living faith in the truth, a right knowledge of things around you, take all your circumstances at their own worth and realize the spirit to such a degree that this world becomes unreal to you. Don't you know in Astronomy, while calculating the distances of the fixed stars, this world is looked upon as a mathematical point, nothing in relation to those stars and planets, a mere cypher? If so, can this earth be anything in contrast with the Supreme Infinite Power, the Atma? Realize that, feel that. The Light of Lights is you, all glory is yours; feel that and realize it to such a degree that this earth and name and fame, the earthly relations, and popularity and unpopularity, worldly honor and disgrace, criticism of your foes and flattery of your friends, may become meaningless to you. That is the secret of success.

Two men were being carried down by the swift current of the Niagara River. One of them found

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a big log and he caught hold of it with the desire to be saved; the other man found a tiny rope, thrown down for their rescue by the people on the banks. Happily he caught hold of this rope, which was not heavy like the log of wood, and though the rope was apparently very wavering and frail, he was saved; but the man who caught hold of the big log of wood was carried off with the log by the rapids into the yawning grave of surging waters beneath the roaring Falls.

Similarly, O people of the world, you trust in these outward names, fame, riches, wealth, land and prosperity. These seem to be big like the log of wood, but the saving principle they are not. The saving principle is like the fine thread; it is not material, you cannot sense and handle it, you cannot touch it; the subtle principle, the subtle truth, is very fine, but that is the rope which will save you. All these wordly things on which you depend will simply work your ruin and throw you into a deep abyss of hopelessness, anxiety and pain. Beware, beware. Catch strong hold of the truth. Believe more in the truth than in outside objects. The law of Nature is, that whenever a man believes practically in the outside objects and wealth, he must fail. That is the law. Trust in the Divinity and you are safe. Be not dupes of senses.

Rise above hypnotism and suggestions of your neighbours. 'All your wordly ties and connections hypnotize you into misery and anxiety. Rise above

that. Believe in the truth, realize your oneness with the Divinity and saved you are, nay, Salvation itself you are.

Far be it from you to regard the world more seriously than the real Self. Do not keep yourself a sensitive, pitiable, limited ego. Let nothing pique you. Attend to business as doctors attend their sick, without contracting the disease. Work in the spirit of an unaffected witness, free from all entanglement. Remain immune.

SEVENTH PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS :—

PURITY

The last but not least point which guarantees success is Purity. It is true that "Thought is another name for fate" ; what a man thinks that he becomes. But if you begin to think impure thoughts and harbour debasing immorality, with the fulfilment of these selfish wishes, heart-breaking affliction, excruciating, suffering and distracting sorrow shall be forced upon you into the bargain. Grief shall prey upon your soul. The fool thinks he enjoys sensuous pleasures, but knows not that in an impure thought or deed his very vitality is bought, sold and consumed. The Law of Karma retaliates and baffles you when you want to abuse it for selfish ends. Do not dictate your will to God. Let God's will be done in reference to bodily wants. In earthly requirements let God's will become your will. Feel, feel, that you are the very Power Supreme whose will

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has shaped the circumstances in the form they have. Enjoy your poverty as your own work. But if you find yourself led astray by the flesh and caught in the quagmire of carnality, *there* is the occasion to assert and exert strenuously your giant will to secure and retain God-consciousness. In this country cupidity is glazed under the holy name of love.. What a mockery! People don't live whole. Abnormal affections and inordinate passions cut and divide their days into patches. It is very seldom that an entire young man speaks. It is always a disabled *proper fraction*, more correctly, a most improper impaired portion of him that appears in public. One part of him lies with his sweet heart, another with some other object. Love your labour, keep your heart where your hand is. While the feet and hands are warm, working, let your head be cool and collected. Keep your thoughts always at home, centred in the real Self and never mind the circumstances. Let not the thought of doing good to humanity vex you; why should the world be so poor as to be constantly begging your attention? Let the body go on working for your own Salvation's sake. Ignorant folks keep vainly yearning and praying for light. Why should you desire even that? The craving for light keeps you in the dark. For one minute cast overboard all desire; chant Om; no attachment, no repulsion, perfect poise, and there your whole being is light personified. Banish all worldly motives of work. Cast off, exorcise the demons of desires. Make all your work sacred. Rid yourself of

the disease of attachment or clinging. Attachment to one object detaches you from the All. It is the selfish, swinish motives that make your business and life secular. Attend to your labour to taste the renunciation it unconsciously entails, keeping, (because work keeps you with God), above the body or little self. Work *minus* desire is a synonym of highest *Renunciation* or worship. Why should you have any motive for work? Ignorant wretches believe that objects accomplished bring more happiness than work itself. The blind know not that no result can bring more happiness than the work itself. Happiness lives clothed in the garb of work! You can have your success always with you. This way does the wide world become your holy temple and your whole life one continuous hymn. What care you for the effect. Far be it from you to worry about salary or pay. If you get no proud position, let not glaring vanity prevent you from sweeping the streets. Hesitate not to do the duty that lies next to your hand. It is no self-respect to shun the work not sanctioned by fashion. True self-respect is respect for the *Real Self*, the God within. Body-respect is the opposite pole of virtue, shortest cut to perdition. When you are ready to extend your hands to any labour, noblest offices and the most respectable occupations will stretch their hands to receive you cordially. That is the law. If you do not shrink and curl up from God and welling, in labour, *God will not be outdone in courtesy*. Light will shine through you despite your

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self. Believe not in the applause or censure of mankind. All that simply misleads and deceives you. Your heaven is within you. You play the part of an impure, unchaste adulterer when you stoop down to indulge outside so called objects of pleasure. Tell to the external enjoyments, "Get behind me, Satan, I'll take nothing at thy hands." Are you not really the source of all joy?

For him in vain the envious seasons roll,
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.

Perch the Indian dove or the nightingale on the top of a pine tree and delicious songs naturally flow from it. Let your mind be seated *at home* and sweetest melodies spring from it naturally, spontaneously, without effort. Your Godhood is not a thing to be accomplished. Realization is not a thing to be achieved, you have not to do anything to gain God-vision; you have simply to undo what you have already done in the way of forming dark cocoons of desires around you. Fear not, you are free. Even your seeming bondage is imposed by your freedom. To you no harm can accrue unless you invite it. No sword can cut unless you think that it cuts. No need of loving your shackles and chains as ornament. Shake off vain fancies, burn up all crookedness, and what power is there under the sun which will not be only too thankful to get the privilege of unloosing your shoes? Assert your Godhood, fling into utter oblivion the little self, as if it had never existed. When the little bubble bursts it finds itself the whole ocean.

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You are the Whole, the Infinite, the All. Shine in your pristine glory. For you, O perfect One, there is no duty, no action, nothing to be done, all nature waits on you with bated breath. The world thanks her stars to have the good fortune of paying you homage, adoring you. Please, would you mind the powers of Nature kneeling and bowing before you!

Trust, trust the Self Supreme,
The restlessness of Soul is due
To faith in things that seem—
The things that fleet as fog or dew.

The way to keep you fresh and new,
To every secret treasure clue,
Is to assert the real Self
And to deny deluding pelf.

There is no duty to be done
For you, O Everything, O one !
Why chafe and worry o'er the work,
Feel, feel the Truth, anxiety shirk.
Believe not when the people say.

“Oh, what a fine game you play !”
Believe not, never, in their praise,
No, ne'er can acts degrade or raise.

I never did a personal deed,
Impersonal Lord I am indeed.
In vain the raving critics fought ;
The dupes of senses know me not.

I am for each and all the home,
I am the Om ! the Om ! the Om !

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O happy, happy, happy Ram !
Serene and peaceful, tranquil, calm,
My joy can nothing, nothing mar,
My course can nothing, nothing bar.
My livery wears gods, men and birds,
My bliss supreme transcendeth words.
Here, there and everywhere ;
There, where no more a " Where ?"
Now, ever, anon and then
Then, when's no more a " When ?"
This, that and which and what ;
That that's above a " What ?"
First, last and mid and high,
The *One* beyond a " Why ?"
One, five and hundred, All
Transcending number, one and all.
The subject, object, knowledge, sight
E'en that description is not right.
Was, is and e'er shall be,
Confunder of the verb " to be."
The sweetest Self, the truest Me,
No Me, no Thee, no He.

The Infinite is that, the Infinite this ;
And on and on, unchanged is Infinite.
Goes out the Infinite from the Infinite
And there remains unchanged the Infinite.
The outward loss betrays the Infinite,
The seeming gain displays the Infinite
The going, coming, subtracting, adding
Are seeming mode and truth the Infinite.

PRESENT NEEDS OF INDIA

SHASTA SPRING, CALIFORNIA, U S.

IN continuation of the letter mailed the other day, Ram goes on stating the thoughts uppermost in the mind.

Fairy flakes of virgin snow are falling vehemently, yet most gracefully withal, outside the window of Ram's cottage ; and the whole mountain is literally *shasta*, *i.e.*, according to the French significance of the word *chaste*, *pure*, comely. Ram has just laid aside one of the latest works on Evolution.

The desire to be original and popular or conspicuous often enough keeps people away from the path of Truth. Waving that kind of desire and keeping the head level—neither crest-fallen in gloom nor flying in the clouds of self-flattery—if we face the problem of the Present Needs of India, we are confronted with the sore phenomenon in the country of practically utter disregard of any relationship or bond founded on the living together in the same holy land, which means a deplorable absence of neighbourly love. Religious sectarianism has clouded manhood in the people and eclipsed the sense of common nationality.

In America also there are as many, if not more, sects and cults as in India, but except in the case of

a few shallow fanatics—chiefly those whose living depends on their creed—the thought of Catholicism, Methodism, Presbyterianism, &c., never replaces or subordinates the feeling of fellow-countrymanship. To be just and true it must be acknowledged that the so-called religious feeling does not cast into the shade the intrinsic humanity in America as it does in India. In India, Mahomedans have been living for generations and generations along with the Hindus on the same soil, but their sympathy is bound more to the Turks in Southern Europe than to their next door neighbours in Hindustan. A child turned Christian although the very own flesh and blood to a Hindu father becomes more a stranger than the street dog. What will not an orthodox, dualistic Vaishnava in Muttra do to advance the interests of a fellow Vaishnava in the Deccan and to bring disgrace to a Monastic Vedant in his own town? Who is to blame for it? The prejudices and shallow knowledge of all sects alike.

“ Enemies living together ” is an expression not far wrong to describe the present state of affairs. The very idea of common nationality has become a meaningless whim. And what is the cause of it? Evidently the cause is blind identification with the dead forms of the dead past and abject slavery to the fantastic superstitions preached in the holy name of religion; in other words, *spiritual suicide* glazed under the plausible name of obedience to authority—*pramamhawa*.

These parasitic ideas cannot be got rid of except by purifying distilling process of liberal education, sane knowledge, experimental investigation, or a systematic study of scientific thought. (No sect or religion has the least right to prey upon its foolish votaries that has not come to an understanding with the healthy humanising results of present-day scientific research.) Most of the different sets of religious dogmas and practices of the past according to Ram were no more than dictates of the known science of the times. But as the fates would have it these were received at first with bitter opposition, then with over-enthusiasm, so much so that the *mother* (Independent Thought and Meditation) which gave birth to them *was ignored and killed in handling the child*. The teachings were gradually taken on trust, a boy found himself a Christian, Mahomedan or Hindu before he was aware of being a man. Stagnation on the religious field was the natural consequence when, owing to the inertia or laziness of the followers, these dogmas and practices began to be accepted on the authority of personalities and volumes of paper with little recognition or acceptance of original searching diligence and concentration, with which the so called prophets had studied physical or spiritual nature and her laws. By and by the teachings were in most cases discarded to all intents and purposes of the practical adherence to Chirst's sermon on the Mount or to Vedic Yagnas ; but their place was filled with stronger allegiance to empty names. The spirit was

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driven out to worship the dead carcase the more. Thus were the honest workers like Christ, Muhammad, Vyas or Shankar nicknamed Prophets, that is to say, thieves or stealers of sacred fire from Heaven, and their books were disgraced by being pitched against the original book of nature of which they were faint, feeble readings in part

Ram does not mean to say that these forms of creed had no use at all in the economy of the world. They had. They were like the husk which is essential up to a certain period for the life and growth of the seedling it covers, but after a certain stage of development the same husk becomes a choking prison if not cast aside by the outgrowing grain, which is by far of higher value than the husk.

To dispense with the static second-hand readings of nature—to shake off the choking husks—let everybody feel that the Prophet's power is even his own birth-right and nothing supernatural.

There are some who can never understand the design or plan of a house unless after they see the house erected before them, and so there are some who can never see or imagine a step in advance of the present or past order of things. The number of such is rapidly falling in India, it is hoped. To place people above wavering oscillation, to make them realize their natural dignity, unity and fellowship with all they see; *secure abiding natural integration by procuring natural, helpful differentiation is*

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the object of Dynamic Vedant as understood by Ram. Where is not this Vedant needed ? But India needs it the most and worst of all.

To meet the requirements of the day in India, with the object of spreading love and light, it is proposed by Ram to start an Institution, *Life Institution*.

ROUGH OUTLINE

LEAVING OUT THE DETAILS.

This Institution will at first embrace chiefly
Religious
Philosophy. a study of *Comparative Religions
and Philosophy*. The candidates will
be helped to make the ancient and
modern contending systems of Religion and Philosophy, a subject of study most dispassionately, soberly, in the spirit of an unbiassed, serene judge (or calm Sakshi). Each student will have to study by himself (of course aided by the Professor when necessary) the religious or philosophical works just suited to his capacity and shall have in the evening before the common assembly to give an account of what he read or had suggested to himself while reading during the day. After hearing such brief reports there will be every night a sifting but respectful conversation under the moderatorship of Ram to harmonise the subjects dwelt upon by the different members of the Institution. Thus will mutual harmony, understanding and love be

advanced while each shares the fruits of the mental labour of all trying in return to lay before all the earnings of his own brain work.

This intellectual, social co-operation just suited to the needs of the time must multiply the efficiency of mental work and impart true culture.

After giving the newly come students a taste of this Co-operative Method of Education through religion and philosophy—for which the demand is more direct in India—different branches of Science—Botany, Zoology, Electricity, Geology, Chemistry, Astronomy, etc., will be introduced in the scheme of study. A library, laboratory, observatory and the like must certainly develop along with the introduction of different science courses.

The attempt to popularize science by the institution aims to abolish some of the glaring religious misunderstanding and to put the energies of people in a more rational and useful direction. Moreover, the learning of Science in this Institution, is to be in a spirit the most religious. Science, art and other work (apparently secular) are to be pursued here to learn the *Application* of Vedantic spirit to business or for the acquisition of Practical (or Applied) Vedant. Of Agassiz, a great naturalist, it is said that the laboratory was not less holy to him than the church, and a physical fact not less sacred than a moral principle. To trace the homologies in different species in nature was to him “to think again the thoughts of God.”

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The functions of the Institution will be extended
(3) Industrial in due time to a third department,
Arts. that of Industrial Arts, as to the sad
want of which, in India, nothing need be said now.

Some of the greatest Universities in America and Europe (Yale, Harvard, Standford, Chicago University, for instance) are entirely private concerns. It is a pity the people of India still look up to the Government models to educate themselves and do not see their own needs.

In the Life Institute proposed by Ram, the heretical as well as orthodox writings will be welcomed with scientific equanimity. The watchword of the Institute (Mutt) is to be "Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth."

RELIGION

Presidential address delivered by His Holiness Swami Ram Tirath in the 15th Parliament of Religion, held in the Shanti Ashram, Muttra, India.

Religion, as is manifest from the derivation of the term (*re*, back, *ligre*, bind). is that which *binds* one *back* to the origin or the fountain-head.

Q.—What is the origin or the source? What is it at whose decree as it were the mind thinks, the eyes see and nature lives?

A.—That which cannot be perceived by the mind, the eyes, and other organs of senses, but makes the mind, the eyes, etc., speed to their work, is Brahman. Brahman cannot be the object of perception or thought. Mind and speech turn back from it in dismay.

A pair of tongs can catch almost anything else, but how can it turn back and grasp the very fingers which hold it? So the *mind* or intellect can in no wise be expected to know the great Unknowable, which is its very source.

Religion, then, as distinguished from theology, and also divested of its dogmatic excrescences, is essentially a mysterious process by which the mind or intellect reaches back and loses itself in the inscrutable source, the Great Beyond.

The devout Christian or the pious Musalman, when offering prayers, holds his hands aloft, unconsciously pointing out that it is the Above, the Beyond, the Incomprehensible, which he is striving to approach. The Hindu, when immersed in Bhakti, or lost in Samadhi, gets his eyes naturally shut, which clearly indicates that it is the Within, the Invisible, the Beyond, in which his mind or intellect is being merged.

Not "a religion" but "the religion," which is the soul of Islam, Hinduism or Christianity is, strictly speaking, that indescribable realisation of the Unknowable, where all distinctions of caste, colour and creed, all dogmas and theories, the body and mind, time, space and causality, together with all that is contained therein, this world and all other imaginable worlds, are washed clean off into *what* no words can reach. Is it mystifying? Not at all.

Let any person of real religious experience refer to his moments of what is called communion and assert whether any idea of God, not to say of himself or the world, subsists there? In true realisation there is no *meum* or *teum*, no trace of subject and object.

Any systematic attempt leading to the goal above pointed out is *religious*.

It may be asked, what is the need of aiming at such a mystical end? Before answering this question, let us examine in what way the chief ideals and objects of attraction for man—knowledge, heroism, love and pleasure—are commonly reached.

(1) 'Knowledge is commonly understood to be the amount of information acquired through outside means such as books or teachers ; and a man is taken to be of scholarly attainments if he has stuffed his brains with learned classics that have had their day. It is true that the achievements of the past should not be discarded and are worth a careful study ; but true *education* (e, out *duco*, I draw) begins only when a man turns from all external aids to the Infinity within and becomes, as it were, a natural source of original knowledge or a spring of grand new ideas. Newton and other apostles of truth pour forth useful discoveries—who taught them ? From what books did they learn all that which superseded all foregone researches ? Certainly, the education of the benefactors of mankind consisted in unconsciously approaching that Real Self by which alone all that is unheard of is heard, all unknown is known, all unthought of is thought. Light shines out through one when his mind is concentrated, that is, when a man loses his little self, when his body, mind, etc., disappear to him, as it were, and a state is reached where the world, the ego and everything is merged in the Great Unknowable ; it is then and then alone that truths descend in showers, discoveries crop up, knowledge begins to flow, and the secrets of Nature are unfolded. Thus all truths, discoveries, inventions, designs, theories and the like are the natural outcome of a kind of transcendental *yoga or religion* as above defined. The poet being once in that super-conscious state,

sublime thoughts and noble ideas, must proceed from him. The mathematician or philosopher has simply to abandon his (apparent) self, and wonderful solutions of the most intricate problems must occur to him. After a problem is solved or a discovery made, the apparent "I" wants to get the credit for it, but this copyrighting or patenting "I," so long as it was making its existence felt, no discovery could be made; it was only when the "I" renounced itself and the idea of religion, as above defined, was realised, that success and knowledge began to well out.

(2) Let us watch a hero in the battle-field. He is mad with super-abundance of power, thousands count nothing to him, his own body has no appearance of reality to him. He is no longer the body or mind and the world is no more existent, the spirits are up, and every hair of his body is thundering out his immersion in the Great Beyond which lies at the back of the body, mind and the whole world. Thus, to the spectators, indomitable courage and heroic power are like a lightning flash of the Unknowable into the phenomenal world; but, in regard to the subject itself, undaunted bravery is unconsciously no more than religion, that is, absorption in the Power behind the scenes.

(3) How beloved is the word *love*? Everybody must have a lover, as the saying goes. To the pure Hindu, in most instances, love (*bhakti*) is the only desideratum. There are some noble souls who would

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gladly sacrifice any thing and everything for the sake of divine love. Let us try to discover the fountain-head of love.

The ideal *bhaktas*, like Chaitanya, Mahoprobhu or Bunyan are distinguished for their unusual trance or raptures of prayers; and it goes without saying that divine love raised in intensity to such a pitch means transcending all ideas of shame, conformity to the world and exemption from the bondage of little self. Even those who have been blessed with an experience of love directed towards lower objects, will testify to the apparent paradox that highest love transcends the idea of beloved and lover. Thus undeniably is *love* identical with *religion* in the above sense.

(4) The very word ecstasy (e, out and so, stand) shows that *happiness*, no matter under what conditions or circumstances experienced, is nothing different from standing, so to say, outside the body, mind and the world. Referring to one's own experience any person can see the oneness of happiness with *freedom*, though temporary, from all duality. The longed-for object and the wooing subject welding into one, constitute joy. Thus manifestly the very nature of happiness is *religion*. These observations clearly prove that all the noble and desirable ends of life are reached only when the intellect and along with it the whole of the objective world melt into the Unknowable Beyond. But this is getting

a dip into the Universal Essence just as one consults a dictionary or as a diver plunges into the ocean and with pearls comes out shortly.

Sensuous pleasures, in their essence, are strictly speaking *religion*, but the mode of realising religion involved in them may be compared to getting a peep into the Durbar through the grating of a dirty gutter. They resemble a flash of lightning which, though identical in its nature with broad-light, does far more harm than good. Or, more appropriately, they are the stealing of fire from Heaven-like Prometheus.

It is not possible to enter the Blissful Durbar by a lawful portal ? Cannot the midnight lightning flash be made continuous to become everlasting bright day? In an instinctive desire of that nature lies the necessity of religion in its ordinary sense. Strenuous struggle to that effect is worth while, and those who pooh-pooh the importance of religion are, despite themselves, engaged in suicidal efforts.

All attempts of Philosophy or Science to pry into the Ineffable are foiled helplessly. Time, space and causality, contemplated either from the subjective or objective point of view, defy all efforts to discover their nature. The ultimate nature of matter, motion, force or energy presents insurmountable difficulties to the enquiring mind. Atomic theory is beset with contradictions ; Borroovich's theory of Centres of Force, in the long run, fares no better. All the dogmatic theologies of the world have more or less of

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superstition stamped on their face. One system of philosophy explodes the other ; the latter, in its turn, spares no pain to return the compliment. From this, it is apparent that the interior of Nature will, for ever, remain a mystery to the mind and that it is not given to human intellect to sound the depths of cosmos.

Then, should we give up all search into the Underlying Absolute, as a forlorn hope ? Shall we devote our energy and power exclusively to practical discoveries and inventions, like railways, telegraphs and gunpowder ? Even such toys bring no peace or rest. The very thirst for more and more that indispensably accompanies every new possession emphatically declares the vanity of earthly ambitions.

These considerations land us in utter despair. Despair not, say the Upanishads. The deep hope for rest is not to be frustrated.

However obstinately we may shut our eyes to the Reality, in moments of happy isolation, the query forces itself on us, " Whence emanates all this phenomenon ? Why am I ? What do the earth and sky signify ? "

The Veda says this ingrained question must necessarily find its solution, though not through philosophy, science or earthly love. The question itself being included in the *anirvachniya maya* (insoluble riddle of the whole world) forms a part of the indescribable mystery it wants to unravel. As an eagle

cannot outsoar the atmosphere in which he floats, so thought cannot transcend the sphere of limitation. So long as the questioner and the object questioned about remain, the prison walls of *maya* are there, and there can be no rising above the Appearances. The goal can be reached by special culture, and when reached, must dissolve altogether the question as well as the answer. Vedant aims at this goal independently of the enslaving process connected with ordinary pleasures, ecstasy, love and the like. Being lost in such vision, one is the Brahman itself, unknowable to the mind or intellect. A man who gets even a glimpse of such realisation stands above fear and anxiety. Unshakable strength of character is the necessary outcome of this realisation of religion.

Hence the desirability of Religion.

PROPOSED PRINCIPLES FOR SADHARAN DHARMA SABHA

1. Sadharan Dharma (Common Path) implies the path of conduct adopted to the dictates of Science, the injunctions of true Vedant and needs of the day. As it goes hand by hand with advancing science and moves with the Present, it is dynamical and not static.

II. The Common Path (Sadharan Dharma) is open to people of any creed or no creed. Those who profess other faiths need not disclaim when they adopt Sadharan Dharma.

III. Sadharan Dharma aims not to establish uniformity but unity in *variety* throughout the different cults and sects of India, and by and by of the whole world. Its object is, as far as possible, to make the followers of each class more united to each other and to secure sounder co-operation between different classes or to minimize individual jealousy by endeavouring to make each individual class or nation excel in his or its own special work.

IV. The Common Path aims to bring about fellow-feeling and kinship between India and other countries of the world by opening inter-communication through Sadharan Dharma missionaries.

V. For every follower of Sadharan Dharma, physical culture is as important as study and spiritual meditation.

VI. Sadharan Dharma proposes to supplement to some extent the work of State Universities and to impart character-building education to those who come as students. Research work in Biology and other experimental sciences will be enhanced in addition to arranging for regular lectures on ancient and modern Philosophy. No pains will be spared to popularise science and promote original thinking.

HINDUISM, ANCIENT AND MODERN

Everything in this world moves rhythmically and the law of periodicity governs all phenomena. In accord with this law should move even the sun or star of prosperity. There was a time when the sun of wisdom and wealth shone at the zenith of glory in India. As seen through the eyes of history, this luminary, like other heavenly bodies, began gradually to march westward and westward. It passed Persia, Assyria, and further west. Egypt saw it shining over head. Next came the turn for Greece. After that Rome enjoyed the noon of glory. Then Germany, France and Spain were duly waked up by the Light.

At last England began to receive the dazzling splendour of the sun of prosperity. Westward ho ! travels the sun and brings America to the high swing of fortune. In the United States the light spread in the usual course travelling from New York (or "the East") westward and westward till it reached California (or "the West.") When it was day in India, nobody knew America. Now that it is day in America, the night of poverty and pain is hovering over India. But, now the sun seems already crossing over the Pacific Ocean, and Japan bids fair to be among foremost powers of the world, and if the laws of Nature are to be trusted, the sun of wealth and wisdom must complete his revolution and shine once more on India with redoubled splendour. Amen !

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Reviewing the past history of India we find, as in the case of any other country, an ultimate internal cause of India's night to be no other than Exclusivism. "How glorious is the broad daylight in this room (India) ! Oh ! it is mine—mine ! Let it belong to me alone." So saying, we practically pulled down the curtains, the doors closed and the windows ; and in the very attempt to monopolize the light of Ind created darkness. God is no respecter of persons, nor is fortune geographical. We ceased to incorporate in our lives the divine truth of Oneness, feeling (*Tattvam Asi*) ; we were divided and weakened. The great wrong which the leaders of the nation committed was to lay more stress on their (self-seeking rights than on their self-denying) duties to their children—the lower classes. Be that as it may, be the very necessity of situation, the matters are taking a most hopeful turn. Those who sleep well wake well. India has slept long enough. Most surely, though slowly, the lethargy is breaking ; and most surely though slowly, conservatism is playing liberal to adapt itself to the altered conditions.

The principle of progress demands differentiations of form and function, but integration of spirit and feeling. The Hindu caste system was due to the national advancement expressing itself beautifully in organised division of labour and occupation and the union of spirit and heart. But, in course of time, the form came to be exalted above the spirit, the national order was reserved ; evolution gave room to dissolution

and there we had division of love (spirit) and mixing up of labour (occupation.) Members of one caste often took up the occupations of other castes, and yet the ancient caste feelings kept the hearts even more estranged than before. The abnormal development of skin-consciousness (caste prejudices) buried the real Self (Atman, God) under a heap of transitory names, forms and limitations. The *Sruti* (Vedic wisdom concerning the eternal self) was practically made a dead-letter, and *Smriti* (Law Codes dealing with the ancient custom and affairs) was made the tyrant's staff, the letter dominated over the spirit. Some one says, "Grammar is the grave of language." Yes try to save the grammar, keep it invariable, and thereby, the language will be dead. Just so the rigidity of laws, customs and *Karmakand* sap the vitality of a nation. Up to a time the laws and rules are helpful like the husk for the protection and preservation of the seed, but if not changed after a while, they become the choking prison impeding all growth. Bear in mind, dear people, the laws and *Smritis* are for you, you are not for the laws and *Smritis*. Spread universally the teachings of eternal *Sruti*, but adapt your *Smritis* to the needs of the day. Let the heritance of *Smritis* belong to you and not you to the heritance. The rivers have changed their bed in India, the snow-lines are shifted, the forests are replaced by cultivated fields, the face of the country is altered, government changed, language changed, colour of the inhabitants changed; yet in this

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inconstant, transient world ye seek to perpetuate the rules and customs of the past which is no more. Sad, indeed, is the state of one who is all the time looking behind while he wants to walk forwards. Such an one must stumble at every step.

Life evolves on the principles of heredity and adaptation. The laws of heredity reigns supreme in the lower kingdoms. It is the predominance of the principle of adaptation or education that distinguishes man from the animal and the plants. The pretty little baby is just as unintelligent and silly as the infant puppy; nay, the puppy or polly is often more intelligent than the little Adam. But the difference lies in this, that, whereas, the little dog or the parrot has at the time of birth inherited almost all it required for its perfection, the child will or can, through adaptation and education, bring the whole world under his sway.

My beloved Hindus! By aversion to change or adaptation, laying too much emphasis on the old customs and heredity, pray, degrade not yourselves below the level of man.

You live in time as well as in space. You are descended from the ancient Rishis of India, but you live not in their age now, do you? Steam-engine, steam-ship, telegraph &c., are at you; you can no longer shut yourselves off from the present world; your struggle is with the twentieth century scientists and workmen of Europe and America; you cannot escape it, and if you please observe carefully, you will

see that you cannot survive except by making yourselves fit to live in the altered environments of this age. If you are not willing and ready to assimilate the New Light, which is also the old, old light of your own land, go and live in *Pitri-loka* with the forefathers. Why tarry here! Good bye!

Rama does not mean that you should be denationalized. A plant assimilates the outside air, water manure and earth : but does it, by that, turn into the air or water or the earth? No, similarly should you by absorbing and digesting the outside materials develop and flourish, with the original life of *Santi*, still beating in your breast and bosom.

The object of education should be to enable us to utilize the resources of the country. Proper education should enable the people to make the land more fertile, the mines more productive, the trade more flourishing, the bodies more active, the minds more original, the hearts more pure, the industries more varied, and the nation more united. The capability of quoting big long texts to show off our learning nonsensical hair splitting, to torture the sense of passages and ancient scriptures, the study of subjects which we never have to use in life is not education. The taking in of knowledge which we cannot give out in practice, is spiritual constipation, or mental dyspepsia.

It is a matter for satisfaction that, in spite of all surface discouragements and bitter but lifeless opposition steadily and surely, the Hindus are acquir-

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ring proper education showing necessary adaptation ; the social laws of past ages are becoming less stringent, and the caste system is resuming its more natural proportions. Instead of being scared by Western Science, the Hindus to-day welcome her as the greatest ally to their own Brahma Vidya (Sruti.)

As to Hindu marriage, the different communities, often headed by the most orthodox and learned Pandits, are enacting social laws to increase the age of marriage, and now and then suitable inter-marriages are also tolerated.

Apparently the question of food has gained such undue dimension amongst the Hindus that some have nicknamed our religion as no more than 'kitchen-religion.' But, in spite of all our fuss, our energy on the point has been misdirected and dreadfully wasted. We never examined scientifically what to eat and how to eat. As you eat, so will your acts and thought be. You cannot get out of a machine what is not put into it. It is silly to expect muscular or brain work from persons who never took any food for the muscles or the brain. From vegetables, grains and fruits we could easily make a proper selection to supply us with the necessary amount of nitrates and phosphates to keep up high mental and physical activity. Is it not a pity that we prize ghee so much which contains not a particle of food for brain and muscle, and we despise barley, such an excellent food, for students ? Proper condiments and medicines undermine the system, prevent our

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natural tastes, invite all sorts of weakness, disease and death. Carbonates, like butter, sugar and starch, which serve only as fuel to the lungs and supply no nutrition for the muscle or the brain, are valued out of all proportion ; the consequence is that lethargy, drowsiness and exhaustion become inevitable. Let Gnamam (Science Knowledge) guide our eating (Annam) !

The Sadhus of India are a unique phenomena peculiar to this country. As green mantel gathers over-standing water, so have Sadhus collected over India, full fifty-two lakhs by this time. Some of them are, indeed, beautiful lotuses—the glory of the lake !

But the vast majority are unhealthy scum. Let the water begin to flow, let there be marching life in the people, the scum will soon be carried off. Sadhus were the natural outcome of the past dark ages of Indian History. But now-a-days the general spirit of reform, inasmuch as it is changing the feelings and tastes of the householders, is affecting also the Sadhu. There are springing up Sadhus who, instead of remaining as suckers and parasites to the tree of Nationality, are anxious to make of their body and mind humble manure for the tree, if nothing more.

The sense of dignity of labour, the religion of unselfish activity, so long orally repeated by millions of the Gita students, is at last being more or less realized in practice in the land of Krishna.

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“ And live in action ! Labour ;
Make thine acts thy piety ;
Casting all self aside ;
Condemning gain and merit ;
Equable in good or evil
Equability is Yoga, is piety. ”

Deep devotion and keen discrimination is observable among some of the laity as well as the Sadhus. And anyone who is duly acquainted with the external, ancient and modern situation of India, can see without difficulty what the future religion of educated India must be.

PRACTICAL VEDANTA ; OR

Renunciation—through Love—in Action.

True action is not separable from true love, and true wisdom. The religion of Sruti (Practical Vedanta) makes every act, feeling and thought of your life a *yajna*, an offering to the devas.

Deva in the Vedantic language means this Power giving life and light to the different faculties ; and the deva or devata of a faculty, indriya or sense, implies that faculty, indriya or sense taken cosmically. (Cf. Adhiatmik and Adhi-daivik.) The devata of chakshu (or sight) is the sight of all beings, called Aditya, and only symbolized by the material sun or the world's, eye. The devata of hands is the power in all hands and is named Indra. The devata of feet is the power in all feet styled Vishnu, and so on.

Thus true *yajna* or sacrifice to the *devas* means offering or dedicating my *individual* faculties and senses to the corresponding cosmic powers. Offering to Indra would mean working for the good of all hands in the land. Offering to Aditya would mean realizing the presence of God in All Eyes; honouring and respecting All Eyes; not offending one's eyes by unworthy conduct; presenting smiles, blessing, love and kindness to whatever eyes may turn upon you; and offering your eyes to the All Sight with such a devotion that the egoistic claim being entirely given up, the All Light Himself may shine through your eyes. Sacrifice to Brihaspati is dedicating my intellects (thoughts) to all the intellect in the land or thinking for the good of the land as if myself were none else than my countrymen, merging my interests in that of the people and exulting in their joy.

In short, *yajna* implies realizing in active practice my neighbour to be my own Self, feeling myself as identical with all, losing my little self in the self of all. This is crucifixion of the selfish-selfishness and this is resurrection of the All Self. One aspect of it is usually styled *Bhakti* and other is called *Gnana*.

O All (Om!)—

Take my life and let it be
Humbly offered, All, to Thee.
Take my hands and let them be
Working, serving Thee, yea! Thee
Take my heart and let it be
Full saturated Lord, with Thee.

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- Take my eyes and let them be
Intoxicated, God, with Thee.
- Take this mind let it be
- All day long a shrine for Thee.

This dedication being thoroughly accomplished, one realizes the blissful significance of *Tattvam Asi* ("That Thou Art".)

Do you wish to be a patriot ? 'Tune yourself in love with your country and the people. Feel your unity with them. Let not even the shadow of your present personality be the thin glass partition between you and your people. Be a genuine spiritual soldier laying down your personal life in the interests of the land. Abnegating the little ego and having thus become whole of the country, feel anything, your country will feel with you ; march, your country will follow. Feel health, your people will be healthy. Your strength will begin to pulsate in their nerves. Let me feel I am India—the whole of India. The land of India is my own body, the Comorin is my feet, the Himalayas my head. From my hair flows the Ganges, from head come the Brahmaputra and the Indus. The Vindhya-chals are girt round my loins. The Coromandel is my right and the Malabar my left leg. I am the whole of India, and its east and west are my arms, and I spread them in a straight line to embrace humanity. I am universal in my love. Ah ! such is the posture of my body. It is standing and gazing at infinite space ; but my inner spirit is

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the soul of all. When I walk, I feel it is India walking ; when I speak, I feel it is India speaking. When I breathe, I feel it is India breathing. I am India, I am Shankara, I am Shiva. This is the highest realization of patriotism, and this is Practical Vedanta.

Peace like a river flows to me
Peace as an Ocean rolls in me,
Peace like the Ganges flows—
It flows from all my hair and toes
Through the arched door
Of eyebrows I pour
And sit in the heaven of heart
There well do I ride
In glory, and guide,
And no one can leave me and part,
Merry wedlock, union,
On earth or in heaven,
Is a dim foreshadowing symbol
Of my perfect embrace
Of the whole human race
And my clasp so firm and nimble.
As the golden lance
Of the sun's sharp glance
I pierce the hearts of flowers.
As the silvery ray
Of the full moon gay
I hook up the sea to my bowers
O Lightning ! O Light !
O thought, quick and bright !

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Come, let us run a race.
Avaunt ! Avaunt ! Fly ! Fly !
But you can't
With me even keep pace,
O Earth and Waters,
My sons and daughters ;
O Flora and Fauna !
All limitations flinging
Break forth into singing
Hosanna ! Hosanna !
Om !

EXPANSION OF SELF

Lecture by Swami Ram in Academy Science's Hall.

My own Self in the form of Ladies and Gentlemen :—

To-night we are going to hear something on the **EXPANSION OF SELF** ; you might say on the degrees of life, the grades of spiritual advancement, or you might call the subject the degrees in the refinement of selfishness. Perhaps the conclusion will be startling to some.

The diagram that you see before you consists of a straight line and circles. You will say, what is the use of these ? What have circles to do with the unfoldment of Self ? Some are saying in their heart: These are not circles, they are very crooked, they are rather ellipses ; but these circles are to denote classes of life which are not exactly circular, which are crooked and elliptical, so to say, and that justifies the imperfection of the circles ; they exactly represent in their deviation and in their imperfection what they have to indicate.

Before beginning with what life is, and the degrees of life, we shall have to say a few words about these circles.

Here is the minutest circle, a very small speck. It ought to have been made smaller than that even, but fearing that if it were smaller it could not be seen, it is drawn large enough to be visible. There we have beyond this a second circle, larger than the minute baby-circle, and outside that a third one, and then there is the fourth one. One peculiarity of them is that as the circle goes on expanding, enlarging, the centre of the circle goes on receding from the starting point A, on the straight line, which is a common tangent to all the circles. The centre recedes, the radius increases, and the circle enlarges. If the centre of the circle is very near to the starting point A, and it is made nearer and nearer still until it coincides with the starting point, the circle becomes a point. Thus a point is the limiting position of a circle, of which the centre has come extremely near to the starting point ; and when the centre goes on receding from the starting point, the radius goes on increasing and increasing until the radius becomes infinite : or the centre moves up to infinity, then the circle becomes a straight line. Thus a straight line is the limiting position of a circle, of which the centre moves up to infinity, or of which the radius is infinite.

Another peculiarity we notice is that the greater the circle, the nearer does it come to the tangent straight line ; and its curvature goes on decreasing as the circle goes on increasing. Thus we mark that the larger circle with centre D is at the point. A very much more like the straight line than the

internal circle with centre C is, and then this internal circle is more like a straight line than the circle with centre B, which falls within it. This is why the earth, although really spherical, appears flat when you look at any part of it, the sectional circles of the earth being infinitely large for the naked eye. This will do for the circles.

Life! What is the characteristic feature of life? What is it that distinguishes life from inanimation or want of life? It is Motion, Energy or Activity. This is the popular way of looking at the question. The definitions of life given by science can also be summed up in this definition. A living man can move forth, walk about, do all sorts of things; a dead mummy cannot manifest these energies or this motion, these movements which the living man displays; a dead animal cannot move about; the living animal walks, runs, does all sorts of things. The dead plant cannot grow; it is devoid of motion, devoid of activity entirely. A living plant grows, exhibits motion.

We see again that there are generally made four distinctions in the degrees of life, or this world is divided into four principal kingdoms: the mineral, the vegetable, the animal kingdoms and man. In this we see that man exhibits, manifests more energy, more motion, a higher kind of movement than animals do. Animals can simply walk about, run or ascend mountains, but man does all these things, and much more. He does many other things. He

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displays or shows motion, energy to a higher degree. By means of telescopes he can reach the stars. Animals cannot do that. Man can control the animals. He annihilates time and space by means of steam and electricity. He acquires rapidity unknown to animals. He can send messages instantaneously to any part of the world. 'This is man's motion, man's energy, manifestation of power in the world. Animals fall short of man in manifesting or exhibiting energy, and we see that animals are lower down in the scale of life than man is.

Again, compare the vegetable kingdom with the animal kingdom. Vegetables also grow. They move, but their motion is only in one dimension, they can move up in one line, they cannot move from this place to that, they are fixed to one spot. They send forth their branches in all directions and strike their roots very deep ; but the manifestation or display of energy in the case of vegetables is far inferior to what it is in the animal kingdom, and there we see vegetables are lower down in the scale of life than animals. Minerals have no life in them. Indeed, if we define life in the same way as biologists do, then they have no life. But if we mark the grades of life by the revelation and manifestation of energy, we might say that minerals also do manifest a kind of motion ; they also do undergo a change ; change is indispensable for them too. Thus they also have very small traces of life in them, but their life is very insignificant, being at the bottom of the

scale, because the activity, motion, the energy betrayed by them is insignificant, is infinitesimal. Thus it is clear that life which is characterized by motion is graded in accordance with the degrees of motion or energy.

Now, then, in Nature, the plan is that there should be nothing new under the sun. We mark that, despite this apparent variety, in spite of all this outward multiformity, Nature or the Universe is very poor. The same law which governs the trickling down of a tear from the lover's eye also governs the revolutions of suns and stars. From the minutest atom to the remotest star we find the same simple laws, which might be counted on the fingers, controlling and governing everything. Nature repeats itself over and over again. This Universe might be compared to a screw or spiral, of which every thread is of the same fashion, or it might be compared to an onion. Take one sheath out and we have another sheath of the same kind ; then take that out and we find another of the same kind ; peel that off and you have another sheath of the same pattern. In just the same way, what we have in the whole year we have on a miniature scale within every twenty-four hours. The morning time might be compared to the spring season. The noon might be compared to the summer season. The afternoon and the evening might well be compared with the autumn, and the night might be compared to winter. Here we have in twenty-fours hours the whole year reproduced on a

miniature scale. Man, in embryo, repeats with marvellous rapidity all the past experience of life-forms which it inhabited before assuming the human figure. The shapes of fish, dog, monkey, etc., are all, one after the other, assumed by the foetus in the ovum, before reaching the form of man-child. Thus, in accordance with the usual plan of evolution, according to the general law which governs the whole world, we want to find out if in the body or form of man there be practically the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms reproduced.

In the form of man are there not people who are, as it were, minerals ? In the form of man are there not persons who are in the stage of the vegetable kingdom, and are there not people in the shape of man who are in the state of the animal kingdom ?

In the shape of man let us see if there be men who are really men, and in the form of man let us see if there be men who are gods

, we shall take up the moral and spiritual minerals. The mineral kingdom manifests no motion apparently ; it exhibits no energy outwardly, but, nevertheless, it has some kind of energy, some kind of activity, some kind of motion, because we see minerals undergo change, there is disintegration and development even in minerals. They crystallize and grow. This earth, which we look upon as stable, when compared with the sea, this solid-seeming earth, rises, falls, undergoes undulations, changes. Thus

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minerals also have some kind of motion in them, though exceedingly unnoticeable.

Now who are those in the shape of man that have only the same kind of motion as minerals? In other words, who have the same kind of motion as a child's spindle or a top has. A spindle or top turns, goes round and round, it moves, and when it is revolving vehemently the children come up and clap their hands and rejoice, saying, "It is stationary! It is stationary! It does not move! It does not move! This is self-centred motion." Motion we have, revolving motion, but the centre of revolution lies within the body, and even when the motion is most violent, seemingly there is no motion at all. We might compare the life-motion of the minerals to the motion of a spindle or top, and represent it on the blackboard by the smallest circle, the pointcircle.

You know all motion in this world is in circles, no motion in a straight line; all science proves that. For this reason we will make use of circles to represent the manifestations of motion. In mathematics motion is represented by lines; in the present case, circular lines will best serve the purpose.

So we have mineral life possessed of a motion comparable to spindle-motion, and which can be best represented in the figure before you by this minutest circle, which might be called a point. Who are those among men whose motion is like the motion of a top, whose circle or orbit of movement is simply a point, whose

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life is the life of minerals ? Just reflect. Evidently these are men all of whose actions are centred around a little point, a false self, the little quarantine of a body, three and a half cubits long. They are selfish in the lowest sense of the word. These are people whose actions are directed towards sensuous enjoyment. These people work in different lines, do all sorts of labour, but the object is simply to seek debasing pleasures. These are people who care not if their wife and children starve; they care not whether their neighbours perish or live ; at all costs they must drink, they must make merry, they must obey the dictates of the lower nature. Their demoralizing needs must be satisfied, even if it be at the sacrifice of the interests of their family and community. Let the wife and children starve, they care not, if only their cravings of the flesh are gratified. The centre of all their movements, the focus around which they turn, the sun around which they revolve, the centre of their orbit is simply the little body. Their activity or motion is dead motion. This is the mineral life in man. We have had in the history of the world very beautiful and precious minerals in the shape of man. You know diamonds also belong to the mineral kingdom; rubies, pearls, jewels and all sorts of precious stones also belong to the same kingdom.

There was a time in the history of Rome when we had Nero, Tiberius and other Cæsars to mention whose name is to contaminate your ears. We have had mighty rulers, emperors, very precious minerals,

but minerals only, not men. What would you think of these emperors, emperors of the whole world that was known to them, and yet caring not a straw for the interest of their state, who took no thought about their relatives and friends but who must satisfy their animal passions, no matter what happened to their queens, subjects and friends? You have heard about them, about the crimes they committed. There was one of them who fell a victim to the passion of eating delicious things the whole day long. When he partook of a most delicious dish he ate and ate till nature rebelled. By the help of medicines everything was vomited, and when the stomach was relieved he would return to the table again. This process was repeated over and over again in a single day. One of them burned the capital of the world to gratify his desire of seeing a big conflagration. What do you think of this? These were precious jewels, diamonds, no doubt, but not men. These are minerals in the kingdom of man.

We come now to the state of vegetables in the form of man. Their circle is larger than the grossly selfish little circle of the mineral man. Their circle is larger and these people are much higher than the mineral men, their activity might be compared to the motion of a race-horse. The race-horse describes a larger circle than the spindle or top does. Their circle is represented in the diagram by the second circle, of which the centre is B. Who are these people? These people do not pursue their work

simply to satisfy the taste of the flesh at the expense of everybody else's interest. They take into consideration the good of some other associates. These are people who turn round their wife and children, the domestic circle. They are far superior to the selfish mineral men, because these people not only advance the good of their own body, but they advance also the cause of their wife and children. The second circle includes many smaller circles, so do these people advance the good many little elves beside their own little self, but should they be called unselfish? No, no; only in the case of these people the self is only expanded a little. In the case of the mineral men the self was limited to this little body, and in the case of these people the self is practically identified with the domestic circle, their wife and children. That is also selfishness, but selfishness refined a little. They are very good people so far as they go, but just look at this second circle which represents them. It is concave toward all outside of it. What is concavity? Concavity is folding and clasping in the arms of love. Let us with our stretched arms form a circle; this is concavity. This circle is concave for the members of our family, it is turned toward all the points that it embraces, but it turns its back to the whole universe without it.

These people are very good so far as they go, so far as their concavity or extended arms go: but they turn their back to the whole universe. The selfishness of these people moving in the second circle of

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vegetable-man becomes evident when the interests of one family clash with the interests of any other family, and then there is strife and discord wrought by them between all the members of one family and all the members of another family.

Next we come to the third circle. These are animal-men, animals in the form of man. This third circle, represented in the figure with the centre C, is larger than the preceding two. It might be compared to the circle described by monsoons, or trade winds. It represents people who have identified their self with something higher than this little body or the domestic circle. These people identify their self with their class or sect or their state. Sectarians, people who identify their self with a caste or craft. They are very good, very useful indeed. far more useful than vegetable-men are, the centre is beyond the little body. It is at a much higher, wider expanse than the centre of the vegetable-man. The radius of revolution in their case is longer. Welcome are these people. You see their usefulness extends to many families and individuals. They are useful to the people they embrace within the arms of love. They are useful to the people to whom their attitude is that of concavity. These people advance the good not only of their little body and not only of one house or family, but they advance the good of the whole class or sect with which they have identified their self; they are very useful. Are they also selfish? Why, yes; they also are, they seek to

benefit their own self which is identified with their sect, at the cost of other sects or castes. If you want to see the shortcomings in them you will have simply to mark their attitude towards all the points outside of their circle. They turn their back to all that is without. When they crystallize and stereotype their sectarianism, woe unto them that do not accept their version of truth. Here is one class and there is another class, another circle of the same kind. These being turned against each other, all the individuals belonging to the first class are at war and daggers drawn with all the individuals represented by the second class. Look here, if they do good to some, they do as much mischief, if not more, by declaring war upon all other communities and rival sects. One whole sect quarrelling and fighting with a whole sect on the other side. How much discontent is engendered by that? Still these people are far more preferable than the people who are only vegetable-men.

The Law of Nature is that you should not stand still in any position: you should go on: march on and on. Be not subject to inertia or averse to change and progress. When people are in the state of the mineral-man the next higher state would be that of the vegetable-man and for the people who are in the vegetable kingdom, so to say, the next higher state will be that of the animal-man. If a person while advancing upwards and making onward progress passes through the state of the animal-man, it is well and good. There is nothing harmful or detrimental

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for a man in passing through the state of the animal kingdom: it is all right. Things go wrong, everything becomes confused and all produces mischief when we want to stand still and stop at one place and refuse to make further progress by selling our liberty to this or that dogma or creed. It is natural for every body to pass through that stage at one time or another, but it becomes wrong for him to stick to it and endeavour to perpetuate it. It becomes wrong and a cause of mischief when he becomes a slave of that particular name and gives rigidity to his position. When the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were being destroyed, Lot's wife turned back. She was leaving the city, but she turned her face back; she wanted to remain in the city; her heart was there and she wanted to go back. And there on the spot she was converted into a pillar of salt. Just so with the people who keep making upward progress and who keep moving away from their previous situation, who refuse not to make advancement; it is well and good for them, but the very moment that they want to turn back and refuse to make onward progress and sell themselves to names and forms that very moment they change themselves into pillars of salt. Stagnation or fanaticism comes in. Stagnation or fanaticism becomes the cause of misery. These may be good men, animal-men, but you must make progress, must go on.

We come now to the fourth circle, the circle represented on the board with centre D. Here is man

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in man. Here is a normal man. His circle might be compared to the circle of the moon. The moon describes a circle around the earth, it is more elliptical than circular. The moon-man, who is he? A very large orbit he describes : happy is he, perhaps. He is a man who identifies his self with the whole nation or the whole race : you might call him the patriot. A very large circle is his ; he cares not whether those for whom he works belong to this creed or that irrespective of denomination, caste, color or creed, he makes it a point to advance the cause of all those who live in the same land with him. Very welcome is he : he is very good : a man he is, but that is all. You see, the moon brings about revolutions also in the sea, brings about tides, ebb-tides and flood-tides. Besides, lunatics, you know, are also said to be moon-stricken. This is a good circle, no doubt, the moon-circle, but just see when moon-men stereotype their position, when these people become selfish and their selfishness is crystallized, the selfishness in their case meaning patriotism when it is given rigidity ; when it is crystallized, what results ? It brings revolutions and lunacy. It sets one nation against another nation, and there we have bloodshed and warfare, thousands—nay, sometimes millions upon millions—of beings shedding, spilling and drinking blood and making the fairy face of this beautiful earth blush with slaughter, blush red with blood. They are very good for those whom they embrace, to whom they are concave, but just mark their attitude

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toward those against whom they are convex. Washington is all right to Americans, but ask the opinion of Englishmen about him. The English patriots are very good so far as what they call their own country is concerned, but just look at them with reference to those people whose life-blood is being sucked by their patriotism.

Last of all, we come to the fifth circle. Here the centre moves up to infinity, say; the radius becomes infinite, and what about the circle? When the radius moves up to infinity the circle must become a straight line: all the crookedness is gone; the straight line passes through the whole space equally, fairly: it is concave to none; it is convex to none. The circle becomes a right line, a straight line it becomes. All crookedness is gone. All curvature vanished. These are God-men: their circle might be compared to the circle which the sun is describing. You know that the sun moves in a straight line: the radius of the circle is infinite. The sun is all glory. Here is a circle of which the centre is everywhere, but the circumference is nowhere. This is the God-circle; these are freemen: these are free—free from all sorrow: free from all fear: free from all bodily desires: free from all selfishness. Are they selfish? Up to this we had selfishness. Have we no selfishness in this straight line? The straight line is a straight line—no enslaving point can we see anywhere. It passes through space, no selfish little

centre round which it may turn, nothing to turn it round. Here is selfishness destroyed ; or, you might say, here is Self gained. You see, we began with the point-circle, gross selfishness, and here is that little point enlarged, increased and expanded till it has become a straight line. These are 'God-men. These are people to whom the wide world is the home, irrespective of caste, color, creed, community or country. Be you an Englishman, be you an American, be you a Mahomedan, a Buddhist or a Hindu, or whatever you may be, you are Ram's self. You are the Self of Self to him. Here is selfishness marvellously increased, here is a strange kind of selfishness. The wide world is myself : the universe is the self of this man : the wide world, the lowest creature, minerals, vegetables, the self of all these becomes the self of this man.

A man who had reached this state of perfect freedom to him came a disciple who sat at his feet for a year or so. When the disciple was going to leave the Master, he began to bow down at the feet of the Master, to kneel down before him, as the custom in India is. The Master, smiling, raised him and said : " Dear, you have not got all that you could learn. You lack a great many things yet : stay for some while more." A few days more he stayed in the holy presence of the Master and he got more and more of inspiration. His heart was converted into God-consciousness. He was full of the Holy Ghost. He left the presence of the Master, knowing

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not whether he was the disciple or the Master himself. He went away looking upon the whole universe, the wide world, as his real self, and the whole universe being his real self, where could he, the Self, go? When the Self fills and permeates every atom, every molecule, where can it go? The idea of going and coming became meaningless to him. You can go from one place to another if you are not already at the place where you want to go. Here he found himself, he found his true Self, the God within, God everywhere, and how could he think of going and coming? The idea of going and coming became absent for him. He was in the state of self-realization. The going of body was a sort of reflex action. He was in himself; no going or coming for him. Then was the Master satisfied. Thus did the Master test him and prove him of sterling worth. The disciple paid no respects or thanks to the Master, and rested in unity to such a degree that he rose above all idea of gratitude. Then did the Master know that he had really understood his teachings. Here is the Master state, where, if you honor the man, he says you are belittling him. "I am not confined in this body; I am not this little body only—I am the wide world, I am you, and honor me in you." Here is the state of a man who sells not anything to you. Here is the state of a man to whom honor and disgrace for the body have become meaningless, both shame and fame are nothing.

There came a man, a Prince, to a monk in India, and he prostrated himself before the monk. The

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monk asked him as to the cause of this homage that the Prince was paying to him. The Prince said: "Oh, sir; oh, holy sir, you are a monk, and you have adopted this order by giving up your kingdom which you ruled at one time. You are a great man of renunciation, and so I look upon you as God; I worship you." You know, in India, people are not honored so much for the riches they possess. In India they are honored for the 'degree of renunciation they display and the chief principle of honor is essentially different there from what it is here. More trust is placed in God than in the almighty dollar. The Prince was offering homage to the man of renunciation. The monk replied to the Prince: "If that is the reason why you honor me, I must wash your feet, I must kneel down before you; because, O King, you are a greater man of renunciation than all the monks in this world put together." That is very strange. How could that be? Then the monk began to explain: "Suppose here is a man who possesses a magnificent palace, and this man casts out the dust and the dirt of the house; he throws out or renounces the dust and dirt of the house. Is that man a man of renunciation?" The Prince said: "No, no; he is not." Then the monk continued: "Here is a man who treasures up the dirt and the dust of the house and gives away the whole house, the magnificent palace. What do you think of this man? The Prince said: "This man who keeps only the dirt and dust and resigns the palace,

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is a man of renunciation." Then the monk said: "Brother Prince, Prince, you are then the man of renunciation, because the real self, God the real Atman, that which is the magnificent palace, the real home, the paradise, the heaven of heavens, you have renounced, and only the dust and dirt of that palace which is this body, this little selfishness, you have retained. I have renounced nothing. I am myself the God of Gods—the Lord of the Universe."

Sometimes these people, the people who have reached the highest state of advancement, the free souls, are looked down upon by some and called crazy; but ask them if they would, for one moment, exchange the divine bliss, the supreme happiness which they derive from divine intoxication, for all the wealth and riches of this world. Not at all, not at all. These people look down upon and pity the begging spirit of the so-called wealthy who go a begging at the door of the flesh, at the door of carnal pleasures. Pleasure is within you. There you can get it; the whole treasure is within you. Then why play the part of the beggar and go about in a miserable plight, in a sad state, and behave like a pitiable atom? Come, realize your true Self, the Almighty God, and let this song burst forth from you in fulness of joy:

"I am the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning sun.

Rest here!" I whisper the atom, I call to the orb,

"Roll on!"

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“I am the blush of the morning, and I am the evening breeze :

I am the leaf's low murmurs, the swell of the terrible seas ;

The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered fears ;

The warrior, the blade that strikes him, his mother's heartwrung fear.

“The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from the throat that rise,

The flint, the sparks, the taper, the moth that about it flies.

I am intoxication, grapes, wine-press and must, and wine,

The guest, the host, the travellers, the goblet of crystal fine.

Oh, the splendour and glory of yourself makes the pomp of Emperors ridiculous.

Such a wondrous heaven you are. Existence, Knowledge and Bliss you are.

Om ! Om !! Om !!!

THE GOAL OF RELIGION.

THERE will be a regular course of lectures, to which to-night's talk may be looked upon as an introduction. "What is the Goal of Religion, and How the Hindus Try to Realize It?"

According to the Hindus, everybody is God, the most precious jewel, the whole treasure, the supreme bliss and source of all happiness in Himself. Every body is God and All in Himself. If so, how is it that people suffer? They suffer not because they do not possess the infinite joy in themselves; not because they have not the priceless jewel within themselves, but because they do not know how to unite the knot which holds it; how to open the casket which contains it. In other words, people do not know to enter their own spirits, realise their own Self. All religion is simply an attempt to unveil ourselves, to explain our Self. We have placed a curtain before the precious jewels within us, by our own hands, by our own efforts, and have made ourselves miserable poor wretches. As Emerson puts it, "Every man is God playing the fool."

All creeds are simply the efforts to strike out, to rend asunder, the veil which covers our eyes. There are some creeds which have succeeded in making the veil much thinner than other creeds, but in all creeds there are people who have the true spirit and wherever

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the true spirit comes, whether the curtain be thick or thin, it is pushed aside for the time being and a glimpse into the reality is had. It will be illustrated by this example : Here is a curtain or veil. (Here the Swami placed a handkerchief before his eyes). It is before the eyes. We can push aside the curtain and see, but the curtain comes up before the eyes again. The curtain is made thinner. (Here some of the folds of the handkerchief were taken down), and when the curtain is very thin it can be still shoved aside, but it comes up before the eyes again. It does not leave the eyes permanently. We will make it thinner still. In this state also it can be slid aside for a while, but it comes before the eyes again. When the veil is made extremely thin, even though it be not thrust aside, the veil does not stand in the way of our vision. We can see through it, and even now, as before, we can also remove it at times. When the curtain is made extremely thin, it is practically no curtain, and we enjoy supreme happiness in spite of it; we are face to face with God ; nay we are God. Nothing in this world can disturb us or mar our happiness ; nothing can stand in our way. Herein lies the advantage over other creeds of Vedant, which reduces the curtain of ignorance (Maya) to its thinnest and enables a Gnani to enjoy blissful vision even in buisness life.

The votaries of all religious creeds can at times be *enrapport* with Divinity and lift off the veil, whether thick or thin, from before their eyes for so

long as they remain in communion with the Supreme Being. A Vedantin also can do that, can throw himself into a state of happy trance ; but he enjoys a celestial vision even in the ordinary state which creeds of thicker veil do not.

All the sects in this world, as the sects in India, can be branched under three principal headings : In Sanskrit we call these 'Tassyaivaham, 'Tavaivaham, Tvamevaham. The meaning of the first, Tassyaivaham, is " I am His." This form of creed keeps the curtain in its thickest form. The second stage of religious creed is Tavaivaham, which means, " I am Thine." You will notice the difference between the first phase of creeds, or dogmas, and the second. In the first attempts in the religious direction, the devotee, the worshipper, looks upon God as away from him, invisible, and he speaks of God in the third person, as if he were absent, " I am His." This is the beginning of religion, it is like mother's milk to every child of religion. Without having once fed upon this milk, a man is incapable of making further progress in religion. " I am His." Is it not sweet when a man realizes even this perfectly ; awakes early in the morning and thinks, " My Master wakes me" ; goes to his official duties and looks upon those duties as imposed upon him by his dear, sweet Master, God ; looks upon the whole world as God's and regards his house, his relatives, his friends, as God's, as vouchsafed unto him by God. Oh, is not the world turned into a veritable heaven, is not the

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world converted into a paradise ? Let the man be sincere, let him earnestly, and with his whole heart, feel and realize that everything about him is his Master's, his God's, this body is His. When realized perfectly even this idea brings exquisite joy, indescribable happiness, supreme bliss—it is sublime. This is sweet enough when realized and put into practice, but as a creed it is only the beginning.

Compare with it the second phase of creeds, the second stage of religious life and devotion called Tavaivaham, "I am Thine." I need Thee every hour, I am Thine, Thine. The first was sweet, but this is sweeter. The first state was very dear and very lovely, but this is more lovely and more dear. Just mark the difference. The difference is illustrated by the veil having become thinner ; you know that in "I am Thine", God is no longer spoken of as in the third person ; He is no longer looked upon as absent, as behind the curtain, but comes face to face with us. He is near and dear to us, is very close to us. He comes closer to us, we become more familiar with Him. As a creed this is higher. But it often happens that people believe in this creed, and address God as very familiar to them, as very near to them, but they lack the true earnest spirit ; they lack the living faith.

Living faith being conjoined to the first state of religious development, the curtain, though very thick, is for the time being removed. While a man is feeling with his whole heart and soul—is feeling

with every drop of his blood—the idea that he is God's "I am his," as it were, being poured forth from every pore of his body; the sincerity, the earnestness, the ardour, the zeal for the time being removes the curtain from before his eyes, and he is lost, merged in God, in the All, becomes godly, he becomes God for that time. Sometimes the man who believes in the high principle, "I am Thine," lacks that true living faith and does not enjoy full well the sweets of God's presence. But living faith and earnestness can be conjoined to the second stage of religious creed as well.

The third form of creed is called *Tvamevaham*, and means "I am Thou." "I am Thou." You see how near it brings us to God. In the first form, "I am His." God is away off; in the second form, "I am thine," God is face to face with us, he has become closer to us; but in the final stage of religious development the two become one, the lover and the beloved are lost in love. Thus is Vedant realized. The moth neared and neared the light till it burned its body and became light. The word *Upanishad* (Vedant) means literally approaching so close (Upa) to the light of lights that most certainly (ni) may the moth of separating and dividing consciously be *destroyed* (shad). The true lover of God becomes one with Him, and unconsciously, spontaneously, involuntarily such expressions find utterance through his lips, "I am He." "I am He." "I am¹He." "I am Thou, Thou and I are one. I am God, I

am God. Nothing less can I be." This is the final state of religious development. That is the highest devotion. This is called the Vedant, which means the end of knowledge. Here does all knowledge find its end ; here the goal is reached. Even in this creed, where the curtain is so thin that we can see the whole reality even though the curtain is on, there are some who lack earnestness, sincerity or single-mindedness, and do not slide away the curtain entirely to taste full realization; and there are those also who, after arriving intellectually to this conviction, begin to realize the idea through feeling to such a degree that they remove the curtain and enjoy heavenly bliss—they become heaven itself. These are called liberated, even in this life, Jivanmuktas.

The refining of creed or thinning of curtain comes chiefly through intellect, and the lifting of the veil is effected through feeling. The three forms of creed have been described. Now let us see how far it is possible for men in the different creeds to shift the curtain between whiles. A few Hindu stories will serve as illustrations.

There was a girl very deeply in love, her whole being transformed into love. At one time, she fell seriously sick, and the doctors were called. The doctors said that the only way to cure her was to take out some of her blood. They applied their lancets to the flesh of her arms, but no blood came out of her body. Blood was at that time curiously enough observed gushing from the skin of her lover. What

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a wonderful union. You will call that a tradition, a false story, but it can be true. Often do those people who experience love, though of a lower degree, verify something like that in their own life. That girl had forgotten about her personality, had made herself one with her lover and the lover had merged himself in the lady's love.

Such a union with God is religion. Let my body become His body and let His Self become my Self.

In a religious book of the Hindus, Yog Vasisht, we are told of a lady who was thrown into the fire ; the people saw the fire did not burn her ; her lover was thrown in the fire, but the fire did not burn him either. How was it ? They were thrown into the river, the river did not carry them off. They were thrown from the tops of mountains and not a bone was broken. How was it ? At that time they could not give any explanation, they were beyond themselves, they were in that state where no questions could reach them. Long afterwards the reason was asked, and they said that to each of them the beloved one was all in all ; the fire was no fire, the fire appeared to that lady her lover and to the man the same fire appeared to be his beloved one. The water was no water to them ; it was all the beloved one. The stones were no stones to them ; the body was no body to them ; it was all the beloved one. How could the beloved one harm ?

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We read in the Hindu Puranas about a young boy whose father, a King, wanted to turn his son from religious life. He desired him to remain a worldling, like himself, but the remonstrances and admonition of the parent prevailed not upon the child—they were all lost on him. In order to prevent the child, the father put him in fire; the fire burnt him not; the king then threw his child in running water; the water, bore the child up. To him the fire, the water, the elements, had ceased to be harmful—they were realized in their true state. The boy had dehypnotised himself into this real state; everything unto him was God, was all Love. The threats, frowns and brow-beating, sword and flame were nothing else but sweet heaven. How could he be injured?

Sometime ago a Hindu monk was sitting on the bank of the Ganges, in deep Himalayan forests. On the opposite bank were some other monks observing him while he was chanting to himself Shivoham! Shivoham! Shivoham! which means I am God, I am God. There appeared a tiger on the scene. The tiger came, the tiger got him in his claws and though in the fangs of the tiger, the same sound, the same chant was coming out from him in the same tones, in the same fearless strain, Shivoham! Shivoham! *shivoham*! The tiger tore off his hands and legs and there was the same sound, unabated in intensity. What do you think of that? What do you think of this saying, "I am God, I am God"? Could you call

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it agnosticism ? Far from it, far from it. This is the final realization. Do not lovers, when they reach that summit of love, feel themselves to be one with their beloved one ? Does not the mother call her child the flesh of her flesh, the blood of her blood, the bone of bones ? And does not the mother regard the child as her other ego, as her other self ? Are not the interests of the child identical with the interests of the mother ? Indeed they are.

Embracing Him, accepting Him, wedding Him, marrying Him, become one with Him to such a degree, to such an intensity that there may be left no trace of separation. Instead of praying "Thy will be done, O Lord," let your joy be "My will is being done." "My will is being done."

In India, long ago, the ways and customs were very different from what you find them in America these days. In America, you have electric lights to illuminate your houses at nights. At the time of which Ram is going to speak, Hindus used clay lamps and when one family got their lamps lit the people of the adjoining house would go into their neighbour's house to light theirs. One evening a maiden that was ardently in love with Krishna went to the house of Krishna's father with the pretext of lighting her lamp. It need not be told that it was in reality a desire to get herself singed like a moth at the light of Krishna's face that led her to the house of Krishna rather than to any other house with lighted

lamps. She really went to see him ; the lighting of the lamp was only the excuse she gave her mother. She had to apply the wick of her lamp to that of the burning lamp, but her eyes were not on the lamps, they were on the face of the dear little Krishna. She was looking at that charming, bewitching fairy face of Krishna ; she was looking at him so intently she did not notice that instead of the wick of her lamp being in contact with the burning lamp, her fingers were burning in it. The flame continued to burn her fingers but she noticed it not ; time passed, and she did not return home. Her mother became impatient and could bear the delay no longer. She went to her neighbour's house, and there she saw her daughter's hand burning and the daughter unconscious of it ; the fingers were singed and were shrivelling, and the bones were charred. The mother panted for breath, gasped and wept and cried aloud, "Oh, my child, my child, what are you doing ? In the name of goodness, what are you doing ?" Then was the girl brought to her senses, or, you may say, she was brought from her senses.

In such state of divine love, this stage of perfect love, the beloved and the lover become one. "I am He," "I am Thou."

This is the third state, and beyond that comes the state where even these expressions cannot be used.

The above stories illustrate the third kind of love. The following will illustrate the second state

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of religious development, "I am Thine"; "I am Thine." Two boys came to a master and they wanted him to instruct them in religion. He said that he would not teach them unless he had examined them. Well, he gave them two pigeons, one to each, and asked them to go out and kill the pigeons at some retired place where nobody might see them. One of them went straight into the crowded thoroughfare; turning his back to the people who were passing through the streets, and putting a piece of cloth over his head, he took up the pigeon and wrenched its neck and came back straight way to the teacher and said: "Master, master, (Swami Swami), here is your order carried out." The Swami inquired, "Did you strangle the pigeon when no one was seeing you?" He said, "Yes." "All right; let us see now what your companion has done."

The other boy went out in a deep, dense forest, and was about to twist the neck of the pigeon, and lo! there were the gentle, soft and glittering eyes of the pigeon, looking him straight in the face. He met those eyes, and in his attempt to break the neck of the pigeon he was frightened. The idea struck him that the condition laid upon him by the master was a very trying, hard one. Here the witness, the observer, is present even in this pigeon. "Oh, I am not alone! I am not in the place where no one will see me. I am being observed. Well, what shall I do? Where shall I go?" He went on and on, and he retired into some other forest. There again when

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he was about to commit the act he met the eyes of the pigeon, and the pigeon saw him. The observer was in the pigeon itself.

A highly revered saint in India, in his early youth, was working in a place where his duty was to give away alms, to distribute food and treasure to the people. Some poor men were brought before him, with an order from his Master to give unto them thirteen bushels of flour. He gave them one bushel; he gave them the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, until he came to the number thirteen. He was counting the number of bushels audibly while dealing out the flour. The number thirteen is called *tera* in the Indian language. This word is a very remarkable word. It has two meanings. One meaning is thirteen—ten *plus* three; and the other meaning of the word is "I am Thine! I am Thine! I am God's!" "I am part of Him, I am His."

Well, he counted twelve and then came the turn for the number *tera*. When he had given them the thirteenth bushel and was pronouncing *tera*, such holy associations were aroused in him that he actually gave up his body and all to God. He forgot everything about the world; he was beyond himself; no, he was in himself. In this state of ecstasy he went on saying Tera, Tera, Tera, Tera, and went on unconsciously giving to the people bushel after bushel, saying Tera, Tera, until he fell down in a state of super-consciousness—in a state of transcendental bliss.

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Thus we see that often the people who are in the elementary stages can rise to the greatest heights, if they are as good as their word ; if they are sincere and earnest ; if they do not want to make religion a mockery ; if they do not want to throw dust into the eyes of God ; if they do not want to make promises with God and then break them. When once in the Temple or Church they say, "I am Thine." Let them feel it. Let them live it. Let them realize it. This is true religion

The different sects throughout the world can be classed under these three heads : "I am His !" "I am Thine!" "I am He." So far as the forms are concerned, the second form, "I am Thine!" is higher than the first, "I am His," and the third form, "I am He," is the highest. Into either of these three forms we can infuse the true religious spirit.

According to the Hindus, those who bring a true religious spirit to bear upon the elementary state of the creed will either in this birth, or in the next birth rise to the highest creed ; they will rise to the second creed and, with the second creed, again associating the true religious spirit either in this life or the next will by and by rise to the next higher religious creed, which is "I am He," "I am Thou." When this state is reached there are no more births. The man is free, free, free! Man is God, God ! He has reached the end ! Om !

Oh! Brimful is my cup of joy,
Fulfilled completely all desires ;

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Sweet morning zephyrs I employ,
 'Tis I in bloom their kiss admires.
The rainbow colors are my attires ;
 My errands run light, lightning fires.
All lovers I am, all sweethearts I,
 I am desires, emotions I.
The smiles of rose, the pearls of dew,
 The golden threads so fresh, so new,
Of Sun's bright rays embalmed in sweetness,
 The silvery moon, delicious neatness,
The playful ripples, waving trees.
 Entwining creepers, humming bees,
Are my expression, my balmy breath,
 My respiration is life and death.
All ill and good, all bitter and sweet,
 In that my throbbing pulse doth beat.
What shall I do, or where remove ?
 I fill all space, no room to move.
Shall I suspect or I desire ?
All time is me, all force my fire.
 Can I be doubt or sorrow-stricken ?
No, I am verily all causation.
 All time is NOW, all distance HERE,
All problem solved, solution clear.
 No selfish aim, no tie, no bond,
To me do each and all respond.
 Impersonal Lord of foe and friend.
To me doth every object bend.

POEMS.
MARCHING LIGHT.

1

No, no one can tone me.
Say, who could have injured ?
And who could atone me ?
No, no one can tone me.

2

The world turns aside
To make room for me ;
I come, Blazing Light !
And the shadows must flee.

3

I come, O you ocean !
Divide up and part ;
Or parched up and scorched up
Be dried up, depart.

4

O mountains, Beware !
Come not in my way ;
Your ribs will be shattered
And tattered to-day.

5

O Kings and Commanders !
My fanciful toys !
Here's a Deluge of fire,
Line clear ! My boys !

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6

Advisers and Counsellors !
Pray, waste not your breath.
Yes, take up my orders,
Devour up, ye, Death.

7

Go, howl on, O Winds
O my Dogs ! howl free.
Beat, beat, Storms !
O my Bugles ! blow free.

8

I ride on the Tempests,
Astride on the Gale,
My Gun is the Lightning,
My shots never fail.

9

I chase as an huntsman,
I eat as I seize
The hearts of the mountains,
The lands and the seas.

10

I hitch to my chariot
The Fates and the Gods.
With Thunder of cannons
Proclaim it abroad :

11

Shake ! shake off Delusion,
Wake ! wake up ! Be free
Liberty ! Liberty !
Liberty ! Om !

THE MOON.

The moonlight sleeps on the lawn of my garden,
The moon swings on the clouds, her cloak flaps
on my garden.

The moonlight ! O the moonlight ! it shimmers,
how it glimmers !

The breeze redolent with the light, while kissing
how it lingers !

The moonlight floats on the boats of the wavelets
As guided by zephyrs they glide on the lake.

The moon, Oh the moonie ! She perches on trees,
Casts shadows and lights that sway on the
breeze.

The moon ! Oh she swims in the lake of the skies.
Come, catch me, you moonie ; with me could you
fly ?

The moon, how, she, mingles with playmates,
the stars !

She clasps them by fingers of light, and how
dancing they are ?

The moon, how she dived in the eyes of a boy
He learnt all her secret and took her for toy.
Who lent you this beauty, O Silver Ball ?
My dream is her lustre and silver and all.

Om !

ON THE TOMB OF THE FREE.

1

"Come not to my grave with your mournings
With your lamentations and tears,
With your sad forebodings and fears
When my lips are dumb
Do not thus come.

2

"Bring no long train of carriages,
No horse crowned with waving plumes,
Which the gaunt glory of death illumines
But with hands on my breast
Let me rest.

3

"Insult not my dust with your pity,
Ye who are left on this desolate shore
Still to suffer and lose and deplore,
"Tis I should, as I do
Pity you.

4

"For me no more are the hardships,
The bitterness, heartaches and strife,
The sadness, and sorrows of life,
But the glory divine—
This is mine.

5

"Poor creatures ? Afraid of the darkness,
Who groan at the anguish to come.
How silent I go to my home !
Cease your sorrowfull bell
I am well."

I KNOW THEE

1

I know Thee, I know Thee, O Love,
You may shrink or shirk or shake my locks.
Thine heart is mine, I read it as a book,
I know Thee, I know Thee, O Love.

2

Dark vestures of scowls and frowns garments
O bright,
These chimneys and globes cannot hide Thee,
O Light
I know Thee, I know Thee, O Love.

3

Sweet, Sweet are Thy smiles,
Sweet, wrinkles and threats !
'Tis the Ocean of Nectar that ripples and frets
I know Thee, I know Thee, O Love.

4

Not to know Thee is misery,
To know Thee is bliss,
In stars, winds and flowers I hug Thee and
kiss.
I know Thee, I know Thee, O Love.

LOVE'S CONSECRATION

Take my life and let it be consecrated Lord to
Thee.
Take my heart and let it be full saturated Love,
with Thee.

SWAMI RAM TIRATH

Take my eyes and let them be intoxicated,
God ! with Thee.

Take my hands and let them be engaged in
sweating Truth for thee.

Beautiful eyes are those that show beautiful
thought that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment the whole day through.

I was not born, nor grow, nor die.

Dumb nature through the body works.

It is the Ego sows and reaps.

Not I the Self unchanging.

Om !

PEACE LIKE A RIVER FLOWS TO ME

Peace like a river flows to me,

Peace as an ocean rolls in me,

Peace like the Ganges flows,

It flows from all my hair and toes

O fetch me quick my wedding robes

White robes of light, bright rays of gold,

Slips on, lo ! once for all the veil to fling !

Flow, Flow, O wreaths, flow fair and free,

Flow wreaths of tears of joy, flow free.

What glorious aureole, wondrous ring.

O nectar of life ! O magic wine.

To fill my pores of body and mind !

Come fish, come dogs, come all who please

Come powers of nature, bird and beast.
Drink deep my blood, my flesh do eat,
O come, partake of marriage feast
I dance, I dance with glee
In stars, in suns, in oceans free,
In moons and clouds, in winds I dance,
In will, emotions, mind I dance
I sing, I sing, I am symphony.
I'm boundless ocean of Harmony.
The subject which perceives.
The object—thing perceived
As waves in me they double
In me the world's a bubble.

BE CALM

“Why so pale and wan ?
Prithee, why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her.
Looking ill prevail ?
Prithee, why so pale and wan ?
Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
Prithee, why so mute ?
Will, when speaking will can't move her.
Saying nothing do it ?
Prithee, why so mute ?
“Quit, quit for shame, this will not move
This cannot take her ,
If of herself she cannot love
Nothing can make her,
The devil take her.”

Om !

IT IS NOT RAINING RAIN TO ME

It is not raining rain to me,
It is raining daffodils.
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on distant hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town,
It is not raining rain to me
It is raining roses down.
It is not raining rain to me
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A healthy unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It is not raining rain to me
It is raining violets.

BLOOD RELATIONS

O my direct blood relations,
Beat in arteries and in veins.
Plants and air, light and water
All other relations are but chains.
Bone of bone, my blood of blood
Are mountains, rivers, sun and rains
Violets, lilies laugh and smile
My heart of heart their joy contains
Oceans, winds and earths are running
In me as in a city lanes.
My Infinite, infinite Joy expresses

In heavenly music, celestial strains,
The sparkling drops of tears of stars
I shower forth in pouring rain.
The melodious song of the Ganges,

Om !

The music of the waving pines
The echoes of the ocean's war,
The lowing of the kine,
The liquid drops of dew,
The heavy lowering cloud,
The patter of the tiny feet,
The laughter of the crowd,
The golden beam of the sun,
The twinkle of the silent star,
The shimmering light of the silvery moon.
Shedding lustre near and far,
The flash of the flaming sword,
The sparkle of jewels bright,
The gleam of the lighthouse beacon light,
In the dark and foggy night,
The apple bosomed earth and heaven's glorious
wealth,
The soundless sound, the flameless light,
The darkness dark and the lightless flight,
The mindless thought, the eyeless sight,
The mouthless talk, the handless grasp so light,
Am I, am I, am I.

Om ! Ram.

**THE WORLD, THE WORLD IS NAUGHT
TO ME**

My self, the self is all to me,
The body, whither it goes what care I,
If tossed here and there or left to die.
I am Freedom's Self let the body as salt-sea spray
Be dashed hither and thither or up and away!
Come on, ye pleasures, come on, ye pains,
To me ye are equal the same, the same.
The sun lights the gardens as well as the waste
Alike I do light all changes of fate.
Vast ocean of heavens-blue, pure and high,
Is ne'er affected, clouds rise and die.
Life or death and health or disease,
In me like vapours rise, play and do cease,
The straight line of youth and the curves of age
Are surface figures on me as a page.
Success or the failure makes no difference to me,
For I am free, I am free, I am free.
All planets, suns and stars and skies,
Leaves far behind and higher flies
My twineless kite of Liberty free.
With full breast sing I songs of glee.
I am free, I am free, I am free,
The world, the world is naught to me.

Ram. Om!

GOOD BYE

The moon is up, they see the moon,
I drink Thine eyebrows light
Big shows they hold full crowded, soon,
I watch and watch Thee source of sight!

Nay, call no surgeons, doctors, none,
For me my pain is all delight.
Adieu Ye citizens ! cities, Good bye !
O welcome dizzy, ethereal heights !
O Fashion, custom, virtue and vice.
O Law, convention, peace and fight !
O friends and foes, relations, ties,
Possession, passion, wrong and right.
Good bye, O time and space : Good bye !
Good bye ! O world and day and night,
My love is flowers, music, light,
My love is day, my love is night,
Dissolved in me all dark and bright.
O what a peace, peace and joy !
O leave me alone, My love and I,
Good bye, Good bye, Good bye,

Ram.

LOVE

Dear little Violet with Thy dewy eye,
Look up and tell me truly,
When no one is nigh,
What Thou art !
The Violet answered with a gentle sigh,
If that is to be told when alone,
Then I must sadly own,
You will never know what am I.
For my brothers and sisters are all around,
In the air and on the ground
And they are the same as I,
O Joy ! O Joy ! O Joy !
The playful breeze am I.

SWAMI RAM TIRATH

How gently Thy cheeks I stroke,
As my fragrant breath passes by,
Carrying messages of love.
Confidence, peace and cheer,
And sweetly taking away all anxiety
All anxiety, worry and fear.
O Joy! O Joy! O Joy!
The little black ant am I,
Moving so silently and swiftly.
And noiselessly passing by
In a world in which it is not concerned,
And bothering to about things to be earned,
But working without a murmur or sigh,
No thought of reward or position high.
O Joy, O Joy, O Joy, !
The sparkling dew am I,
I kiss and lick the flower's lips
Sweet children of my sun
Violets, Roses, Tulips, Lilies,
Jessamine, Poppies, Daisies, and Pinks
Grass, Leaves and Seeds I nurse and feed
Their Father left, the little ones rest.
From air high to them I descend.
And to suckle bend,
They sleep and sid breast's liquid tips,
There comes the sun, my Lover,
The children smile and open their eyes.
And just when I discover,
I melt in joyful sighs,
Oh, I am the Love ! I am the Lover !
Oh, I'm the Lover, I am the Lover !

GOOD DAY

Loud outcries and wounds which once would
hurt and smart,
Now sound so sweet like hymns of praise and
Music's palmy art,
O thief, O slanderer, robber dear !
Look sharp, come, Welcome, quick, O Don't you
fear.
My self is thine, thine is mine,
Yes, if you don't mind
Please take away these things you think are
mine.
Yes, if you think it fit ;
Kill this body at one blow
Or slay it bit by bit ;
Take off the body and all you may,
Be off with name and fame, away,
Take off, away !
Yet if you look just turning round
'Tis I alone, am safe and sound,
Good Day, O dear Good Day !

LIKENESS OF MY BELOVED

Oh ! how could I get my Love's likeness !
Could anything like Him be conceived ?
Could He in cameras be received ?
Could Artist stand to take His picture ?
Could He appear in color and figure ?
The camera of form did melt away !
His flood of light was too much, too much
O how could I get my Love's likeness.

2

I focussed the mind to take His portrait,
Adjusted the eyes to take His portrait,
The camera of heart to take His portrait,
The apparatus all did melt away ;
His flood of light was too much, too much.
O how could I get my Love's likeness ;
Then I'll have Him as I could not have likeness.

COVERING

They say the sun is but His photo,
They say that man is in His image,
They say He twinkles in the stars,
They say He smiles in fragrant flowers,
The say He sings in nightingales,
They say He breaths in cosmic air,
They say He weeps in raining clouds,
They say He sleeps in winter nights,
They say He runs in prattling streams,
They say He swings in rainbow arches,
In floods of light they say He marches.

4

SOLICITING

'Yea, Yea,' 'tis so.
These forms of space and time,
Are garments fine and covers rich, which half
 reveal
And half conceal that glorious love of mine.
My darling dear ! Why veils and screens ?

Are you ugly ? are you proud or shy ?
Are you hurt by open appearance ?
Why covers and curtains, why ?
Pray strip Thee naked do,
I pray Thee, do, I pray,
I'll have no Nay,
To-day.

ANSWER

His answer flashed as lightning in my heart:—
No neither vanity nor shame,
Taints me, no kind of blame ?
Do you wish me to bare my Self glorious, rare ?
Are you candid, sincere,
Then, why don't you Dear,
Take off all 'Thy clothes,
And Thyself do disclose ?
Tear, tear out the blinds,
Don't you hide behind,
No curtain, partition,
Name, fame or position,
Body, mind or possession,
Loves, hatreds and passion,
Claims, clings, designs,
All " mine and thine " renounce, resign
Tear, tear out the blinds
Yourself don't conceal,
Burn, burn off the seal,
Rend asunder the veil.
Come hail, all hail ?

SWAMI RAM TIRATH

Please don't you delay,
I say,
To clasp, Me strip Thou naked bare,
And Lo ! Tis Thou art me so fair,
So fair ?
Delightful ! delicious ! how lovely and sweet !
His covers I find my covers and sheets.
His blankets and quilts my blankets and quilts.
Lo ! Off go the blankets !
Off covers and quilts,
He is I, I He,
No He, She, Me or Thee.

Om ! Om !

IN ME

The oceans surge, the rivers roll.
In me, in me, in me.
The flowers smile, the zephyrs blow,
In me, in me, in me.
Big fairs are held and battles raged,
In me, in me, in me.
The mountains heave and Nature blooms,
In me, in me, in me.
The comets fly, the meteors die,
Cold winds sigh and thunders cry,
In me, in me, in me.
The foe contends, the friend defends,
The mother sleeps, the baby weeps,
In me, in me, in me.

**THE WORLD I SAW, STUDIED AND
LEARNT IT**

This primer well did me describe,
Its letters were hieroglyphic toys.
In different ways did me inscribe,
This alphabet so curious one day,
I relegate to the waste-paper basket.
I burn this booklet leaf by leaf,
To light my lonely smoking pipe.
I smoke and blow it through my mouth,
And watch the curly smoke go out.

Ram
So am I.

TO TRUTH

O Love ! O Love ! O Love !
Above time, space and causality,
Thee I will always love
O Truth, the one Reality.
O Love ! O Love ! O Love !
My Self in which I live,
In Thee I live and move,
And to Thee my self I give.
O Love ! O Love ! O Love !
To Thee belongs my whole life,
Thee I will ever serve,
In the midst of honour or strife.
O Love ! O Love ! O Love !
Thy will is wholly mine,
Just bid me do whatever Thou wilt,
My will is a reflection of Thine.

IMMORTAL ETERNITY

Before ever land was,
Before ever the sea,
Or the soft hair of the grass,
Or the fair limbs of the tree,
Or the fresh-coloured fruit of my branches,
I was, and thy soul was in me.
First life on my sources.
First drifted and swam ;
Out of me or the forces,
That save it or damn.
Out of me man and woman, and wild beast and
bird.
Before God was, I am.
I the mark that is missed.
And the arrows that miss.
I the mouth that is kissed,
And the breath in the kiss,
The search and the sought and the seeker, the
soul,
And the body that is.
I that saw where ye trod,
The dim paths of the night,
Set the shadow called God,
In your skies to give light,
But the morning of knowledge to rise,
And the shadowless soul is in sight.
The storm winds of ages
Blow through me and cease,
The war-wind that rages,

The spring-wind of peace,
Ere the breath of them roughen my tresses
Ere eve of my blossoms increase.
All forms of all faces.
All works of all hands
In unsearchable places,
Of time-stricken lands
All death and all life.
And all reigns and all ruins,
Drop through me as sands,
O my sons, O too dutiful.
Towards God not of me,
Was not I enough beautiful,
Was it hard to be free ?
For, behold I am with you and in you and of you
Look forth now and see.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Come hither, come hither ye merry bird,
And tell me a story do,
Why are you always happy and glad,
And never a thought of sorrow have ?
The bird cooed softly and whispered low,
The reason is very plain you know,
I love the sunshine, the gay green trees,
The whole of nature, the cool, cool breeze,
So why should I be sorry and pout,
When Nature is laughing around and about ?
And is ready and willing to truly serve me,
With everything that is necessary,

SWAMI RAM TIRATH

If only I merrily sing and chirp,
And happily, happily to my work,
For, Nature and I are one, you see,
And she is always subservient to me.

FRAGMENTS OF LIGHT

I heard a knock a hard blow,
At my gate, and cried I. "Who is it? Ho!"
I wondering, waited, entranced, and Lo!
How soft and sweet Love whispered low
"Tis Thou that knockest, do you not know?"
My sweetheart dear,
Come near and near,
Smiling, glancing,
Singing, and dancing.
I bowed, with sighs,
He didn't reply.
I prayed and knelt,
He left and went.
"Why cut me so?
Pray stay; don't go."
He answered slow,
"No, no."
I entreated hard,
"Pray sit by me, Lord."
He answered:
"Wouldst thou sit by me?
When, do, please, sit by thee."
I: "Do unto me speak."
He: "Enter Thou into silence deep

I : " I would clasp Thee and kiss ;
 Dear, grant me but this."
 " Thou shall clasp thyself and kiss ?
 I am one with Thee, why miss ?
 " My form Divine,
 Is an image of Thine.
 Why seek Thee form ?
 O, Source of charm ?
 With Thee I lie,
 You outward fly.
 Don't slight me so.
 Why outward go ?"
 A fine companionship I know,
 In all I see and hear.
 My Mistress is the buxom wind,
 I taste the breath of showers.
 To me the whispering leaves are kind,
 And sweet the lips of flowers.
 I find a welcome in the skies,
 Another in the grass.

WIRELESS FLASHES

Q. The great earth shall be thy cradle
 Rocking, rocking, day by day
 Star bespangled curtain spread
 Every night above thy head
 Suns on suns shall gild thy brow
 Baby, Baby, what art thou ?

A. Sing song, all day long,
 Croonie ? Croonie ? Smile along,

SWAMI RAM TIRATH

Joy and laughter, laughter, laughter
Innocence Strong
“ Love took up the harp of life
And smote all the chords with night
Smote the chord of self, which trembling passed
In music out of sight.”

Rama.

LETTERS

LETTER NO. 1

WHEN Mrs. Wellman came to India many persons asked her, "What on earth will she do when she gets to India?" And Swami Ram asks, "Do you know whosoever would save his own life must lose it? Are you then one of the lost?"

Could you or would you be one of the lost?"
And adds :

"Arise then and become a saviour. Realizing your oneness with a sinner you can save him. There is no other way but this one way of *Love* to conquer all."

LETTER NO. 2

1504, GEORGE ST.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

MOST BLESSED REVEREND DEAR SELF,

Work is most remarkably and rapidly advancing. Ram is kept exceedingly busy all the time. It is desirable to have numerous copies of your recently printed circulars, like the one entitled "To All Thinking People of India."

Sadharan Dharm (Common Path), the Shanti Ashram Muttra, and Dharm Mahotsava Movement are often talked of by Ram in this country.

SWAMI RAM TIRATH

Several institutions of the type suggested by Ram in his last letter from Shasta Springs are going to be started in different parts of America, wherever Ram has been.

Lectures in the Universities, writing for the Press, talking to Societies, translating the Upanishads, holding classes in Vedant, etc., has occupied Ram's time in Chicago.

Your own self,
RAM SAWMI.

LETTER No. 3

6558, STEWART AVEN,
CHICAGO.

MOST BLESSED REV. SELF,

One of your letters, dated December 23rd, 1903, came to Ram's hand day before yesterday, full three months after it was written.

Your kind loving telegram was not acknowledged and thanked for by a wire message, because it reached Ram when according to Ram's calculations the Dharma Mahotsava Meetings were concluded at Muttra.

Ram's work, India's work, the cause of Vedant and Common Path is most beautifully advancing and excellently spreading wherever Ram goes.

Vedant Societies, India Societies, Common Path Organizations are being established at various places.

LETTERS

Narayan Swami is coming to America. In June, Ram speaks at the World's Unity League, St. Louis.

In July, Ram will be at Lake Geneva.

In August, most probably, Ram comes to England.

Before June Ram will visit Buffalo, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

Peace! love and blessings! to Mrs. Wellman and all others.

LETTER NO. 4

MOST BLESSED AND VENERABLE SELF.

Ram came back from Minneapolis the other day and found two letters from Muttra and also the correspondence between your Holiness and——— The correspondence was pure, earnest and sweet. The letters from your Holiness were uplifting, inspiring and breathing love of humanity and truth.

Ram was so happy to learn of the project to start a paper. Herewith, under separate cover, is sent an article for publication in this paper. If you think it advisable, it may also be published separately in pamphlet form.

The poems "Within the Temple of My Heart" and "My Darling Dear" were written when Ram was sitting opposite laughing waters of Minnehaha near Minneapolis.

SWAMI RAM TIRATH

Satisfactory arrangements for the education and support of one Hindustani student have been made in the State Industrial College in Oregon State. He was sent for and has joined the Institute.

Arrangements for the maintenance and education of another Hindustani student have satisfactorily been made in Minneapolis also ; but the student has not yet been sent the money to pay his passage to America.

No printed matter from Muttra has yet been received. In future, address your mail to Ram to the present address. It will always be re-directed.

Swamji Ram feels greatly moved to pass sometime in.....and it may be.....also before coming to India. The unnatural prejudices which make a Hindu feel as if he were different from his Mussalman brother and *vice versa*, are bound to be broken sooner or later by the onrushing wheel of evolution, and undoubtedly the most powerful engine to sweep away discord and misunderstanding between the two is Vedant—the cardinal and common teaching of both. Ram's stay in.....and direct contact with the Mahomedans there, will be helpful in uniting the Hindus and Mahomedans of India and bringing them to the same common path.

The different sections of the printed lecture "Secret of Success" may be brought out in the Practical Wisdom, from time to time.

Ram will speak of the journal and the Ashram wherever he goes.

Within a week Ram goes to Buffalo and S, and visits the Niagara Falls.

LETTER NO. 5

MOST BLESSED DEAR SELF,

Where are you? No letter received from dear noble mother after her hopeful new year letter written at Muttra—Peace! Peace!

|| Peace comes from within.
|| The kingdom of heaven is *within* alone.

In books, temples, shrines, prophets and saints, in vain, in vain the search after happiness, your experience must have shown it by this time. If the lesson is once learned, it is not dearly bought, no matter how much it costs, sit alone, convert your very anguish into divine bliss, meditate on Om! and be a Giver of peace to mankind—and not an expectant seeker.

Dear one, do you remember the last talk Ram gave you on the side of the creek at Shasta Springs? It was "not as a seeker, but as the perpetual giver of light and love." Our hearts break when we are in the seeking attitude. You must have verified the state of affairs in India, as described in Ram's appeal to Americans—Don't expect any immediate ostensible results from your labour of love. "Be contented to serve," says the spirit of Christ. We cannot receive

SWAMI RAM TIRATH

any gift or benediction or reward higher than the privilege of serving. Does your heart take more delight in sharing the sufferings of poor Hindus in India, or in enjoying the comforts of life in America ?

Ram was one month in Portland—Oregon. One month in Denver and two months in Chicago, and a couple of weeks in Minneapolis. Vedant Societies are organised at these places. Free scholarships for poor Hindu students are secured at different Universities. From here Ram goes to Buffalo, N. Y. hence to Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington D. C. On June 29th, 30th and 31st, Ram is to be at the meetings of the "World Unity League," St. Louis. In July Ram is to be at Lake Geneva. In next fall Rama comes to London, England. Be not discouraged, mother dear, look only at the sunny side of things. "There is no rose without a thorn." Unmixed good is not to be found in this world.

The all good is the only, the self supreme. If India had Vedant (truth) in practice, what necessity would there have been for appeal to Americans ? When your heart is perfectly attuned to the Beauty of all you will find everything glorious everywhere. Peace ! peace, central Bliss, Inner joy be with you for ever.

Your own self,

SWAMI RAM.

LETTER NO. 6

A LETTER FROM RAM

**SHASTA SPRING,
CALIFORNIA.**

MOST BLESSED SELF,

1. Herewith enclosed a letter from Mr. A. N. Knapp. He will probably write to you himself. His present address is uncertain because he is soon going to leave Berkley.

2. Mrs. Eva A. Wellman left America on the 23rd of October on Board the *Siberia*..... If she has not already (before you receive this letter) come to the Ashram, you should please wire to her or write to her immediately a letter of welcome. She desires to be in the Ashramum.

Your own Self,

RAM SWAM.

LETTER NO. 7

REVEREND SELF,

When the problem of India is looked at in the light of the law of progress, the crying need for organisation and combining up the whole nation is sorely realized. The stray divergent forces ought to be put in order.

Oh! how much does Ram wish (and *hope and shall*) to bring about clear understanding and union between the different samajas, sabhas and parties in India.

LETTER NO. 8

A LETTER FROM HIMALAYAN JUNGLES.

Day passes into night, and night again turns into day, here is your Rama, having no time to do anything, busy, very busy in doing nothing. Tears keep pouring, vieing well with the continuous rains of this, the most rainy district ; the hairs stand on end, the eyes wide open, seeing nothing of the things before them. Talk stopped, work stopped unfortunately ? No, most fortunately. Oh leave me alone.

This continuous wave after wave of inarticulate ecstasy. O Love !

Let it go on O thee
Most delicious pain,
Away with writing
Off with lecturing,
Out with fame and name,
Honors ? nonsense
Disgrace meaningless.
Are these toys the end of the life ? Logic and science Poor
Buglers.
Let them see me and have cured their blindness
In dreams a sacred current flows
In wakefulness, it grows and grows,
At times it overflows the banks
Of sense ; and the mortal frame.
It spreads in all the world and flows,
It inundates in wild repose.
For this the Sun he daily rose,
For this the Universe did roll,
All births and deaths for this,
Here comes rolling serging wonder, undulating Bliss,
Here comes rolling laughter, silence.

LETTER No. 9

BHARAT VARASH

Christians, Hindus, Parsis, Arya Samajists, Sikhs, Muhammadans, and all those whose muscles, bones, blood and brain are made by eating the grain and salt of my beloved *Isht Dev*, the Bharat Bhumi are my brothers, nay my very selves. Tell them I am theirs! I embrace all, I exclude none! I am love. Love like light robs everything and all with splendours of light, verily, verily, I am nothing but flood and glory of love. I love all equally.

I shall shower Oceans of love and bathe the world in joy
If any dare oppose, welcome! come!
For I shower Oceans of love
All Societies are mine, mine! welcome! come!
For I shall pour out floods of love
Every force is mine, small or great, welcome! come!
O I shall shower floods of love.

Peace! Peace!

AN APPEAL TO AMERICANS.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY SWAMI RAM.

Golden Gate Hall, San Francisco, January 28, 1903.

THE subject of to-night's discourse is an appeal to the Americans. Don't know why very few Americans have come, well, never mind. Even those that have come, in the eyes of Ram, represent not only America, but Europe and the whole universe. If the words that are spoken to-night appeal to the hearts of this small audience, if these words reach home to a single one of you, if say, even five or six or seven of you take up this work or hear this cry in the wilderness, Ram will regard these words a success.

Ram appeals to the divinity within, appeals to the infinity in you, and Ram is sure that the infinity within, even in a single body can work wonders and marvels. You will kindly not put before the real soul or the infinity any curtain of sectarianism. For an hour at least you will please thrust aside and strike out all veils and all differences of color, caste and creed, which do not allow people to listen to a stranger willingly.

INDIA'S WORK IN THE PAST.

Ram has been talking to you for about two months about the crest-jewels of Indian wisdom ; has been bringing to you the nourishing nectar in the

AN APPEAL TO AMERICANS

Indian Scriptures, the invigorating milk. To-day Ram wants to tell you something about the mine that brought forth such jewels. The cow which yielded that milk, wants to tell you something about the country which first promulgated this truth, something about the land that gave the world its religions. Yes, the religions were given to the world by India, whether directly or indirectly. Ram wants to talk to you about the land that is still giving you all your new religions and cults which are springing up in Europe and America every day. All your New Thought, Theosophy, Spiritualism, Christian Science, Mental Healing, all of those of which you feel so proud to-day, all these without exception derive their origin from India, whether directly or indirectly. Ram is talking to you about the land which gave to the world all its systems of philosophy, in the days gone by or in the present day. Your Grecian philosophers like Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras, your Plotinus, these people owe their inspiration to East India; the history of philosophy shows it to you. Schopenhauer, Schlegel, Schelling, M. Cousin, etc., these people confess that they owe their inspiration to East India, to the Vedant, to Sankhya, to Buddhism, to the Upanishads or the Gita. Your modern Monism, whether of America or England or Germany, derives its light from East India. Ram is talking to you of the land of Shankar and Krishna, the land which brought forth such noble thoughts and high ideas that filled with enthusiasm and inspired

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your venerable Emerson, Walt Whitman, Sir Edwin Arnold and Max Muller ; the land not only of noble ideas and high thoughts, the land not only of poetry and philosophy, but the land no less of physical valor and strength. You will be astonished to hear these words—the land of physical valor and strength. Even in these days, who are the people that form the greatest aid and safeguard to the British Government? It is the Sikhs, the Gorakhas, the Mahrattas and Rajpoots of East India. It is the Sepoys of India that have to bear the brunt of battle on all occasions where the British encounter their worst foes. Ram is talking to you of India, once the richest country. Nation after nation became prosperous by feeding on India. America was discovered by Columbus in the search for most coveted India. America was originally named India. Ram is talking to you of the land which was once the head of the world. It was the most lofty and exalted land in the world, with those mighty Himalayas covered with magnificent woods and rich fields. But that is not what Ram means ; it was the head of the world, not only physically ; but intellectually, morally, spiritually. To-day that land is the feet of the world. Oh Americans, you are to-day the head of the world and India is your antipodes ; India is your feet. Ram comes to you with an appeal. Oh head, head, if you want to be strong, to be healthy, you should take care of the feet. If the feet are harmed or injured the head will also suffer. If the feet are paining, if the

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feet are aching, will not that damage the head? Oh head, to you does Ram appeal in behalf of your antipodes. The mother which nourished the whole world with its philosophy and poetry, with its high thoughts and religion, that mother of the world, that ancient nourisher of the world, is sick to-day. Your mother is sick to-day. The eldest scion, the eldest sister of the Aryan family, East India, is sick to-day. Will you not attend to her? The cow of plenty is diseased; it is not dead, it is diseased. You can help her. You can aid in curing her. India has been giving to the world milk, nourishing foods, strengthening tonic, inspiring knowledge; that India, like a cow, needs to be nursed. This cow is famishing, starving, dying of hunger and thirst! you have only to feed her with grass and fodder. The world has been taking from her milk, nourishing food; give her cheap grass, give her something to keep the body and soul together. Beef and flesh-eating European countries will say we want not to feed this cow, we shall kill her and eat her. Well, you may do what you please, but remember one thing, that even if you want to kill her and eat her, you should take care of her health; the beef that comes from a diseased cow will ruin your health, will be injurious to you. Oh England and European powers, you have to take care of her health.

HOPES FROM AMERICA

Ram puts forth the appeal on the part of India before Americans, Americans, the heroes of to-day,

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Americans, the men of sacrifice ; noble Americans, who can produce men who offer their lives in the name of truth for vivisection. It was only the other day that a noble American offered his life for vivisection in order to advance the cause of truth ; Americans, the martyrs of science. Ram appeals to Americans. Say, Americans, will you not hear ? Say, American press, will you not respond ? Leave out Ram's body, crush down Ram, hack it to pieces, cut it piece-meal, do whatever you please with this body, but take up the cause of India, take up the cause of truth. To the Americans who abolished slavery, to the Americans who are breaking down caste in this country; to such blessed Americans is India crying for attention.

Supposing India is very bad ; supposing India gave to the world nothing ; supposing the Hindus to-day are the worst people in the world, that will be a higher claim on your attention ; that will be the strongest reason why you should attend to her.

If one man is sick he not only injures himself, but he spreads that disease throughout the whole world. One is suffering from cold, others catch the contagion. India is suffering from cold. You will say how can cold catch a sunny hot country ? They are suffering not from the cold of winter, but they are suffering from the cold of chill, penury, of poverty. India is suffering, shivering from cold. Now you know if one man is suffering from cold, his cold will affect his neighbours. If one man is suffering from cholera, his

disease will be transmitted to others ; if one man is suffering from small-pox, others will catch the contagion. It is the duty of each and all to help the person who is sick, if not for his own account, for the sake of the whole world. If you allow them to suffer from the malady or disease, you are allowing weakness to spread over the whole world. For the sake of the whole world, Ram asks you to take up the cause of India. In the name of truth and justice, Ram asks you to take up in right earnest the cause of India.

You will ask what is wrong with India ? What is the difficulty with India ? The disease is *political, social and religious*.

POLITICAL STATE OF INDIA.

Ram will not dwell long upon the horrible political plight of the benighted land. In a country where millions of men are dying of famine ; where hunger and starvation are harvesting the green, fresh girls and boys ; where poverty and plague are nipping in the bud promising youths ; where the tender, tiny baby cries with dry, pouting lips because the famishing mother has no milk to nurse it ; in a country where there is hardly a man who can make the two ends meet ; where a person living from hand to mouth is thought to be very well off ; where the Rajas and Princes are not unoften involved in sad pecuniary troubles ; in a country which is loyal, patient and faithful, no matter what its grievances and sufferings ; grand or awful fun and show, a thousand lesser forms

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of extravagant tomfoolery are draining the country. All the high lucrative offices are in the exclusive possession of the British. Out of the teeming three hundred millions of people there is not a single representative in the Houses of Parliament. All native enterprise is handicapped by the British. John Bull is feeding fat on the cream of Indian produce. To the share of the poor Hindu falls dry husks and dirty water ; and very often even that is denied. All native arts, industries and manufactures have decayed. The only liberty that the people can enjoy, or rather, the only illusory liberty that consumes and enjoys their health, wealth and morality, is the demoniacal spirit of false freedom borrowed from strong English wines and ruining British liquors, the use of which is highly encouraged among the naturally sober natives of India. These wines have been introduced by the English. This gives you an idea of the political predicament of India. This tells you something of their outward condition.

Now will Ram acquaint you with the internal wrongs from which they are suffering. Now you will be told something about the real, intrinsic cause of their downfall, the inherent or central cause of their difficulties and despondence. Much can be said on the subject, but the people cannot spare time enough to hear the whole matter at length, so Ram will have to condense everything in a nut-shell.

The downfall of India, the decline of India, is explained by the Vedant philosophy. It is a matter

of *Karma*. *Karma* means something brought about by our own doings. The literal meaning of the word *karma* is action, our own doing. This that they are reaping is what they sowed for themselves the other day. As the Hindus treated the aborigines of India so they in their turn are being treated by the conquering nations. As everybody who falls sick is responsible for his sickness, brings about his sickness by ignorance, by over-eating or by violating the laws of health, so the Indians are sick, diseased, by their own doing, through ignorance.

But no matter how the disease may have been brought about, the doctor is not to come to the patient and reproach him; the doctor is to cheer up the sick; to help up the invalid. By reprimanding the sick you make the malady worse, you aggravate his illness. It is not time to find fault with them for their misdeeds and wrongs. Our duty, your duty, is to help them out of their difficulty.

THE ORIGIN OF INDIAN CASTE.

Political economy tells us about division of labour. In a factory or mill, in order that the whole business may prosper, the work ought to be divided up. There is division of labour in your own body; the eyes only see, the eyes do not hear; the ears only hear, they do not perform the function of the eyes; the hands do not do the work of the feet, the feet have to do their work and the hands have to do the work peculiar to them. If we want to hear with the eyes and walk with the nose, if we want to

smell with the hands, and to eat with the ears, would that be desirable? No, that would throw us back into the primitive stages of the development of protoplasm that would make us monerons, which are all stomach, one stomach performing all the functions of the eyes, ears, nose and feet, we do not wish that. Division of labour is lawful, is necessary, and on this principle of division of labour at one time in India was systematized and established the Caste system. It was simply a division of labour and nothing else, one man taking up the duty of a priest, another man taking up the duty of a warrior, because this second fellow was more warlike and full of animal spirits. Being fit only for wielding weapons and for fighting and running down his enemies, he could not take up the mild task of the preacher. Here was division of labour. There were some other people who were more fit for sedentary professions, as of a shopkeeper. These were not capable of doing priestly work so much as following the profession of a shopkeeper. There were those, and especially the aborigines, who were not cultured in the least, who received no education, who spent their childhood and boyhood in idling away their time, in lazily whiling away their days. These people could not take up the work of a priest; they could not take up the work of a warrior, because they had received no drill, no discipline necessary for wars. They were unable to work even as shopkeepers. Shopkeeping required some skill and some knowledge. These people were willing to take up the task of a common laborer, of a sweeper or a laborer who breaks

stones on the roadside. Thus were the four divisions brought about in the way of transacting business in India. The priest caste were called Brahmins, the people who did the duty of warriors were called Kshatriyas, the people who worked as shopkeepers or merchants were called Vaishyas and the class that pursued common manual labor were called Shudras. There was no prohibition nor any stringent law to disallow a man from taking up any work he liked. And is not this division of labor prevalent everywhere? Is not this division of labor prevalent in America even? In America these classes are present; they are present in England; they are present everywhere else. Has not America its Caste? Have not Americans their Upper Ten and their common plebeians? Everywhere we have this division, natural division. But then, what is wrong in Indian Caste?

In India there was written on Hindu law, a work called Manu Smriti. That book was a help to all classes in those days. It gave different suggestions, directions, methods and rules for conducting business to each class; gave the convenient ways and rules as a help to the Brahmins, and it told the Kshatriyas how to do their work, and so this book was meant to serve all the classes of that time. By and by this book was misread, was misinterpreted, and somehow or other everything was turned topsy-turvy, everything was upset. All this class system and this system of division of labor was stultified, ossified, mummified or petrified. They gave it rigidity, they made it crystal-

lized, and the nation's life was gone. Everything became mechanical and artificial. Manu Smriti instead of serving the people became a despotic tyrant.

DEGENERATION OF INDIAN CASTE.

In a University there are usually four classes, the freshman, the sophomore, the junior and the senior classes. These classes are well and good, but the professors do not wish that these classes should remain as they are, that the students of the lowest class should not make progress and advance to the next higher class, and the students of that class should not advance to the third-year class, and the students of the third year class should not be promoted to the fourth-year class. Classes are well and good ; this division was all right, but the mistake, the terrible blunder made in India, the terrible blunder which has to account for the downfall of India to-day, was the stultifying, the paralyzing of this division, the crystallizing of this division. Thus arose the present Caste system of India, her greatest bane.

The fleeting rules and regulations of Manu Smriti, which dealt with the then state of affairs, that concerned only the temporary matters of the day, by and by usurped and monopolized all the honor and respect which was due to Shruti or to the imperishable Truth preached in the Upanishads or the Vedant. People began to live for the rules and laws, instead of realizing that all rules and laws are for them. The authority of the dead past was over-rated

and placed far higher than the dictates of the living *Ātmā-deva*, the God within. Man was practically made only the flesh and blood, the Brahman or Kshatriya; the real Self, the eternal Truth, was ignored entirely to all intents and purposes. Fear of Caste rules and the terrific bugbear of custom would not allow a person to feel for a moment that he is one with the people of other races. The thought of Brahmanhood or Kshatriyahood is all the time too emphatically pronounced to allow the feeling of manhood to enter the heart.

The face of the earth has changed many times since Manu's days, the rivers have shifted their beds, the wild forests have been hewn and burned, the flora and fauna have varied; the Kshatriya, or warrior profession has been in a way entirely swept out of India. The language of the country has been washed out of the land and has become to the modern Hindu as strange and unknown as Latin or Greek; and yet the spiritual suicides of India remain up to this day abject slaves to the Caste conventionalities, rites and rules laid down by Manu for his contemporaries. Independent thinking is looked upon as *heresy*, nay, worst crime. Whatever comes through the dead language is sacred. If your reasoning does not slavishly glorify the freaks and fancies and sayings of the dead, damned are you, everybody will turn right against you. You must fit the new wine into the old bottles. All work is noble, all labor is sacred, but through the perversion of Caste spirit honor and dis-

grace have got attached to outside professions. The people who do not utilize their early age in educating themselves have to redeem their past idleness by hard manual labor in youth. They pay by the sweat of their brow for their previous laziness. Who are you or I to call their labor menial or to despise the Shudra work? Is not that kind of labor also just as necessary as the priest's the warrior's or the merchant's work? So low have the matters been brought to-day that the people of lower Caste are not allowed to walk the same street where higher Caste men, Brahmins, Kshatriyas or Vaisyas pass. They have to live in poor huts outside the respectable villages or towns inhabited by the higher Caste men. If the shadow of a man of low Caste falls upon a person of high Caste, that high Caste man will have to wash and bathe in order that he may purify himself. If anything is touched by a person of low Caste, that thing is polluted, is corrupted, that thing is not worthy of use for a person of high Caste. The low Caste men have to live upon the crusts and crumbs given to them by the high Caste people in reward for the most trying and menial labor that these low class people perform. You will excuse Ram, if Ram, in order to lay before you the facts, is obliged to use words which you are not accustomed to hear. These low Caste men, these poor Shudras or Pariahs have to sweep the streets, to rub and scrub with their hands the dirty gutters, yes, not only that, they have to clean the water closets, and as a reward for

that labor they are given stale crumbs and crusts. They cannot be rich; they are exceedingly poor. Ram's heart aches when thinking of their state. The low Caste children cannot enter the schools where higher Caste boys receive education; because of their sitting there those high Caste boys will be defiled. How can these down-trodden people receive any education; these people live from hand to mouth; they are dying every day. India is a favorite haunt of all kinds of plague and disease, and these poor Shudras, living in unhealthy quarters are the most hospitable host to all sorts of maladies and contagions. They generously invite choleras, plagues and famines to feed voluptuously on their bodies. The poor, the low, are always the feet, base or support of Society. The over-bearing Society which obstructs and stunts the growth of lower Castes, the Society that maltreats and denies education to the poor ignorant sinners, that Society cuts down its own feet, that Society must crumble down.

Most of these low Caste men were the aboriginal inhabitants of India. The Aryans, those whom you call Hindus to-day, conquered the aborigines of India and then they subjected them to this most menial, abject degradation. They reduced them to this state of misery. They committed a crime, and they sowed what they are reaping to-day. The Hindus or the Aryans sowed, in their treatment of the aboriginal inhabitants of India, what they were reaping at the hands of the Mehomedans, and at the hands of the

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English, who are ruling India to-day. This is the law of *Karma* or *Compensation*.

Ram talks to you not as a Hindu, not as an Indian, not as a person of any nationality or denomination. Ram's stand is on the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Ram's body belongs to the highest Caste in India, and Ram is appealing to you on behalf of the lowest down-trodden Caste in the world. In the name of truth and justice, in the name of the Real Self, which is also the Self of the Pariahs of India, strike out all curtains and veils of sectarianism and difference and take up the cause of the suffering people of India.

How is this Caste distinction or division working and bringing about the whole nation's downfall? It was originally intended to be the division of labor and the preservation of love. But in Indian Caste the things have been turned upside down; the cart has been put before the horse. There is, in these days, division of love and harmony and preservation of ancient tasks and differences; it ought to have been otherwise. The clothes that fitted the member of a family years upon years ago are still forced upon him, now that the muscles and bones tend to outgrow the child's swaddling clothes. Thus, like the feet of Chinese ladies, the intellect of Hindus is kept cramped and thwarted by constraining moulds squeezing and compressing shoes and jackets. The orthodox education of a Hindu is like running between two walls.

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There was a man who was suffering from two diseases ; he had stomach-ache and sore eyes. He laid his grievances before a doctor, and the doctor gave him two medicines, one for the eyes, another for the stomach ; but this man mixed them up. The medicine which was to be taken for the stomach contained pepper, salt and some other things as hot, in order to set his stomach aright ; and the medicine which was for the eyes contained antimony, zinc and other things of the same sort. Now we know that if antimony is taken it is poisonous, and the other things, pepper and salt, may be taken, but they are not to be applied to the eyes. This man got the two medicines interchanged, and that which was to be taken he applied to the eyes, and that which was to be applied to the eyes he ate. Thus were the eyes aggravated and the stomach worsted. That is what has been done in India. There was to be division in work, but union and harmony in spirit ; but as ill-luck or ignorance would have it, love and spirit is divided and outside duties are attempted to be preserved.

The Gorgon of Custom and Conventionality has, as it were, petrified and fossilized all the vitality and originality of the race. Orthodoxy has come to mean exclusivism, pessimism and dumb conservatism. In practical life the high Caste man, forgetting the glory, grandeur and sanctity of the Real Self ; the Heaven within, set his foot right on the Atman, Vedant, and began foolishly to pride himself on his worldly position, prestige and personal achievements. Then

there was the anxiety to keep up and preserve his dignity or honor, and there was the caring for and hunting after further personal distinction and selfish aggrandisement. This penny-wise, pound-foolish policy of the high Caste man brought about eventually his degradation and fall and also the ruin of the low Caste mob that puffed him up and ministered to his vanity and ignorance.

How are we to remedy it? To-day shall we start to crush these Hindus and Aryans because they were so cruel to the Shudras? Will this mend matters? No, no! The greatest punishment you can inflict upon a musician is to correct him and set him aright. The greatest punishment you can inflict upon a criminal or a sinner is to educate him, to kill the ignorance in him. If you want to kill the sinner in him, you need not kill the man; the sinner in him is ignorance. Educate him, remove his ignorance. There you have set matters aright. This is the proper way to remedy matters. destroy the germ of the disease-ignorance.

The Aryans and Hindus have already suffered enough. You need not go from America or Europe to resent and avenge their cruelty to the aborigines. They have already very dearly paid for it. For centuries and centuries they have been under foreign yoke, have been living in slavery. People from Afghanistan invaded the country and conquered them; people from Greece came and ruled over them. People from Persia lorded it over them. People from all quarters of the world came and bullied them. They

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have dearly paid for their faults. Now is the time for you to go and console them, it is time for you to go and cheer them up, time for you to go and destroy that anti-Vedantic ignorance which makes them cling to Caste.

How badly and sadly are their energies wasted and their powers frittered by this idea of Caste difference. All concerns, moral, spiritual, political, social, are corrupted and ruined by the party spirit, antipathy and race hatred engendered by Indian Caste. Here is, suppose, a man who goes to read philosophy or to study history or any science. If his mind is perturbed he will be unable to continue his study. In order that we may receive any education it is necessary that our mind should be at rest. Now what is it that throws men off the balance? What is it that ruffles and upsets them? It is the feeling of difference. When you are with kindred spirits there is no difference, there is no rival around you; you can read, read, read successfully, but when you are surrounded by antagonistic elements, by hostile factors, you cannot do anything, you cannot read. Just mark. If the members of my family, my brothers, sisters and other relatives, are around me I can go on reading, I will not be disturbed; I am disturbed only when such element drops in which tells upon my mind, such element which is regarded as foreign, which is looked upon as alien. This Caste system of India impairs the *intellectual powers* because of rendering the environments uncongenial, engenders

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restlessness in the mind by making the people believe all those around them, alien, foreign, different, and breeding a spirit of rivalry, jealousy and discord. There are four big Castes and these are sub-divided in their turn into hundreds, and the number bids fair or foul, to become legion. In addition to that, Mehomedanism is one Sect or Caste, Christianity another growing Sect or Caste, Theosophy, Arya Samaj and a thousand other mushroom societies with glowing names and nicknames are newly-introduced Castes. Now if there comes a Mehomedan, the Hindu student is unbalanced; if there appears on the scene a Christian, the Hindu is unbalanced; if there comes, suppose, a Hindu of a different Caste, even his presence overshadows the mind of the orthodox Hindu student.

Do you not see that this Caste and this difference, which is carried too far in India, is not allowing their intellectual powers to develop properly? It does not allow them to carry on their education thoroughly. Thus, in order that our educational work in India may prosper, we must try to place the people under circumstances where their minds may be at rest, and the minds will be at rest only when this unnatural difference is done away with, when the Caste spirit is dispensed with.

Ram does not say that you Americans are entirely free from Caste. You are not. If you are a Christian and you cannot bear the sight of a Hindu or Buddhist, what is that? That is Caste. If you are an American

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and you cannot bear the sight of a Spaniard or an Englishman, you are suffering from political Caste. If you are a white man and you cannot work in the same room with a negro, you are possessed by the demon of social Caste. You are not entirely free from Caste if you are jealous of your neighbour or your rival. To what is jealousy due? Jealousy is due to Caste, nothing but Caste. If you cannot bear your colleague to be praised in your presence, you are suffering from Caste. American Caste is mostly determined by the Almighty Dollar. There are many social evils in America. America needs to take out the beam from her own eye. America needs reform. American constitution of society is by no means perfect. America sorely needs the spirit of Vedant. But the state of India is wretchedly worse. The Caste of America is flexible, soft, pliable, as everything living in the world should be. But the Indian society is like a clock run out, fixed, ossified, straight-faced, straight-laced, like the wax images in the dry goods stores of American cities.

Life evolves on the principles of *heredity and adaptation* or *education*. The law of heredity reigns supreme in the lower kingdoms. Man also owes his physical powers and organs to the principle of heredity. But man advances and rises to his most refined, full-blown and perfect state more especially through *adaptation* and *education*. Chickens when hatched out of eggs are found possessed of all the intelligence their parents have. Some birds on the very instant

of their birth begin to peck at flies like their ancestors. They inherit almost all their powers from the parents and in that, practically, their development and progress ends. On the other hand, man is marked for his rise, chiefly through education and adaptation. The pretty little baby is just as unintelligent and silly as the infant puppy ; nay, the puppy or polly is in some respects cleverer than the little Adam. But the great difference in man and animals lies in this, that whereas the puppy or polly has by the law of heredity got almost all it requires for its perfection, the child will or can by *education and adaptation so develop and evolve his inherited powers as to bring* the whole world under his sway. The blunder made by the Hindus consists in practically denying the virtue of *education and the law of adaptation for man, and enforcing* the principle of heredity on Hindu Society to such an extent as to reduce human beings to the level of trees and animals. They practically believe not in the infinite possibilities of the soul. They believe not that a *Shudra* can be educated up to Brahmanhood ; they would keep the son of a Shudra, Shudra, and the son of a Vaishya, Vaishya, because, as they say, a fig tree produces fig seeds, and a dog gives birth to a dog only. This they plead and uphold in the teeth of every-day facts which give them the lie plain and simple. The sons of the once most cultured thinkers or venerable Rishis and marvellous philosophers and sages, as no doubt all the Brahmins are, have not most of them fallen back into the state of stupidity, if not

idiocy, through lack of culture and education ? And the descendants of comparative savages and wild uncultured people, as the Englishmen and most other Europeans are, have they not by dint of education and hard, free work risen to the heights of physical, intellectual and political powers ? God is no respecter of persons, prestige or caste. He who works carries the day. He who educates himself and acquires knowledge has the field.

Ram does not say that you are entirely free from caste, but Indians are suffering more from caste than you are. You can more easily free yourselves than most Indians can. You are in some respects nearer to Ram than Indians are. Ram wishes you to strengthen this spirit of freedom in you, to fan it on, to increase it and enlarge it, develop it more and more and evoke this spirit of freedom among the Indians, and to make them also share your felicity and happiness. In this way we can strike at the root of the evil. It is through duality, through this difference, which is antagonistic to Vedant, which is the opposite pole of Vedant, that people commit bodily, mental or spiritual suicide.

A few more words about the disease. The Brahman class, the higher class, think it beneath their dignity to take up any manual labour. The higher class people will not reach their hands to any work which is not sanctioned by usage or custom as worthy of their dignity ; for instance, a Brahman, a Kshatriya or a Vaishya, the three higher castes, will

never, never take up the work of a shoemaker or the work of a barber, sailor, painter, blacksmith, dyer, tailor, mason, carpenter, weaver, potter or a common labourer, to say nothing of the sweeper's work. These people will die rather than touch work of this kind. They will never trade in hides or leather. Now if these professions are not to be taken up by the higher castes, who have a little capital, but are to be left entirely to the lowest caste people, who have no money, how are the industries and manufactures of India to prosper? How can they make any advance in the useful arts? America is rich to-day on account of its industries; England and other European powers are rich to-day on account of their industries, which are taken up by the people who have capital in their hands. What hope can there be for a people if more than three-fourths of them disdain industries and despise noble work, and call it religion to cling like creepers to the dead stock of custom and past professions?

As a natural consequence of slavish adherence to the past, and observing solely through the eyes of the dead, many other social evils which need not be described just now, are ruling rampant in India. What can be expected of them with such a dead weight of cumbersome customs of the past on their head? Help them, Americans, to stand on the shoulders of their forefathers, instead of being weighted down under their heels, nay under their mere names. Help them to possess and own their noble heritage

instead of being possessed and owned by it. Let their heritance belong to them and not they belong to the heritance. Their social customs and domestic ways have, no doubt, some commendable aspects, and redeeming features, too ; but ignorant, blind obedience of those ways and customs makes them insipid and lifeless.

Out of one hundred and fifty millions of women in India, which is double the whole population of the United States, hardly one per cent. can write their own name. What arrant superstition and timidity will not such a state of affairs tend to transmit to posterity ?

The sublime teachings of the Upanishads and the glorious Vedant have been replaced by a sort of kitchen religion, that is, eccentric regard for diet and the ways of eating. The scope of knowledge of some of the best orthodox scholars (Pundits) does not extend beyond a mechanical mastery of grammatical rules of old Sanscrit, which is no more spoken anywhere. Memorising and quoting ancient texts gives you superiority over all original thinkers and free reasoners. You are a grand savant if you can twist and torture Vedic texts to tickle the wild humor of your fellows. The mental energies of many a young man are being lavished or wasted upon discussing and debating knotty questions like "How many times should a man gurgle at the time of ablutions ?"

Close confinement within narrow sectarian circles and extreme trust on authority has sunk them to such

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depths of ignorant bias that merest trifles and meaningless symbols have become the centers of deep-rooted feeling. The most solemn and extremely serious point in the popular religion of India to-day is extreme reverence for the Cow. Some of the sects of Hinduism diverge from each other as widely as the poles, but extravagant regard for the Cow is shared by each and all of the sects. The pet eccentricity, the feeling dearest and nearest to the Hindu in general is the sanctity of the Cow's body. Touch this point and you immediately excite the deepest emotions and hottest temper of the Hindu. Innumerable factions and strifes are being caused every day by this touchy question. The Great Mutiny of 1857 was brought about in the name of the Cow. It is related that the first Mahomedan Conquest of India was effected by taking advantage of this favorite superstition of the Hindu. Muhammad Gauri was repulsed by the brave Hindu Rajpoots when he first attacked India. But he returned and invaded India again; this time with a more extensive knowledge of the whims and hobbies that lay nearest to the Hindu heart. It is said he fenced his armies by keeping rows of Cows all around. What a curious bulwark? The Hindus could not attack. How could they raise their arms against the sacred Cow? The merciful Hindu shrank at the sight of the mild, sacred Cows, spared them, but lost the country; and for centuries and centuries, even up to the present day suffered and is suffering, thousands, nay, millions and millions of Cows to be

slaughtered and eaten up by the merciless conquerors. This story may not be true, but a phenomenon of this kind is possible even to-day. Such rank ignorance prevails in the name of Ancient Religion. Now mark the anomaly. The most sacred Scriptures, the revered Vedas, instead of prohibiting the use of beef, enjoin Cow-sacrifice time and again. Here is an illustration, a passage from Yajur Veda, Shatpath Brahmana, Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad, Adhyaya VI, 4th Brahmana, 18th verse :—

“ And if a man wishes that a learned son should be born to him, famous, a public man, a popular speaker, that he should know all the Vedas, and that he should live to his full age, then after having prepared boiled rice, with *meat* and butter, they, man and woman, should both eat, being fit to have offspring. The *meat* should be of *a young or an old bull* (Ukshna or Rishabh).”

Oh, where is that unflinching intrepidity of Vedant once preached by Krishna, which, instead of wasting our holy feelings on the bodies of Cows, ants and fig trees, sets us free of all timid regard, not only of the little body which we call “my own,” but exempts us from all weakening illusion that makes us attach undue importance to the bodies of father, uncles, grandfather ; teachers and all relatives. Needed is the happy Vedant which brings home the Imperishable Reality, the true Atman, to such a degree that the knower is not moved even if all the

suns are hurled into annihilation and millions of worlds are melted into nothingness.

They are strong intellectually, they are strong physically, spiritually they are also strong. but you may have read in hydrostatics about what is called *resultant* pressure and *whole* pressure or total pressure. The total pressure upon a body may be enormous, immense, wonderful, but the resultant pressure may be nil, the resultant pressure may be nothing. In India, the gigantic forces of teeming millions do not co-work, do not co-operate, one force nullifies the other, one force counter-balances the other, and consequently the resultant national force is nothing. The superstitious centering of love in outward ritual and forms, the blind focussing of feelings in ceremonies and external bodies, and ignorant implicit faith reposed in the reality of appearances and rigidity of circumstances, has brought race hatred, sectarianism, party spirit and Caste feelings to such a pass that the people cannot put their wills together, and cannot produce the marvellous dynamical force which always accrues to a nation from a practical realization of underlying Unity and Oneness despite all phenomenal differences. And this lack of Applied Vedant among the masses makes India a house divided against itself. The relations between the numerous parties are strained.

This is the bane of India and Ram makes it no secret that this spirit of division is encouraged by the

British Government. "Divide and conquer" policy of the rulers widens the gulf between Hindus and Mehomedans, and again between the different sects of Hindus. If India is to be saved, whether spiritually, politically, socially, or in any way, it is to be saved through that kind of culture which removes discord and difference, which knocks at the head of caste division, which deals a death-blow to jealousy and laziness. These are to be eradicated from India if we wish that India should stand up, live again, hold its own against other nations and be a source of blessing to England, to America and to the whole world. If a man is sick we can cure him only by giving medicines which will aid and help the inner nature; it is the inner nature that cures us, the medicines are simply outside helps. They help nature and nature does the curing. Similarly, if India is to be restored, you will have to give her something which will strengthen her inner life-principle, which will invigorate and inspire her inner nature.

The diseases and difficulties of India have been laid before you. We shall consider next the different remedies suggested.

The world thinks, most religions believe, and many moralists practically advocate that precepts and rules will cure matters. Never! Never!! Never!!! Precepts, binding principles, artificial rules of conduct, and unnatural morality will never cure matters. Remember that, "Thou shalt not do this"

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and "Thou shalt do that" will never bring about any reform. If these rules and these wise counsels could mend matters the promised Kingdom of God would have been established long ago, the world would have been a heaven and not the kind of world it is to-day. These will not cure matters. Your punishment, your jails and prisons will not improve matters. The world will have to realize, to-day or to-morrow, that it is a great blunder to believe in the efficacy or virtue of jails and prisonhouses. Threats and punishment never prevented sin. In order effectually to mend matters you will have to instil knowledge, culture, living knowledge. That is what is necessary. People say, bother us not with subtleties or fine theories. Bring us no more mere ideas. Oh men, what is it that rules you? What is it that governs the world? It is ideas, ideas, ideas only. It is your inner light, your inner knowledge and nothing else that really leads you. Instead of keeping jails and prisons you will have to teach the criminals, instruct them and acquaint them with the divine laws that govern the world. It is said "Knowledge is virtue." How true! Here is a child. The child burns his finger by touching fire. Why? Because the child does not know that fire burns. Acquaint the child with the truth that fire burns, the child will never touch fire again. Acquaint the people with the spiritual laws, bring light to mankind. This is the remedy. The process may be slow, snail-slow, but it is sure, it may be very slow, sluggish, but it is

the only remedy, the only effective cure. There is no other way. Thus, by Christian ethics, punishments and rules or regulations India can never be raised. Living knowledge of the Truth is the one thing needful.

Americans and the English have very beautiful houses. The Indians have very poor houses, it is true; but to build good, beautiful, magnificent palaces in India, and try to make Indians mere hot-house plants like Europeans, will not improve matters. In many cases where the houses are palatial and mansion-like the people are not happy; worms, insects, crawling snakes often live in beautiful tombs. It may not be the rule, but there are evidences enough to show that outside splendour and grandeur brings no happiness. That is a fact. If the world does not realize it, the world is to blame for it. Riches will not improve matters. Ram brings in Vedant; says something which does not humor everybody's desire, does not fall in with everybody's expectations; but it is a fact that riches will bring no happiness. If Europe and America are following riches and are taking them to be a source of happiness, Europe and America are making a blunder. Ram does not recommend that Indians should advance by imitating the errors of America and Europe. Material prosperity pursued for its own sake was never achieved by anybody. What nation or person is there that does not wish to accumulate all the wealth of the earth, and yet how very few realize this end. Prosperity

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always follows in the wake of labor and love or labor of love. Those nations advance that consciously or unconsciously possess more of this master-key to success—the spirit of practical Vedant. Ignorant fools do not cultivate the tree, but are eager to eat the fruit thereof. Pseudo- politicians think of bringing about national rise without striking the keynote of power, *i. e.* the spirit of freedom and love. Now the life principle of every nation unconsciously, and of India consciously, is practical Vedant, the spirit of freedom, justice and love. This inner nature of India should be strengthened. Domestic, social, political or religious salvation of every country lies in Vedant carried into effect.

There is a special peculiarity of India. Although the Hindus are not over-religious in the true sense of the word, their regard or zeal for religion is so overwhelming that you cannot popularize and spread anything among them, be it social, political or of any character, except in the name of religion. The Indian National Congress or any body and organization aiming at social or political reform cannot touch the masses, and appeal to their souls, because of not coming through the channel of religion. That being the case, there can be no methods more effective to introduce all kinds of reform in India than the preaching of practical *Vedant*, which embraces political, social, domestic, intellectual and moral liberty and love ; which marvellously harmonises freedom and peace, energy and tranquility, bravery and love ;

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and all this in the name of religion ; all this in the name of the Scriptures (Shruti, Upanishads) which lie nearest to the heart of every Hindu ; in the name of Vedas, than which there is nothing more revered to a Hindu, for which every Hindu would most readily lay down his life. Again, this spirit of freedom and love is not to be derived from Upanishads, the Hindu Bible, by the torturing of texts ; it is there as plain as anything. *Vedant* appeals to the masses simply because it is the teachings of their Bible, and it appeals to the educated Hindu because there is no philosophy worth the name under the sun which does not support the Vedantic Monism, and no science which does not uphold and advance the cause of Vedant or Truth.

Strange to say, Indians, who have the perennial springs of Vedant in their Scriptures, are suffering like Tantalus ; they are not drinking of those springs just as for a long time the Roman Catholics suffered from dreadful ignorance of the Bible which was the most beloved thing of all to them in the world. There are some in India, though not very many, who possess a thorough knowledge of Vedant. But their knowledge is merely theoretical. They are like a student who knows the rules of multiplication and division by heart, but has not applied those rules to work out a single sum of multiplication or division. Most of the Pundits read Vedant like a supposed student of Chemistry, who does not perform a single experiment. Most of the Sannyasis are no more

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than *dases* or slaves of Caste and form themselves, instead of being real Swamis or Masters. No doubt, Professors of Vedant you will find plentifully in India, but most of them are like a University Professor of Hydrodynamics, who teaches about the ascent of balloons, the sailing of ships, the principles of swimming, but has never waded across a ford. You people of America may not be Professors of Hydrostatics, but you are like the practical boatman, who does not presume or pretend to possess a theoretical knowledge of the principles of hydrostatics, but unconsciously wields those principles in practice, far more than the Professor does. Thus, oh Americans, can you serve the cause of India, and, consequently, of the whole world, by combining your practical energies with the spiritual vigour of Vedant and carrying this complete culture to India. As it is to-day the Swamis and Pundits in India are singing lullabies to prolong the lethargic sleep of their race.

It is suggested that the starting of industrial Colleges and institutions will mend matters. Will it? No; such institutions may bring about a temporary relief to some extent, but the real difficulty, the chief trouble and great pain cannot be removed by mere industrial Colleges in India. At present what do the laborers in India get for their work? Take a potter, for instance, he makes twenty pots, plates; he labors over them for a long time, and he gets one cent for twenty pots! one cent for twenty pots!! Some other workers get about five cents for their

long day's labor. There are some high caste men who read in the Colleges and Universities, get degrees and come out with flying colors, Masters of Arts; what do they receive as their monthly pay? Usually not more than 60 rupees, *i. e.*, twenty dollars, for one month, which is two-thirds of a dollar in one day, about sixty-six cents, but even this is not what an ordinary Master of Arts gets; an ordinary Master of Arts will get about forty-five cents in one day. This is the state of affairs in India. In America what does your common laborer get? Two dollars for one day. Now, how is it that Indians are so poorly paid? They clothe very poorly, eat very poorly, their houses are very poor; their standard of comfort is extremely low. Why is it? Because there is little capital in the country. Don't you see? The capital is being drained away. If we start industrial Colleges in India like the Carlisle Institute for American Indians and Tuskegee Institute for Negroes in this country that will do some good undoubtedly, it will teach the people to labor and work; but to whose glory, to whose advancement, for whose benefit shall we take up this labor? Please tell? To glorify, principally, the capitalists of England. All the big concerns of India are in the hands of English merchants. The Indian merchants are nominal capitalists; the capitalists from Europe and America make a cat's paw of them. In spite of industrial Colleges and training, what will Indian get? Will the people be benefited? They will be suffering all the same; their

starvation and their famine cannot be cured by that. The lasting remedy is not to come from Industrial Colleges. Then, what do we need ? We need a great many things, but at present the most immediate need is to educate the higher Castes, as well as the lower Castes, train them, instil and drill into them the spirit of freedom, and fill them with unselfish power of Truth. That is the need. This perfect culture will embrace technical education also, but industries alone will not do. Industries are a secondary matter ; something higher is more urgently wanted.

There are forces already working in India, more or less, on the desirable lines. Let us consider their work. Christian missionaries go from America and strenuously work there and try to break down Caste, so they claim. They are trying to educate the people, they are trying to help the Pariahs, the lowest Caste. But let us examine how far their claims are right. India is grateful to them for doing something for the lowest Caste. They are, to some extent, educating the lowest Caste people who could never be taught reading and writing under any other circumstances. That is noble work indeed. Mission Colleges and Schools are imparting higher education to higher Caste people also. We are thankful to American missions for having already done a great deal in the cause of educating the Indians, but we ought not to neglect the dark side of the question. These Christian missionaries who go to India draw

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a salary of 300 rupees a month at least, three hundred Indian dollars each month. They live in right royal style, like nabobs ; they domineer over the people, bring about strife and discord in the Hindu families, and add another Caste to the already existing numerous Castes of India. The Indians that are converted to Christianity become usually bitter towards the other Hindus, they do mix with Hindus, the Hindus do not mix with them, the relations are strained. the gulf becomes very wide and there is worse and worse schism wrought every-day. Girls are separated from their parents, and wives from their husbands. The Christians want to replace the dogmas of Hindu uneducated masses by the far worse dogmas of the church. Christian charity transforms itself into the act of smarting criticism or that of bribing small children to leave their parents, and place their tender necks under the yoke of Churchian superstitions. Under such circumstances your well-meaning Christianity tends to drive away and parch up any drop of fellow-feeling, sympathy or love that may have survived the ravages of bitter sectarianism and party spirit in the Hindu heart. This is the dark side. Thus we see that this will not mend matters. Whereas we are thankful to the Americans for spending millions and millions of dollars with the very best of intentions; Ram wants to draw your attention to the fact that the proposed remedy is not to the point, it only aggravates matters.

We are thankful to the English Government for many reasons. The British Government has done a great deal in breaking down the original Caste in India; the British Government did encourage education in India : the British Government did start Universities and Colleges there. It was owing to the British rule that Hindus were able to systematically read their own ancient Scriptures. This much for the bright side. Now for the dark side. The British Government has drained India of everything. The British Government has given Indians some smattering of superficial education, but it has every way impoverished India and reduced her to such a scale that if the measures of the Government are not changed or checked within a very short time Hindus will be devoured by poverty and wiped off from the face of the earth. The Indian Princes and the Indian nobles, having lost all their precious jewels and power, are left mere carpet-knights with hollow rattling titles and vain empty names. Again, as to the education imparted in India. In these days the British Government has commenced to grudge the intellectual elevation of the people ; when Ram was in India there were measures being taken up to stop all higher education among the masses. Now, what is taught in these Universities? Dead languages, speculative philosophy, mathematics, past history, unapplied chemistry and similar studies. In no University, in no College, is taught any living useful language excepting English. The people are taught

English because they have to work under the English officers. The English do not want to take the trouble of learning the language of the people ; they want the people to learn their language in order to serve them. Mathematics is taught and the standard of mathematics in these Universities is much higher than in America. They are taught metaphysics, speculative philosophy and other abstract sciences, but even in the so-called Arts Colleges, no practical science or useful art is taught. Applied chemistry is not taught, weaving and mining are not taught in the Universities. Painting, pottery, mechanical engineering are not taught. Even these useful arts are withheld from the people, to say nothing of armoury. The people are not allowed to keep any arms in their houses ; nobody can keep a big knife even, in his house ; a man who keeps a big knife is put into jail, no armoury, no discipline is allowed. From this you know about the unsubstantial nature of education received by those few wealthy Hindus or Mahomedans who can spare money to pay the exorbitant tuition fees of Indian Colleges.

There are some newly started noble sects in India that are doing splendid work of reform, but the deep ingrained spirit of hero worship and submission to authority makes them averse to anything that comes not in the name of their leaders. Every sect or movement fences itself with names and personalities. Instead of making the deeds and sayings of their dead leaders as starting points for further progress, they

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make them the bounding lines or unsurpassable barriers and hedges. Thus do the indigenous bodies of reform in India begin to stagnate.

Now having laid before you the disease of India, and also having told you by what methods this disease can be removed, Ram asks you to feel, feel for India; that is the primary thing needful. If you feel for India and take up the matter in right earnest, everything can be accomplished. "Where there's a will there's a way." Have a will to do something for India. Are you willing to do anything for India to advance the good of humanity? Will you love India with all your heart? Are you willing to sacrifice your life for the cause of a down trodden race? Are you willing to devote your time and life for her cause? Three hundred millions of people form a large proportion of the entire population of the world. Three hundred millions of people! We can train them, educate them, put their energies at their best. If these three hundred million men begin to work with you, if they begin to think on the same lines as you do, if they begin to exercise their brains on the same points as you do, will not you be aided and helped? If the energies and brains of Indians be spared from being dissipated in petty chafings and worries, and be employed in high thoughts and noble feelings, the vast population of India will produce more Franklins and Edisons than America. Thus by utilizing Indian energies would not the world be

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enriched ? To enrich the world, to help your fellow-men, to help your-selves feel for India and try to bring them on the same level with you. That is to be effected.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ELEVATING INDIA.

Now, how can this be done ? Ram has two suggestions to make. One thing, of course, is to send Americans, right earnest Americans, Americans, the martyrs to Truth, to India. Do not send to us the refuse of America. Do not hoist on India the people who cannot get any job in America. Send to India the cream of society, the cream of America, that is what is needed there. We want there people who will go and work among the Pariahs, the lowest caste—ungrateful labor. These Shudras will not reward you, they will not even be thankful for your work, because these people are very poor, illiterate, ignorant ; they will not even give you clothing and food in reward for what you do for them. Why ? Because they themselves have no food and clothing. Needed are men who will go and work among these people, who will starve themselves and help those poor men. Will not men from America take up this work ? They must come from noble America, from sacrificing America. Ram expects to get a good lot of people, a happy band of men who will take up this work. Ram wants not missionaries of the type who go to India, live in rich bungalows and lord it over the people, who keep lolling in carriage and two and lolling in worldly honor and plenty.

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These people cannot effect the salvation or the rise of India. We want martyrs in the name of Truth, real workers, sacrificing men who will be willing and ready to lie down with the Pariahs upon the floor and who are content to be clothed in rags with them, who are content to starve with them, who are content to share with them the tough and hard crusts of half-cooked bread. People of that type we want, who can forego their sensuous comforts and love to renounce selfish pleasures. Now you will say, "This is hard work," and "That is a most difficult thing to execute." No, call it not a trying, thankless task. There is enough reward for it. Personal experience shows that if we try to raise another man, the other man may or may not be elevated, but we, surely, are uplifted. Action and reaction are equal and opposite. It is a fallacy, it is a nonsensical idea for people to undertake anything with the thought of benefiting others. Americans, you may or may not have been benefited from Ram's lectures ; Ram has been benefited by them, and that is reward enough. Everybody's experience shows it. Take up this cause with no eye upon reward. Your work will be its own reward. Unselfish work lays God under debt, and God is bound to pay back with interest. Americans, go to India and preach broadcast Self-Knowledge, Self-Reliance and Self-Respect or Vedant. You heard Ram's lecture the other night on the "Secret of Success." And it was proved that the only secret of success is practical Vedant, and nothing else on the

face of the earth. That is the only secret of success. Realize that Vedant, realize that yourselves, live it and go there ; you may not open your lips ; your very conduct, your deportment, your behaviour will educate them.

The most important duty which it is worth while to impress on the attention of those who visit India is to evoke in the Indians an adventurous spirit. The poor fellows live not in the broad universe, they live in poor, little private worlds of their own creation (Jive Srishti). The hampering caste system forbids a Hindu to step outside of India. Visiting foreign lands and even embarking on board ships is not in keeping with stringent orthodoxy. At present the wealthy Hindus who pluck courage and heresy enough to put orthodoxy out of countenance and visit other countries, especially England, for receiving education, spend thousands upon thousands of Indian dollars abroad and usually return to India as fullfledged barristers or lawyers, and, directly or indirectly, encourage litigation and spend the money tortured out of poor peasants, their clients, in buying brittle glassware, cutlery, tapestry or pictures of English make, in addition to some ruinsome English spirits and drinks. What a terribly unproductive consumption of the capital robbed from poor starving laborers whose irritability and litigancy grows worse and worse according as their poverty and hunger increases.

There is a sore necessity of introducing in Indian poor castes the adventurous spirit of the

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Japanese. Japanese boys come to America with just enough to pay their steerage passage. They work in the houses of American gentlemen and also manage to attend different kinds of schools. After spending a few years this way in America, they return to Japan with their pockets brimful of money and their brains full of knowledge.

It is worth while to teach Indians to give up their superstitions, clinging to the soil, serfs of the soil they have made themselves through caste. They regard it somewhat sacrilegious to quit their forefathers' land and thus make themselves serfs of the soil. In order to make them abreast of times we should teach them that they ought to emigrate. People emigrated from Europe, came here to America, and they raised America to such a height that Europe is cast into the shade. If Indians emigrate, come out to America, come out to other places, India will have fewer mouths to feed, and the people who are left behind will be better off for that, and those who emigrate will also fare better. For the health of your physical system the blood must keep circulating, so for the preservation of world's health, or any country's health, the people must keep moving, circulating and mixing with each other frequently, otherwise stagnation or death will ensue. If we go from England and America and try to educate Hindus, however much we may try, we cannot evoke a spirit of real freedom, because the common surroundings, the ordinary environments of the

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people are paralyzing, the suggestions from all sides keep these people hypnotized into weakness. In order that the hypnotism may be shaken off, they should leave the country; and when they will visit America and other countries, even if they learn no books or trade there, by simply mixing with the foreign civilized people they will unconsciously, willingly or unwillingly, get the spirit of freedom, their horizon will be enlarged, their sphere will expand, their thoughts will be extended. This is education by itself. *To see other lands is education by itself.*

In India a Hindu or a Mahomedan, or any ordinary native cannot dare to approach an Englishman or an American. He is afraid of a white man, stands at a respectful distance of twenty or thirty feet; he shivers and quivers at the sight of pants and hat. In a railway carriage if a European is sitting, very seldom will a native be allowed to sit with him. On railway stations Ram saw natives kicked out and driven out by Englishmen. If a European sees a native coming towards his house, the European asks his servant to go and drive him off, kick him out of the grounds. Thus by foreigners, the Indians are hypnotized into weakness, weakness, weakness. And again by their own caste fellows, by their own countrymen, they are hypnotized into jealousy, fretting, worry and differences:—he is somebody, I am somebody else, he is my rival, that is my enemy. Again in all the Government offices, the Government,

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through disposing of the coveted posts on caste or race considerations, encourages party spirit, and manages matters in such a way that each fellow should become inimical to his brother, and regard him a bitter enemy. The present political and social condition of India will not allow the spirit of freedom to take root in the people. What is education ? The goal of education is freedom and nothing else. If education does not bring me freedom and independence (moksha), fie upon it, away with it, I do not want it. If education keeps me bound, I have no use for it. Thus, in order to evoke in them true education, or freedom, they should be helped to change their surroundings. How to effect this ? One way to effect this is to go there and teach them.

THE URGENT NEED & IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

There is a more immediate way. Oh, Americans, could you not raise, in the name of truth and justice, in the name of religion and philosophy, in the name of science and art, could you not raise enough money to call some graduates of Indian Universities to come over to America, and here to receive education in your industrial, mechanical and other useful concerns, in your Colleges of Arts, in your armouries and other places, educate them and teach them weaving and mining and other useful arts. This is the most direct way of elevating India. Raise funds here and bring the Indians to this country. Those Indians who

receive education in America, could return to India and start Industrial Universities. They know the ways of the poorer classes, they know the language, habits and customs of the Indians, and they can do better work among the Indians, as Professors, than your Americans can. American Professors can only teach the higher Castes, they can only teach the rich men who know English already ; the poorer classes do not know English. In order to teach the poor we require people who know their language and their ways. This is the most efficient way and the right method to uplift Indians.

Indians, when they step upon the free American coast and find white ladies and gentlemen ready to warmly shake hands with them and receive them as equals their fears are fled, the white man remains no longer a bugbear, faith in self is restored, the veil of Maya is rent, and the spirit of freedom is practically secured. Let the Indian graduates, trained in America, return as missionaries of work and freedom in their motherland. Let the gospel of Science and Art be preached by them in India. Let the natives of India be helped to spread practical Vedant in their country. This way when the wound gets healed, the scab will fall off of itself. When the people get the right kind of education the other difficulties will disappear themselves. If you could bring some Indian graduates over here and educate them and instruct them for two or three years, suppose, these people on their return to India can immediately start work, can

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start business work useful for themselves as well as for the poorest classes.

Even one capitalist of America could take up this noble work, could stand up and say that he is going to lay out, say, \$1,000,000, to educate graduates of Indian Universities in America ; if one of you to-day take up that task, take up that work and deposit even \$100,000, we can establish respectable scholarships for poor Indians to be educated in America. Ram appeals to the American press, Ram appeals to each and all of Americans. If any one of you can step forward and take up this duty, you are helping the cause of the whole world. Supposing there is no one among those present here who is so rich, could you not lay this matter before your rich friends, before your rich neighbours ? Could you not ask your rich friends to have an interview with Ram ? If you can't pay thousands, could you not contribute your mite ? You can do that at least. Ram does not want you to give him anything to eat. Ram does not ask you to give him any clothing. Perish these lips if they beg anything for personal interest. This cause is yours just as much as Ram's. Ram is just as much an American as an Indian. The wide world is my home and to do good my religion. To Ram, Christ is just as near and dear to the heart as Krishna ; to Ram, Buddha is just as much mine as is Shankar. Ram belongs not to this sect or to that. Ram is yours, truth is yours, in the name of truth, in the name of justice, in the name of humanity and

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American freedom you are suggested to step forward, feel for India. What are you willing to do ? Some can serve with pen, some help with speech, talk to their friends about it, and make speeches on the subject. Some can help with manual labor, some can aid with purse. Now say, Americans, each and all of you, say, in what way you are willing to take up this cause. How will you help ? The rich should give money, the heroes should step forward as teachers to go to India and work among the people, among even the low Caste Pariahs. Gifted talkers should speak to their rich friends about this cause. The press must take up this matter with pen. All those who are willing to help and are in right earnest about the truth, those who love their own self, are asked to come to Ram and give their names and addresses, writing out with their own hand in what way they are willing to help. If they want to deposit any money, the money will be placed in the hands of trustees, Americans, your own Americans will keep that money. If you want to come and offer your services in other ways, do so right away that we may make a definite arrangement to commence the work systematically. What are you willing to do ? This is Ram's appeal to Americans on behalf of India. Ram makes this appeal impersonally ; Ram is not personally concerned with it. Ram is free wherever he be ; Ram is not bound in any way. All the worlds are Ram's. Ram can live everywhere. But see, India is your own feet, and you are the head. Neglect not

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the feet ; if the feet are sore and paining, you will totter down. God comes to you hungry in the bodies of Indians, feed Him ; God comes to you naked in the bodies of Hindus, clothe Him ; God comes to you needy and troubled in the shape of those people, attend to Him. Those people are benighted and suffering in order that you may be blessed with the noble virtues of charity and love. They are fallen in order that you may be saved. Thank your stars that you have got an occasion for exercising your higher feelings and noble endeavours. Avail yourselves of the opportunity, and gladly, cheerfully, lend them a helping hand.

America is educating Chinamen, Japanse, Red Indians and Negroes. America is sparing no pains even to prevent cruelty to *animals*. O America, here are Hindus, your own flesh and blood, Aryans, most grateful, affectionate, faithful ; neglect them not.

RAM SWAMI.

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